

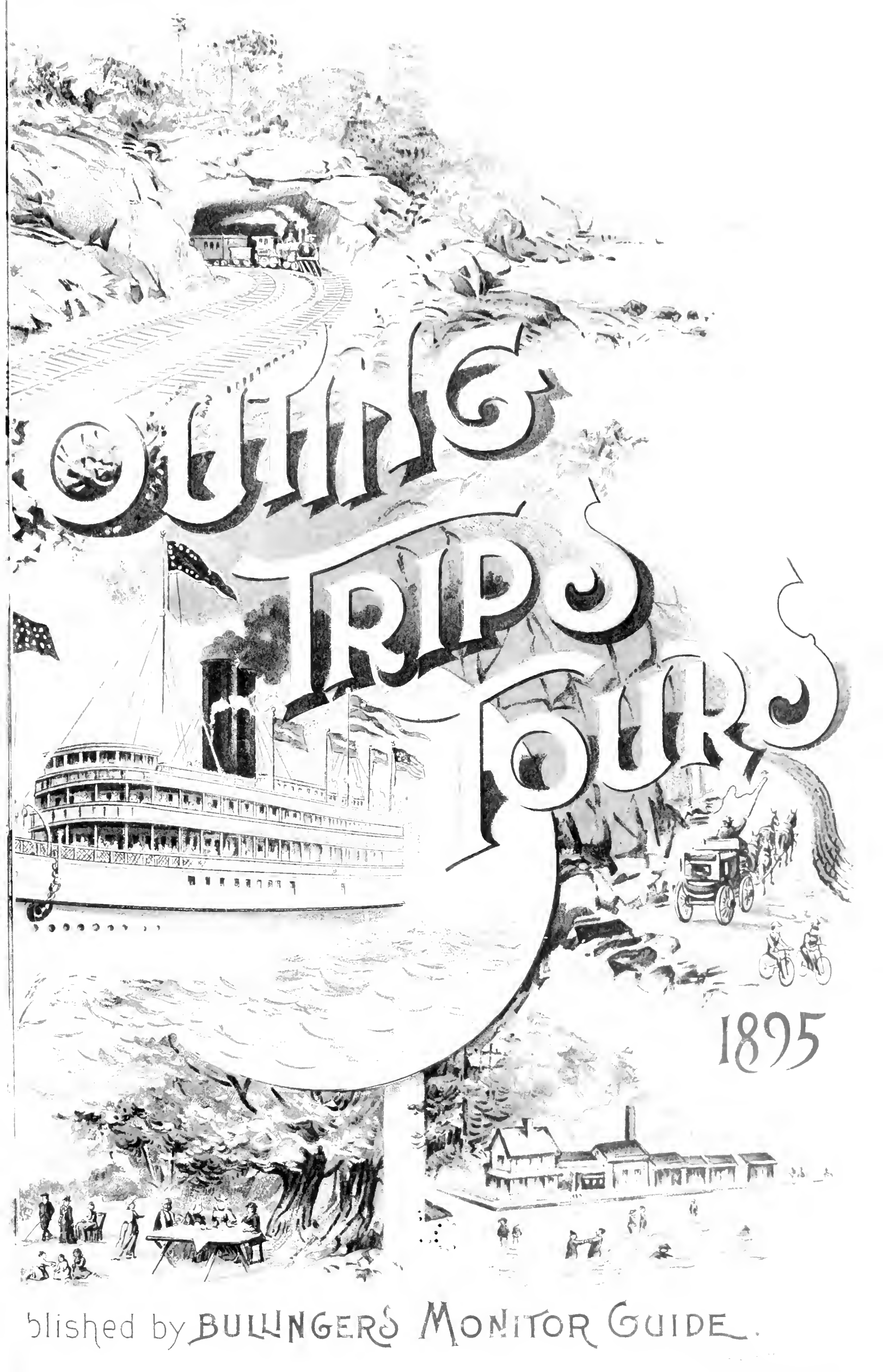
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OUTING TRIPS TOURS

1895

Published by BULLINGER'S MONITOR GUIDE.

HENRY GAZE & SONS, LTD.
ESTABLISHED 1844.

TOURIST
... AND ...
EXCURSION
DIRECTORS



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(AMERICAN EDITION.)

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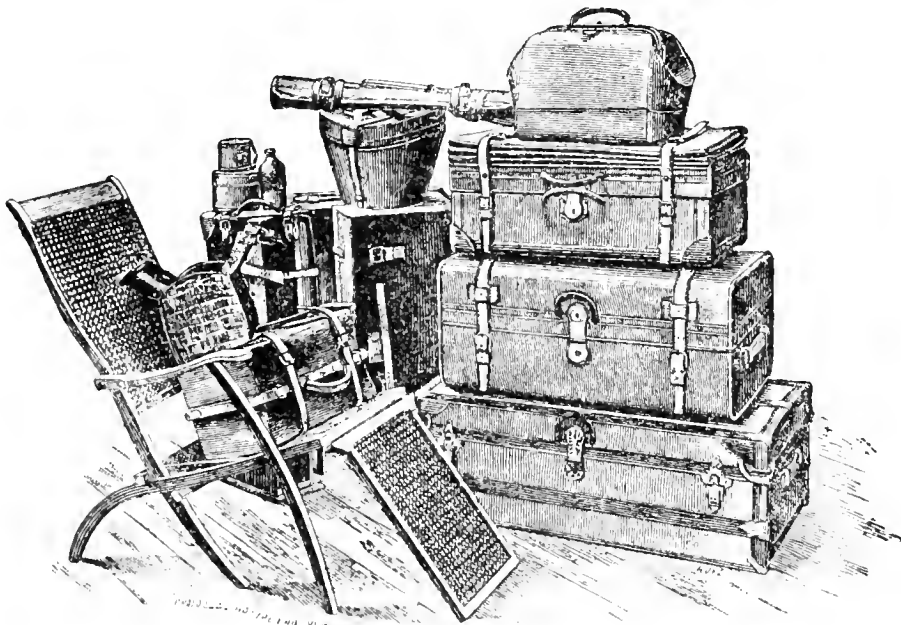
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NEW YORK.

SEASON OF 1895.

OUTING
TRIPS and TOURS,

A GUIDE TO

Summer Pleasure Trips

AND

Excursion Routes and Resorts.

PUBLISHED AS A SUPPLEMENT TO

BULLINGER'S MONITOR GUIDE,

VOL. XXVIII., No. 26, JUNE 24 TO JUNE 30, 1895.

E. W. BULLINGER, PUBLISHER,

No. 75 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE LATTER END OF A CONTRACT IS VASTLY MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE FRONT END.

Five dollars saved on a premium is a trifle; five thousand dollars lost by bad security when the claim falls due is not a trifle.

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JAMES C. BATTERSON, PRESIDENT.

RODNEY DENNIS, SECRETARY.



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Spencer Trask & Co., BANKERS,

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STATE & JAMES STREETS, ALBANY.

BONDS AND STOCKS BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION.

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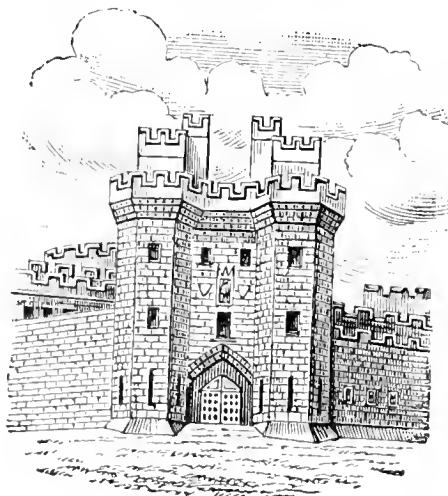


Trustees in the United States:

General LOUIS FITZGERALD, Hon. ASHBEL GREEN, Hon. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Assets in United States, \$2,389,092.60.

Net Surplus, January 1st, 1895, \$621,645.88.



WILLIAM BELL, }
WILLIAM WOOD, } Joint Managers,
WM. M. BALLARD, Branch Secretary,

21 NASSAU STREET,
Equitable Building, NEW YORK.

STOP HERE, A MOMENT !

THE PUBLISHER WANTS A WORD WITH YOU !!

THIS is a remarkable book. Its purpose and its contents are unique ; somewhat original in purpose, entirely so in contents.

Its purpose is the hope of inducing the men of New York City to appreciate the fact, that upbuilding material for the vigor of mind and body so necessary nowadays, and so lamentably lacking, can be found within a few hours, minutes indeed, of their offices. The exhilaration of an inspiring saunter near the heart of nature, and the intoxication of a draft of pure and ozone laden air, are near by every one. Every reader of this book, and there will be thousands of them, should profit by some of the opportunities shown herein ; leave for a few hours, at least, the feverish atmosphere and crushing burdens of their daily life, and plunge into the pure air, on water, or shore, or in woods. Rejuvenation, new vigor, a stronger manhood, will be the certain result. That this idea is underlaid with good common sense, saying nothing about science, is evidenced by the fact that many of the brightest of our journals have taken up the subject ; notably the *Outlook*, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the *Outing Magazine*, as well as many of our largest and most influential New York Dailies and Monthlies. The outing idea has come to stay, and will certainly exert a great influence on our urban life and habits—the sooner, the better.

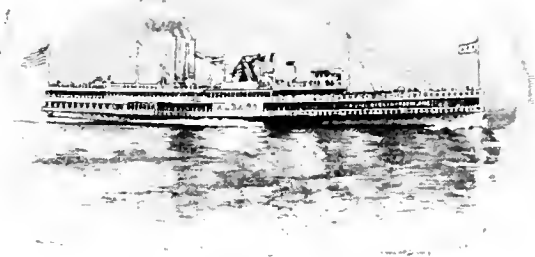
Its contents are intended to excite the “Outing” spirit. It takes but a glance to see that they are in captivating shape. It would be difficult to do it better, and yet there is not a line of text or picture that will compare for a moment with the reality. There are suggestions fitting the contents of all purses. The cheaper are pure and sweet and delightful, in spite of cheapness ; the more expensive are not better because of their cost. A delicious, untainted taste of the very breath of heaven will be found in the twenty cent outing, as well as in the dollar one. With a few unimportant exceptions, all of the articles herein are actual experiences, and the illustrations are not fancy sketches but, as shown at each, they are from photographs of the places named. Everything portrayed is within reach of anybody.

Advertisements are placed among the reading matter, as is done by the daily papers. It makes one feel cool and fresh to even read some of the “Line” advertisements. Remember that they appear herein for the purpose of securing your patronage, you may be certain that they will try to deserve it.

Tourist tickets, covering extended trips or tours, are issued by all the large lines. Do not attempt to make up an extended trip for yourself, without first asking the lines what they can do for you. The tourist-trip tickets secure many advantages that regular tickets do not cover, and if you have in mind some special trip, do not fail to consult the List of Resorts, &c., on pages 5 to 20, and ask advice of the Lines named therein, at the places you wish to include in your route.

HUDSON RIVER BY DAYLIGHT

THE MOST
CHARMING INLAND WATER TRIP ON THE
AMERICAN CONTINENT.




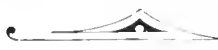
THE PALACE IRON STEAMERS "NEW YORK" AND "ALBANY" OF THE HUDSON RIVER DAY LINE. (ALBANY DAY LINE.)

Leave New York, Desbrosses Street.....	S.40 A.M.
" New York, West 22d Street, N. R.....	9.00 "
" Albany, Hamilton Street.....	S.30 "

DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY.

THE DAY LINE STEAMERS IS THE DIRECT ROUTE TO THE RESORTS OF THE CATSKILLS,

And in connection with the Rail Lines, via ALBANY, forms the
Ideal Tourist Route TO OR FROM

Saratoga, Lakes George and Champlain ,
The Adirondacks, Montreal, Toronto, St. Lawrence River,
 Thousand Islands and Niagara Falls.

Send Six Cents in Stamps for Copy of "Summer Excursion Book."

A TRIP on one of these famous steamers, on the noblest stream in the country, offers rare attractions. Their great speed, fine orchestra, spacious saloons, private parlors and luxurious accommodations in every respect render them unexcelled.



ANTHONY'S NOSE, THE HIGHLANDS.

The steamers "NEW YORK" and "ALBANY" are the fastest ever built, and are unrivaled in point of elegance, comfort, and the quality of the service in every respect. Being constructed exclusively for summer tourist travel, and carrying no freight, they have the lightness, grace and beauty of a yacht, and are known the world over as the finest vessels afloat.

C. T. VAN SANTVOORD,
General Manager.

F. B. HIBBARD,
General Passenger Agent.

DESBROSSES STREET PIER,
NEW YORK.

TOURIST AND EXCURSION ROUTES

To Summer Resorts.

There are many lines that are not represented in the following list; those that are included pay for the representation for the purpose of obtaining the custom of the patrons of BULLINGER'S MONITOR GUIDE.

The majority of the Lines represented, issue "Hand-books" or "Guides," containing descriptions of their routes, places of interest, maps, historical facts concerning the principal points, prices for "Round Trip" Excursions, and many other items of interest, many of the works being beautifully illustrated and printed. These publications are for *Gratuitous Distribution*, in some cases merely the postage being asked, and a list of them will be found on pages 21 and 23.

The Selection of Places, &c., in the following list, was made by the Advertisers, not by the Publisher.

Adirondacks	Albany Day Line, page 6	Berkshire Hills	N. Y., New Haven & Hart. R.R., page 28
"	Citizens Line, page 22	"	" New Haven Steamboat Co., page 34
"	Delaware & Hudson R.R., page 30	Berwick, N. S.	Yarmouth Steamship Co., page 16
"	Peoples Line, page 26	Bethel, Me.	Same Routes as given at "Glen House, N. H."
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Alexandria Bay, N. Y.	Albany Day Line, page 6		
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"	Stonington Line, page 24		
Annapolis, N. S.	Same Routes as given for "St. John, N. B."		
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Ansonia, Conn.	N. Y., New Haven & Hart. R. R., page 28		
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Arrowsic Bridge, Me.	Same Routes as for "Augusta, Me."		
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"	Kennebec Steamboat Co., page 8		
"	N. Y., New Haven & Hartford R.R., page 28		
"	Maine Steamship Co., page 36		
"	Portland Steam Packet Co., page 36		
"	Providence Line, page 24		
"	Stonington Line, page 24		
Au Sable, N. Y.	Same Routes as for "Adirondacks, N. Y."		
Au Sable Chasm, N. Y.	Same as for "Adirondacks, N. Y."		
Avon Springs, N. Y.	N. Y., Lake Erie & Western Ry., page 44		
Ballston, N. Y.	Albany Day Line, page 6		
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"	Peoples Line, page 26		
Bangor, Me.	Fall River Line, page 20		
"	Maine Steamship Co., page 36		
"	New York, New Haven & Hartford R.R., page 28		
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"	Providence Line, page 24		
"	Stonington Line, page 24		
Bar Harbor, Me.	Same Routes as given at "Mount Desert, Me."		
Barnstable, Mass.	Fall River Line, page 20		
Barrytown, N. Y.	Saugerties & New York S. B. Co., page 64		
Bath, Me.	Same Routes as given at "Augusta, Me."		
Beaver Dam, Wis.	Chicago, Mil. & St. Paul Ry., page 40		
Belfast, Me.	Same Routes as given at "Bangor, Me."		
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"	Hartford Line, page 22		
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"	Stonington Line, page 24		
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		Bethlehem, N. H.	Same Routes as given for "Fabyans."
		Bethlehem, Pa.	Lehigh Valley R.R., page 12
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		Big Indian, N. Y.	Same Routes as given at "Phoenicia, N. Y."
		Big Stone Lake	Chicago, Mil. & St. Paul Ry., page 40
		Block Island, R. I.	Fall River Line, page 20
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		Blue Hill, Me.	Same Routes as given at "Mount Desert, Me."
		Blue Mountain Lake	Same Routes as for "Adirondacks."
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		"	Hobbs Champlain, page 30
		Boothbay Island	Same Routes as given at "Augusta, Me."
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		Branchport, N. J.	N. Y. & Long Branch Steamboat Co., page 92
		Brandon, Vt.	Same Routes as given for "Bellows Falls, Vt."
		Bras d'Or Lake, C. B.	Red Cross Line, page 28
		"	Yarmouth Steamship Co., page 16



Photo. by E. R. Stoddard, Glen Falls, N. Y.

LOWER AU SABLE POND: ADIRONDACKS.

RAMSDELL'S DAILY LINE

For Newburgh, Cranstons, West Point, Cold Spring, Cornwall, Fishkill,
And places on the Newburgh, Orange Lake & Walden Electric R. R.

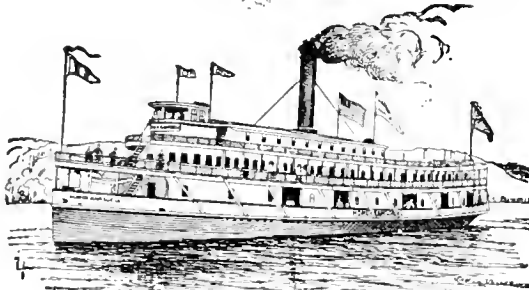
For Passengers and Freight.

The New and Elegant Iron Screw Steamers

"Homer Ramsdell" and "Newburgh,"

THE FASTEST PROPELLERS ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

Leave New York from New Pier 24, foot of Franklin Street, daily, except Sunday, at 5.00 P.M.; (Sundays at 9.00 A.M., foot West 133rd Street, 9.20 A.M.) Leave Newburgh, daily, at 7.00 P.M.



The up-trip Sunday Morning affords one of the pleasantest and most select Excursions of any line running from New York Fare 50 cents. And in connection with the Newburgh & Walden Electric Railway, gives to

the New York public something novel in the way of an Excursion through the most charming parts of Orange County, to Orange Lake and Walden, making a most delightful trip.

And an unusually pleasant trip is offered by the Mary Powell, leaving New York every afternoon except Sunday, and returning by this line from Cranstons, West Point or Cornwall, tickets for which are for sale on the Powell.

This Line offers unsurpassed service in every particular. Large and luxuriously furnished saloons and staterooms, heated by steam and lighted by electricity. The trip by the up-steamer affords a most enjoyable sail up the Hudson in the early evening, past the wonderful Palisades and through the far-famed Highlands, the most beautiful part of the river.

Newburgh, Orange Lake & Walden Electric R. R. Co.

A NOVEL AND CHARMING EXCURSION

Through the Beautiful Wallkill Valley,

By RAMSDELL'S STEAMERS from NEW YORK to NEWBURGH,
thence by new and beautiful Electric Cars, through the historic City of Newburgh to

✧ ORANGE LAKE. ✧

continuing on over the hills of the Wallkill Valley to the quaint and picturesque Town of

✧ WALDEN. ✧

Passengers can leave New York, on Sundays, from foot of Franklin Street at 9.00 A.M., or foot of West 133rd Street at 9.20 A.M., and land in Newburgh at 1.00 P.M., where connection is made at boat landing with Electric Cars. Return trip of boat is made at 7.00 P.M., giving passengers best part of the day to enjoy the delightful outing, and landing them in New York by 11.00 P.M.

Round trip from New York to Orange Lake, \$1.30, to Walden, \$1.50; tickets for sale on boat.

WHERE WILL YOU SPEND YOUR VACATION? TRY PICTURESQUE MAINE.

THE KENNEBEC STEAMBOAT COMPANY and its connections reach IDEAL SUMMER RESORTS in PICTURESQUE MAINE.

IT is the most popular as well as the cheapest route to all places on the Kennebec River, and to the many seaside resorts in the vicinity of Boothbay Harbor. Passengers obtain a nights rest, arrive at destination early the following morning, avoid the heat, dust and noise attendant upon railway travel, and enjoy the scenery on the North Shore and the Kennebec River, which is second to none in the country.

Our new Summer time-table and Folder, which will describe more fully than ever the delightful summer resorts reached by this line, will be ready for distribution about June 1st.

Persons who desire to learn where to go for an ideal summer outing can do so by sending name and address to

FREDERICK A. JONES, Agent, Lincoln Wharf, BOSTON.

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Bucksport, Me.....	Same Routes as given at "Bangor, Me."	
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"	Central Vermont R.R., page 10	
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Campton, N. H.....	Same Routes as given for "Plymouth, N. H."	
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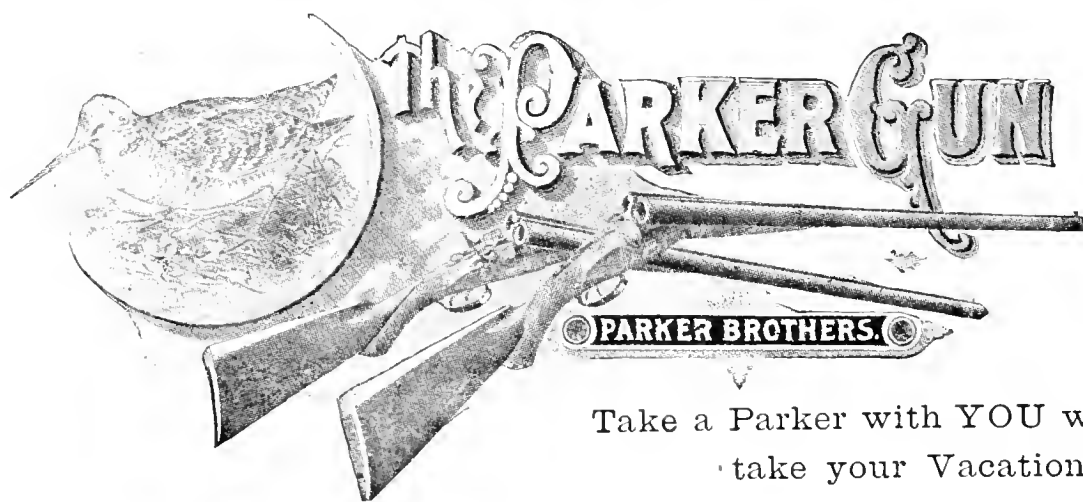
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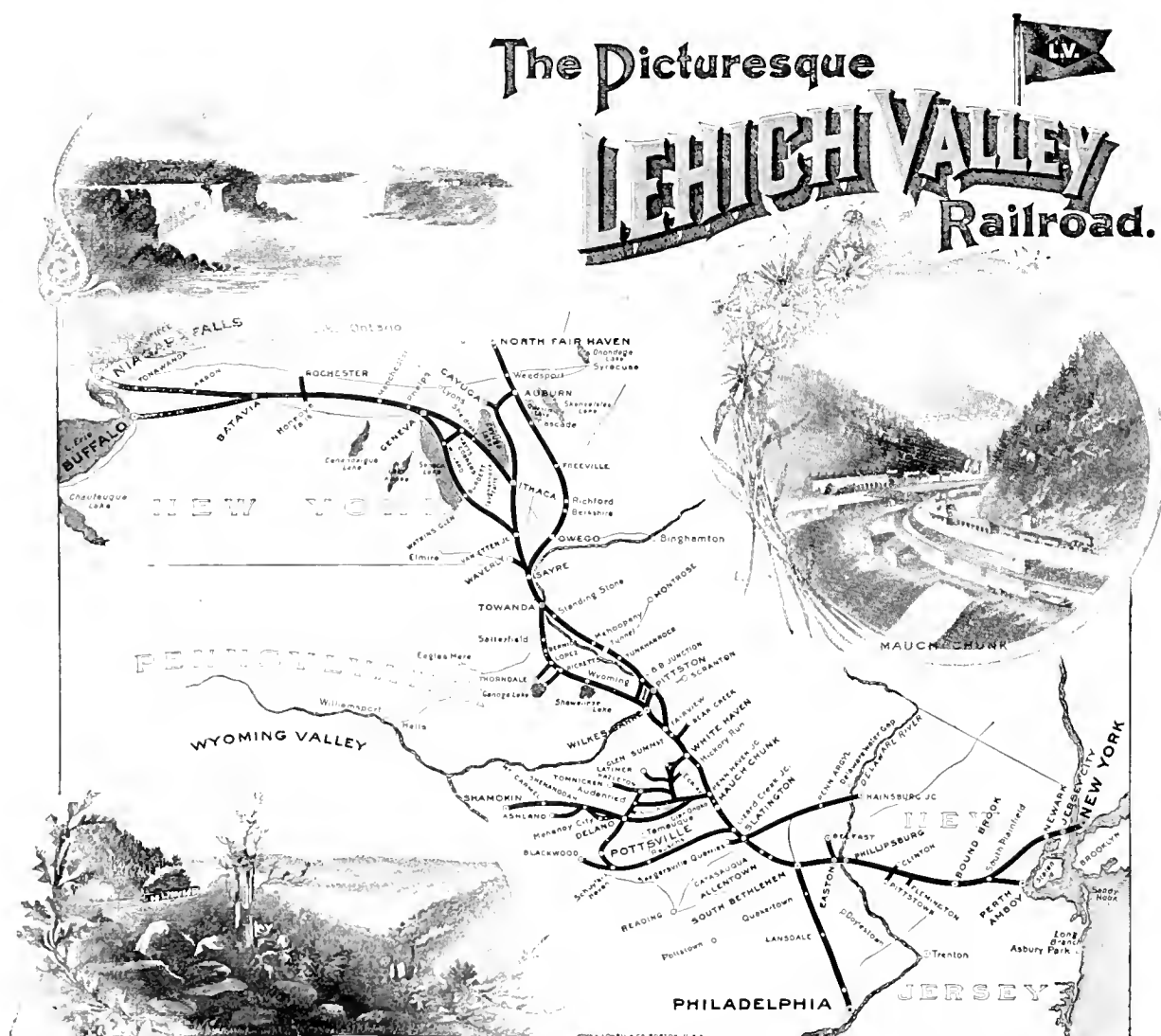
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KEENE VALLEY: ADIRONDACKS.

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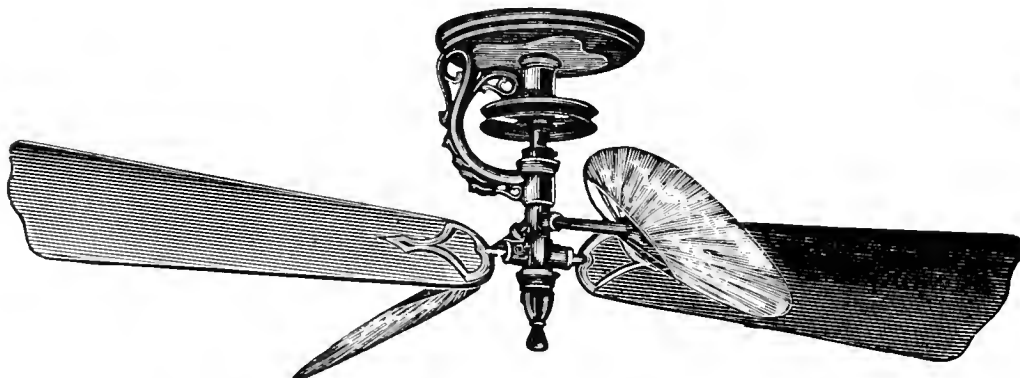
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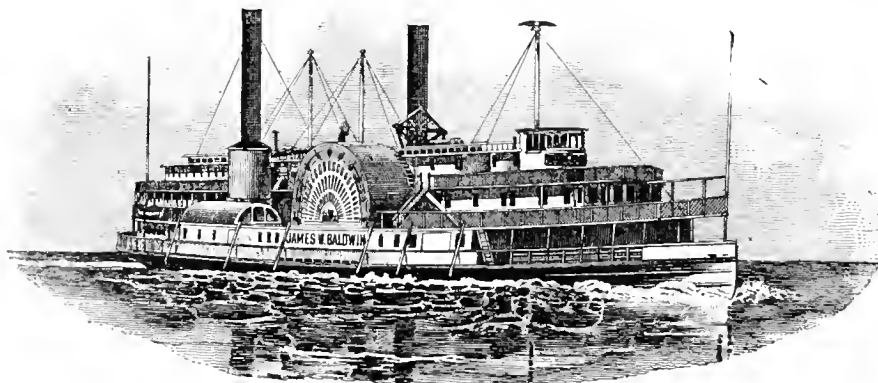
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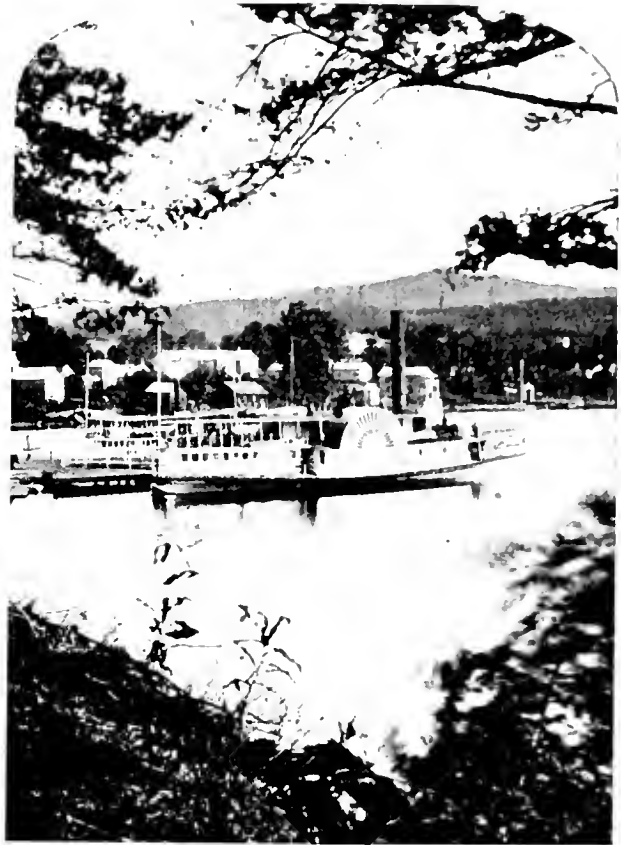
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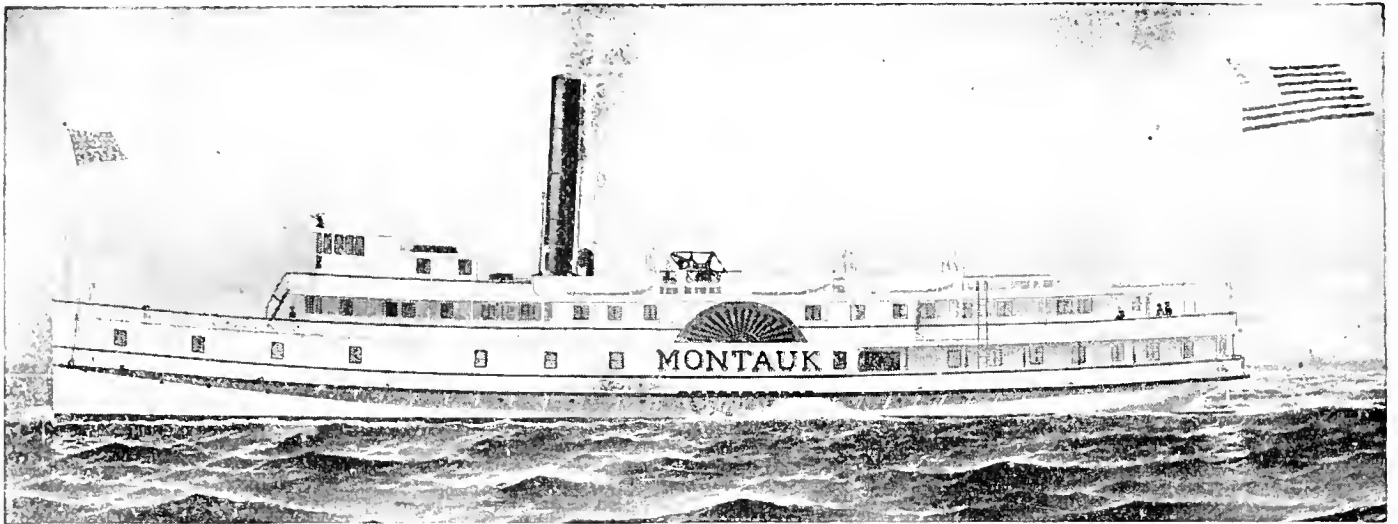
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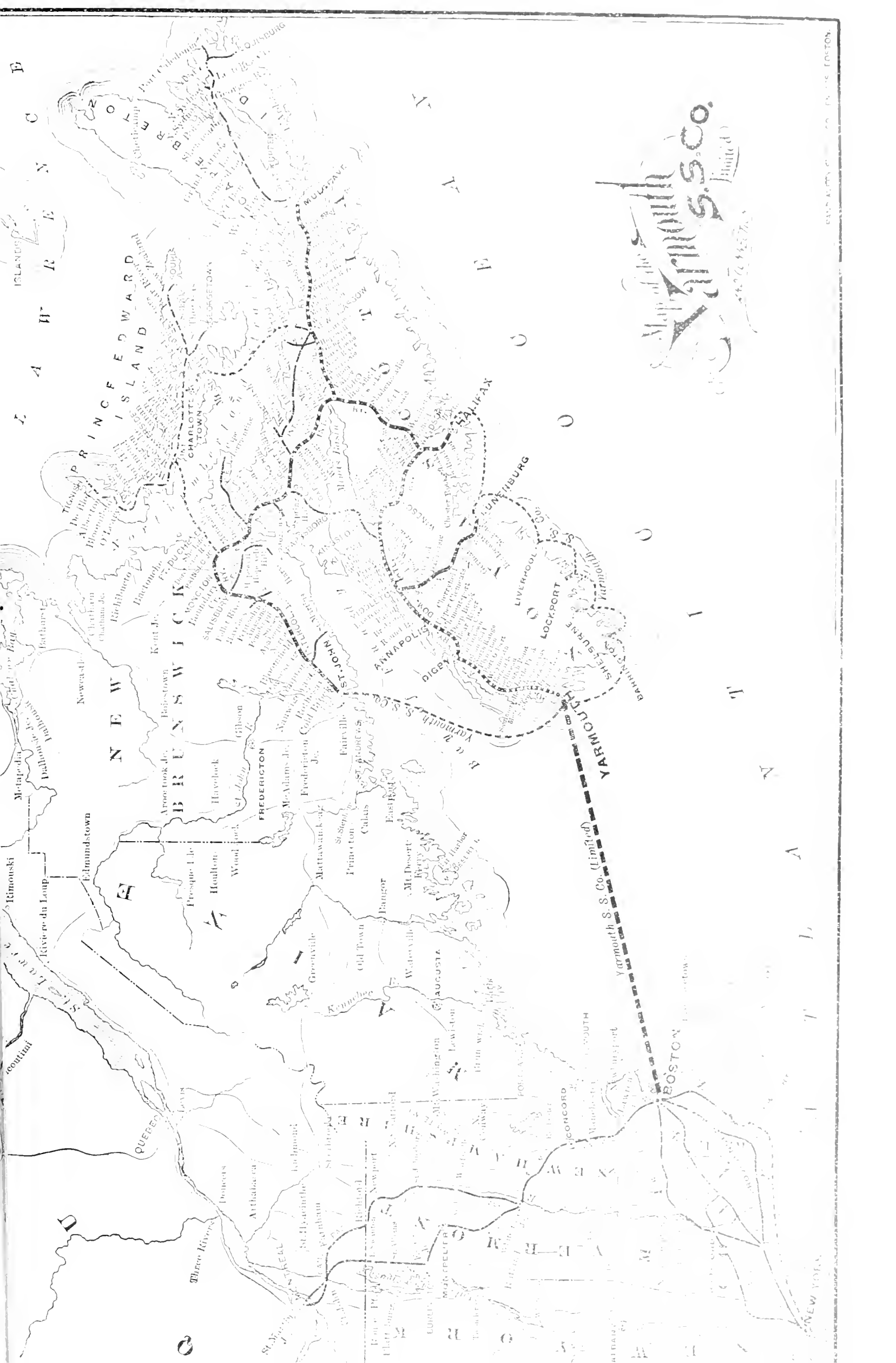
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SEA BEACH ROUTE —TO— CONEY ISLAND,

Brighton Beach Race Track and Hotel and Seidl's Concerts.

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Boats, via Bay Ridge Ferry, leave foot of Whitehall St., N.Y., terminus of the Elevated Railroads and Broadway and Belt Line Cars, hourly, from 7 10 a m to 10 10 a m, then half hourly (Sundays, every 20 minutes) until 9 40 and at 10 20 p m. **Returning,** trains leave Sea Beach Palace, Coney Island, at like intervals until 11 12 p m for New York, via Bay Ridge Ferry, and at 12 midnight and one o'clock night for Brooklyn or New York, via Brooklyn City Electric Lines, or Union Elevated Railroad and Bridge.

For exact time table for current week, see Index on last page of Bullinger's Monitor Guide.

Time, New York to Coney Island, 37 Minutes.

New York Excursion Tickets, 40 cents.

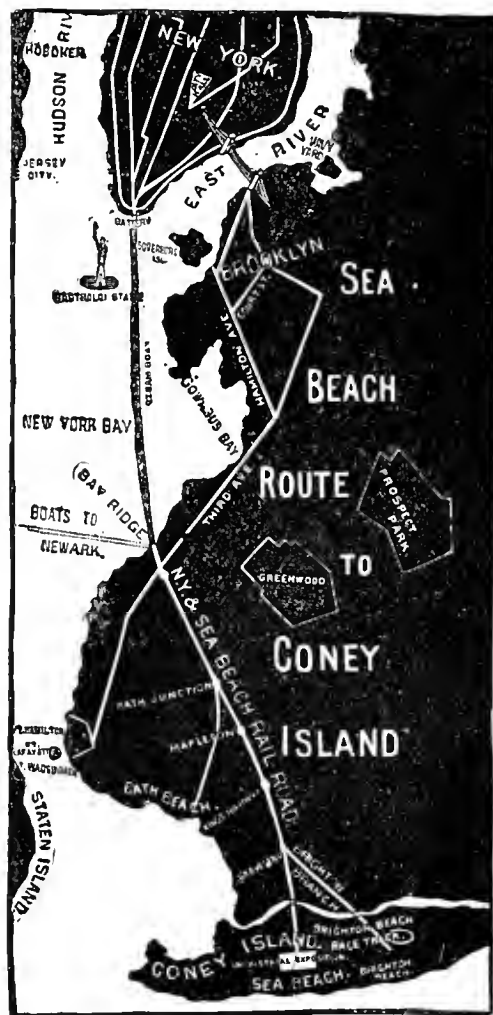
Return Tickets from New York are good to return to Third Avenue, Brooklyn, and will be received on the Brooklyn City Railroad or the Union Elevated Railroad for passage to the Bridge, the Ferries, or intermediate points; also, on payment of difference of fare, to return by the Brooklyn and Brighton Beach R. R. Excursion Tickets to Brighton Beach, including Stage or Elevated R. R. fare from the Sea Beach Palace directly to the Brighton Beach Race Track, Concert Hall and Hotel, both ways, 45 cents.

Brooklyn Connections.—Take Brooklyn Union Elevated Railroad (fare five cents from any part of Brooklyn) or Court St., Third Ave. or Hamilton Ave. (Brooklyn City Line) Electric cars to City Line (65th Street and Third Ave.) Sea Beach trains leave there at 7 30, 8 30, 9 30 a m, and half hourly until 10 and at 10 40 p m.; Sundays, every 15 minutes. Last regular Brooklyn train leaves Sea Beach Palace at midnight. This route is five cents cheaper and ten minutes quicker than any other from the Brooklyn Bridge, the Ferries, and all intermediate points.

Time, Brooklyn to Coney Island, 14 Minutes.

Fare between Brooklyn & Coney Island, 10 Cents.

" " New York " " " 20 "



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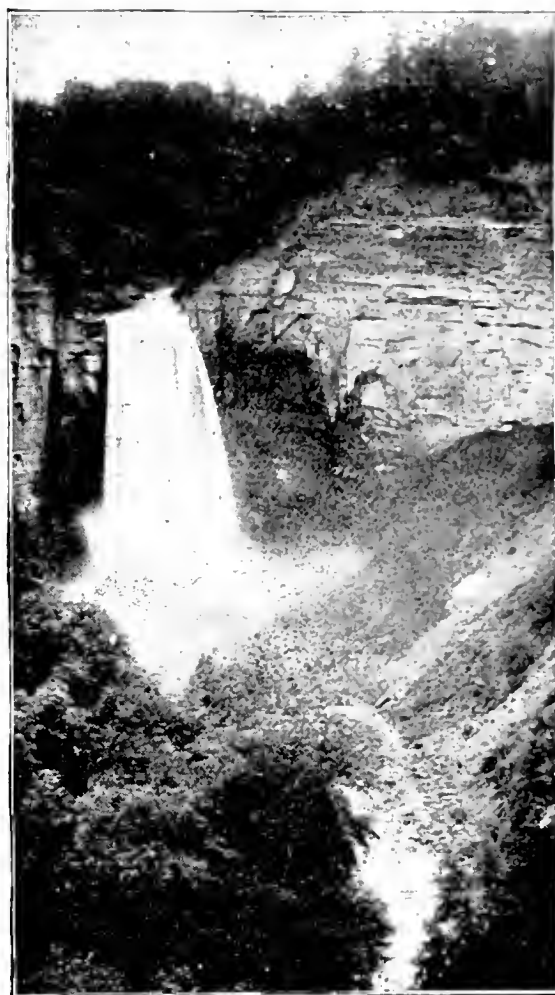
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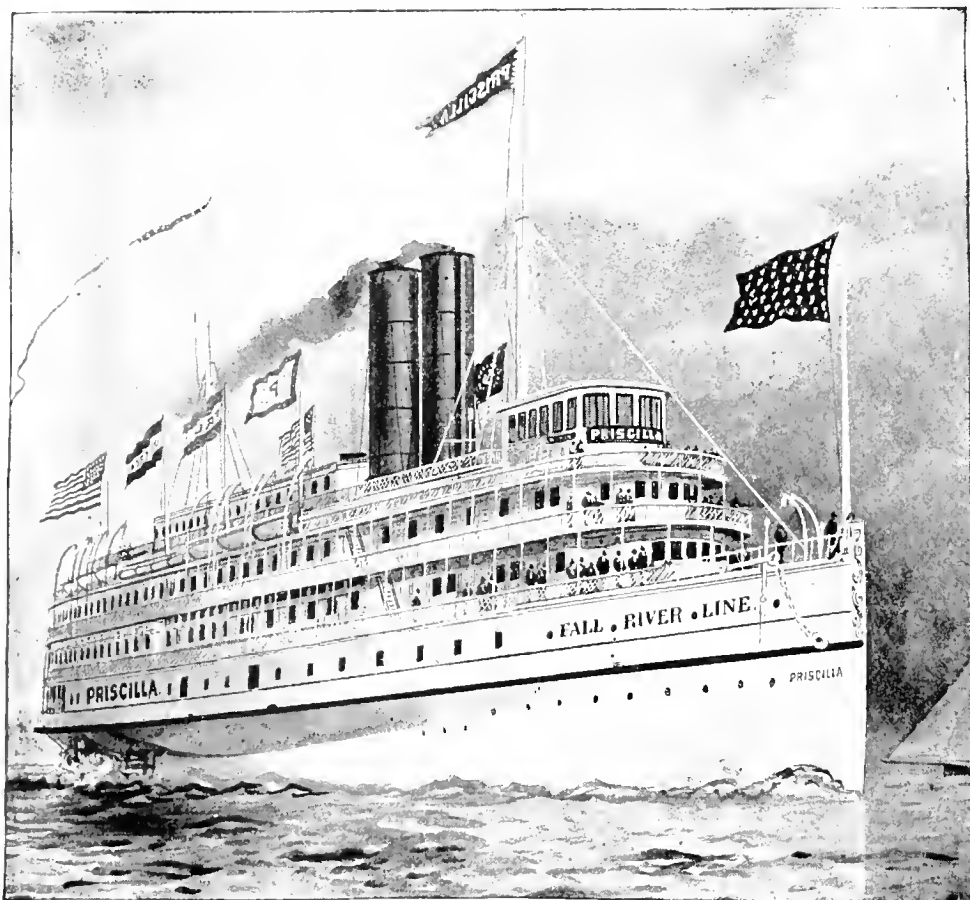
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The Great Business and Pleasure Route between
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Seashore and Inland Summer Resorts of New England.

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are unequalled in the world elsewhere by similar enterprise; and this vast and restless agency is, indeed, one of the wonders of the century. Music, and all features for the satisfaction or delighting of patrons, are unvarying the whole year round.

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SUMMER TOURIST BOOKS.

Special attention is invited to the fact that many Railroad and Steamer Lines issue "Hand Books" or "Guides," which may be had on written application to the lines; some of these books are beautiful and expensive works, elegantly printed and illustrated, with Maps, &c., and are well worth the trouble of writing for, the remittance asked for by some is never large enough to pay for even a fraction of the cost of the illustrations, usually it is only sufficient to pay the cost of mailing; see list below:

Applications for Copies should mention "BULLINGER'S GUIDE."

"A Summer Paradise."

Send six cents to J. W. Burdick, General Passenger Agent, Delaware & Hudson R.R., Albany, N. Y.

See advertisement, page 30.

"A Sunday Off."

Sent free by T. T. Haviland, Secretary, Ramsdell's Line, Newburg, N. Y.

See advertisement, page 8.

"Beautiful Nova Scotia."

Send ten cents to J. F. Spinney, Agent, Yarmouth Steamship Co., Lewis Wharf, Boston, Mass.

See advertisement, page 16.

"Block Island and Watch Hill."

Sent free by J. A. Southard, General Passenger Agent, New London Steamboat Co., New London, Conn.

See advertisement, page 26.

"Catskill Mountains."

Sent free by W. J. Hughes, Treasurer, Catskill Line of Steamers, Catskill, N. Y.

See advertisement, page 42.

"Catskill Mountains."

Send six cents to N. A. Sims, General Passenger Agent, Ulster & Delaware R.R., Rondout, N. Y.

"Catskill Mountain Resorts, &c."

Sent free by Myron Teller, Treasurer, Romer & Tremper Steamboat Co., Kingston, N. Y.

See advertisement, page 14.

"Catskill Mountain Summer Resorts."

Sent free by Daniel N. Finger, Agent, Saugerties & New York Steamboat Co., Saugerties, N. Y.

See advertisement, page 64.

"Evolution of the Fall River Line."

Sent free by O. H. Taylor, General Passenger Agent, Fall River Line, foot of Murray Street, New York.

See advertisement, page 20.

"Fishing."

Sent free by George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry., Chicago, Ill.

See advertisement, page 10.

"Green Hills of Vermont and along the Shores of Lake Champlain."

Sent free by S. W. Cummings, General Passenger Agent, Central Vermont R.R., St. Albans, Vt.

See advertisement, page 10.

"Hotel Champlain."

Sent free by J. W. Burdick, General Passenger Agent, Delaware & Hudson R.R., Albany, N. Y.

See advertisement, page 30.

"Hudson River by Daylight."

Send six cents to F. B. Hubbard, General Passenger Agent, Albany Day Line, Desbrosses Street Pier, New York.

See advertisement, page 6.

"Ideal Summer Resorts in Picturesque Maine."

Sent free by Frederick A. Jones, Passenger Agent, Kennebec Steamboat Co., Lincoln Wharf, Boston, Mass.

See advertisement, page 8.

"In Three States."

Sent free by Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Lehigh Valley R.R., Philadelphia, Pa.; or W. B. Smith, General Eastern Passenger Agent, 235 Broadway, N. Y.

See advertisement, page 12.

"Island Gemmed Casco Bay."

Send four cents to C. W. T. Goring, General Manager, Casco Bay Steamboat Co., Portland, Me.

See advertisement, page 36.

"Land of Evangeline Route."

Sent free by J. F. Spinney, Agent, Yarmouth Steamship Co., Lewis Wharf, Boston, Mass.

See advertisement, page 16.

"Map of Long Island Sound"

Send one cent to O. H. Taylor, General Passenger Agent, Fall River Line, foot of Murray Street, New York.

See advertisement, page 20.

"Marthas Vineyard"

Send two cents to O. H. Taylor, General Passenger Agent, Fall River Line, foot of Murray Street, New York.

See advertisement, page 20.

"Marthas Vineyard and Maine."

Sent free by Horatio Hall, Agent, Maine Steamship Co., Pier 38, East River, New York.

See advertisement, page 36.



ST. LOUIS GATE—QUEBEC.

"Mountain, Lake and Meadow."

Send six cents to J. W. Burdick, General Passenger Agent, Delaware & Hudson R.R., Albany, N. Y.

See advertisement, page 30.

"Nantucket."

Send two cents to O. H. Taylor, General Passenger Agent, Fall River Line, foot of Murray Street, New York.

See advertisement, page 20.

"Newport, R. I."

Send two cents to O. H. Taylor, General Passenger Agent, Fall River Line, foot of Murray Street, New York.

See advertisement, page 20.

"Nova Scotia and New Foundland."

Sent free by Red Cross Line, 9 Stone Street, New York.

See advertisement, page 28.

"Old Colony Summer Resorts."

Send two cents to O. H. Taylor, General Passenger Agent, Fall River Line, foot of Murray Street, New York.

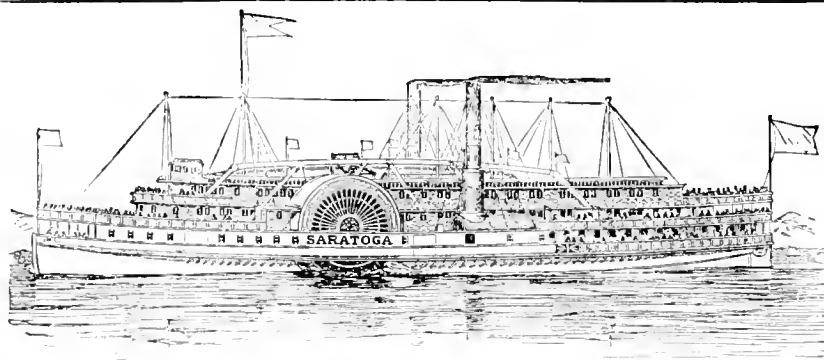
See advertisement, page 20.

Citizens Line--Troy Boats.

POPULAR HUDSON RIVER ROUTE TO

Troy, Saratoga, Schroon Lake, North Adams, Poultney, Vt., Manchester, Vt., Adirondack Region and Lakes George and Champlain.

These steamers are first-class in every particular and have unsurpassed passenger accommodations.



SUNDAY
STEAMERS
TOUCH AT
ALBANY.

Steamers "SARATOGA" and "CITY OF TROY,"

Leave Daily, except Saturdays, from Pier 46 N.R., Foot West 10th St., at 6 p.m.

Connecting with Saratoga, Lake George and Adirondack Express Trains to all Points NORTH and EAST, via Delaware & Hudson and Fitchburg Railways.

For Tickets and State Rooms apply at the Office on the Pier, also at F. Clark's, 111 Broadway, H. Gaze & Son, 113 Broadway, T. Cook & Son, 261, 1225 Broadway, also at Ticket Offices, Nos. 273, 347, 457, 699, 897, 421, 944, 1323 Broadway, 737 Sixth Ave., 143 Bowery, 134 East 125th St., 264 West 125th St., 231 Columbus Ave., New York; and in Brooklyn at 4 Court, 860 Fulton Street, 95 Broadway.

EXCURSION TICKETS TO TROY, \$2.50; SARATOGA AND RETURN, \$4.50;
LAKE GEORGE AND RETURN, \$7.30. TICKETS GOOD DURING SEASON.
Also to many other Points at Low Rates.

J. CORNELL, President.

C. M. LEWIS, General Ticket Agent.

For Hours at Landings, see Index on last page of Bullinger's Monitor Guide for "Steamboats for Places on Hudson River."

The only accurate time-tables of New York
Steamboat Lines will be found in Bullinger's
Monitor Guide.

75 Fulton Street, New York.

"HARTFORD LINE."

Hartford & New York Transportation Company.

The ONLY DIRECT Passenger and Freight Line to
HARTFORD, MIDDLETOWN, GOODSPEEDS LANDING, ESSEX, SAYBROOK POINT,
And Intermediate Landings on the

BEAUTIFUL CONNECTICUT RIVER,

and connecting with railroads to Springfield, Meriden, Unionville and Waterbury,

— FOR ALL POINTS —

NORTH, EAST AND WEST.

Steamer leaves Pier 24 E. R., foot of Peck Slip, at 5.00 p.m., arriving
at Hartford at 7.00 a.m.

Fare between NEW YORK and HARTFORD, \$1.50, including Berth; Round Trip, good for 6 days, \$2.25; Round Trip, good for season, \$2.50; State Rooms, \$1.00 each; Deck Passage, \$1.15.

First-class facilities for forwarding Freight with Quick Dispatch.

Rates and full particulars on application to

C. C. GOODRICH, General Manager,
Hartford, Conn.

W. B. SMITH, Agent,
Pier 24 East River, N. Y.

"Quaint Cape Cod."

Send four cents to O. H. Taylor, General Passenger Agent, Fall River Line, foot of Murray Street, New York.

See advertisement, page 29.

"Rate Folder."

Send two cents to O. H. Taylor, General Passenger Agent, Fall River Line, foot of Murray Street, New York.

See advertisement, page 29.

"Rates and Routes for Summer Excursions."

Sent free by Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Lehigh Valley R.R., Philadelphia, Pa.; or W. B. Smith, General Eastern Passenger Agent, 255 Broadway, New York.

See advertisement, page 12.

"Sea Coast Resorts of Eastern Maine."

Send 15 cents to E. A. Waldron, General Agent, International Steamship Co., Boston, Mass.

See advertisement, page 31.

"Sea Shore, Lakes and Mountains."

Send four cents to H. P. Baldwin, General Passenger Agent, Central R.R. of New Jersey, 143 Liberty Street, New York.

"Seen from the Train."

Sent free by Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Lehigh Valley R.R., Philadelphia, Pa.; or W. B. Smith, General Eastern Passenger Agent, 255 Broadway, New York.

See advertisement, page 12.

"Short Journeys on a Long Road."

Send ten cents to George H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry., Chicago, Ill.

See advertisement, page 10.

"Summer Excursion Book"

of Stonington and Providence Lines, write to W. DeW. Dimock, Assistant General Passenger Agent, New Pier 36 N.R., New York.

See advertisement, page 21.

"Summer Excursion Routes and Rates."

Sent free by D. I. Roberts, General Passenger Agent, New York, Lake Erie & Western R.R., 21 Cortlandt Street, N. Y.

See advertisement, page 41.

"Summer Homes"

Send five cents to D. I. Roberts, General Passenger Agent, New York, Lake Erie & Western R.R., 21 Cortlandt Street, N. Y.

See advertisement, page 41.

"Summer Homes along the Hudson."

Send two cents to Capt. A. E. Anderson, Steamer Mary Powell, Kingston, N. Y.

"Summer Hotels and Boarding Houses."

Sent free by Chas. S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Lehigh Valley R.R., Philadelphia, Pa.; or W. B. Smith, General Eastern Passenger Agent, 255 Broadway, N. Y.

See advertisement, page 12.

"Summer Resorts"

on the New Haven System of the New York, New Haven & Hartford R.R. Send two cents to C. T. Hempstead, General Passenger Agent, New York, New Haven & Hartford R.R., New Haven, Conn.

See advertisement, page 28.

"The Berkshire and Litchfield Hills."

Send two cents to C. T. Hempstead, General Passenger Agent, New York, New Haven & Hartford R.R., New Haven, Conn.

See advertisement, page 28.

"The D. & H.—A Souvenir."

Including Lake George and the Adirondacks.

Send six cents to J. W. Burdick, General Passenger Agent, Delaware & Hudson R.R., Albany, N. Y.

See advertisement, page 30.

"The Quebec Route."

Folder sent free by J. H. Walsh, General Passenger Agent, Quebec Central Railway, Sherbrooke, Que.

See advertisement, page 14.

"Tourist Trips by the Central Vermont R.R."

Sent free by S. W. Cummings, General Passenger Agent, Central Vermont R.R., St. Albans, Vt.

See advertisement, page 10.

"Towards the Sunrise."

Send fifteen cents to E. A. Waldron, General Agent, International Steamship Company, Boston, Mass.

See advertisement, page 31.

The "first step" in an Outing is important—don't step off in the dark—use the Time-tables published in BULLINGER'S MONITOR GUIDE.



Photo. by L. F. Thayer, Newport, Vt.

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION.

THE ONLY RELIABLE GUIDE for local use in New York City and suburbs is
BULLINGER'S MONITOR GUIDE Office, 75 Fulton Street.

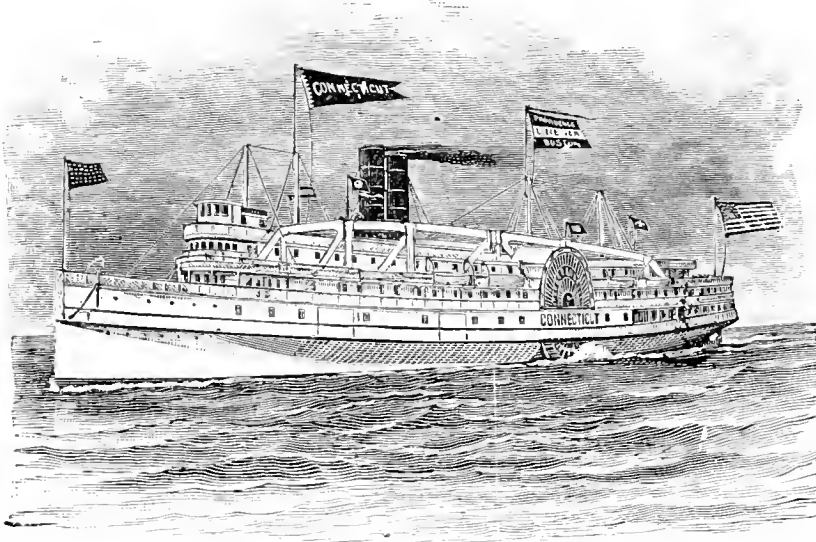
PROVIDENCE & STONINGTON STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

PROVIDENCE LINE.

THE FAVORITE WATER ROUTE AND SHORTEST RAIL RIDE BETWEEN

NEW YORK and BOSTON,

Providence, Worcester, White Mountains, New England Resorts and the Maritime Provinces.



The **PROVIDENCE LINE** has the advantage of being known as the cool and comfortable summer route for New England, and its steamers are arranged with special regard for the comfort and safety of its passengers. The cuisine of the Providence Line has always been noted for its excellence, and meals a la carte are served in the Dining Room on the **MAIN DECK**, a feature possessed by no other Line, and a further distinctive feature is the Main Deck Cafe, where travellers may, while listening to a first-class Orchestra carried on each steamer, and enjoying the cooling breezes and delightful scenery of Long Island Sound and Narragansett Bay, have the privileges of a first-class Club or Restaurant.

—♦ THE STEAMERS ♦—

"CONNECTICUT," "MASSACHUSETTS" and "RHODE ISLAND"

ARE THE EQUALS OF ANY AFLOAT.

From New York—Steamers leave Pier 36 North River, one block above Canal Street, daily, except Sunday, at 5.30 P.M.

From Boston—Trains connecting with steamers at Providence (42 miles), leave Park Square Station at 6.30 P.M.

STONINGTON LINE.

ONLY DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN

New York, Watch Hill, Narragansett Pier AND Block Island.

NARRAGANSETT PIER is probably the most distinctive and famous watering place of its kind in all New England. Its charms are manifold, and everybody knows them. Its popularity is evinced by the great throngs of people who annually visit it. It is reached most comfortably by the Steamers of the Stonington Line from New York, in connection with through train via New York, New Haven & Hartford R.R., and Narragansett Pier R.R. direct to the Pier.

WATCH HILL is upon a broad promontory which forms the extreme southwest point of the State of Rhode Island. The view of the ocean from the Hill is not surpassed on the New England coast, and the surf bathing is among the finest in the world. In the fifty years that Watch Hill has been a famous resort, not a single life has been lost in bathing. Watch Hill is reached in the most direct manner by the Stonington Line from New York, in connection with the transfer steamer "Watch Hill," which makes eight trips each way, week days, between the Hill and Stonington, in 30 minutes.

THE STEEL PROPELLERS

"MAINE" and "NEW HAMPSHIRE,"

(Fastest on the Sound.)

Leave New Pier 36 North River, one block above Canal Street at 6.00 P.M., daily, except Sundays.

(Sundays from July 7th to September 8th inclusive).

Through connections made returning.

Send two cents in stamps for "Summer Tours," to Assistant General Passenger Agent, New Pier 36 N. R.



J. W. MILLER,
President

GEO. L. CONNOR,
Passenger Traffic Manager.

W. DE W. DIMOCK,
Assistant General Passenger Agent

O. H. BRIGGS,
General Passenger Agent

DON'T HESITATE to ask Advertisers for particulars of Rates, Routes, Trains, Etc., they will be glad to give such information—mention BULLINGER'S GUIDE.

RAILROAD TRAVEL FOR PLEASURE.

TO many people railroad travel is a bore. They dread it even as a means of reaching pleasant places, and speak of the noise, jolting and dust as if they were the only things to consider in a journey on the cars. These discomforts exist, but think how many comforts offset them. The noise is not as great as that made in riding over the pavements of a city, which is regarded as good fun by thousands of people; the jolting is not half as bad as that of a wagon; the dust is less than a horse will throw over you; you can have ice water whenever you want it, and you can keep out of the mud. In fact so many improvements have been made in railroading that a train journey is a pleasant experience—if you take it right.

Thirty years ago the cars were shorter and lower, the windows small and high above the floor, the seats upright, hard and covered with leather; the locomotive could go neither as quietly, as smoothly nor as swiftly as now; the lighting at nights was furnished by whale oil lamps and was so doleful that the conductor carried a lantern by which to find his passengers and read their tickets; the stops for wood and water were tiresome; the ventilation and heating were imperfect; sleeping cars had just come into use and were cramped and stuffy, while the occupants were awakened and made to show their tickets at all hours of the night, instead of leaving them with a porter; there were no dining cars, and as only ten minutes were allowed at most of the dining stations, a vast deal of dyspepsia was disseminated with the buns and sandwiches; as the cars had not as many wheels and springs as they have now, they rocked and rattled furiously; the road-bed was imperfectly ballasted and the iron rails were in danger of breaking; switches were operated by men at the turnings, or by brakemen who ran ahead while the train stopped; there was no block system to insure safety; there were no air brakes, and the brakemen, who earned their names, stopped a train by the use of muscle.

It is different now. When we get rid of the coal dust and have room to sit up in our berths we shall have little more to ask for. Our vestibuled trains are hotels on wheels; one goes from one end to the other, and cannot fall off if he wants to. The tracks are so smooth, the cars are so well balanced and move so silently that one can hardly realize the speed at which

he is going. The fittings are handsomer than those of an ordinary parlor; the beds are wide enough and soft enough, and are at least as comfortable as those on ocean steamers; gas or electric lights are supplied to every car; waiters may be called by electric bells; there are smoking rooms, chess rooms, buffets, bath rooms, barber shops, typewriters, writing desks, stock tickers and a free library on the train; while excellent meals are served in a dining car. On such trains no peddlers shout at the passengers or throw books, papers, candy and pictures at them, and the



NEW YORK CENTRAL—THE PARLOR OF A PRIVATE CAR.

traveler feels the same liberty and the same protection as on an ocean liner. The porter expects a tip from each passenger, but that is the only remaining nuisance of the many old nuisances.

In spite of all these improvements, travel is cheaper than it ever was. The competition of rival roads has caused a reduction in fares. To one who loves travel, but has little time and

PEOPLES LINE STEAMERS

ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

DREW, Capt. S. J. ROE. **DEAN RICHMOND**, Capt. J. H. MANVILLE.

LEAVE NEW YORK FOR ALBANY every Week Day at 6.00 p.m. from Pier 41 N.R., foot of Canal St., connecting at Albany next morning with Trains for

Saratoga, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Richfield Springs, Adirondacks and Summer Resorts,

(Saturday Night Boat connects at Albany Sunday Morning with Trains North and West, to Saratoga, Caldwell and Steamer through Lake George).

ALSO NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER and WEST SHORE RAILROADS, NORTH, EAST & WEST.

WE TICKET and CHECK BAGGAGE to ALL POINTS WEST, NORTH and SOUTH.

LEAVE ALBANY FOR NEW YORK every Week Day at 8.00 p.m., or on arrival of Trains from the NORTH, EAST AND WEST.

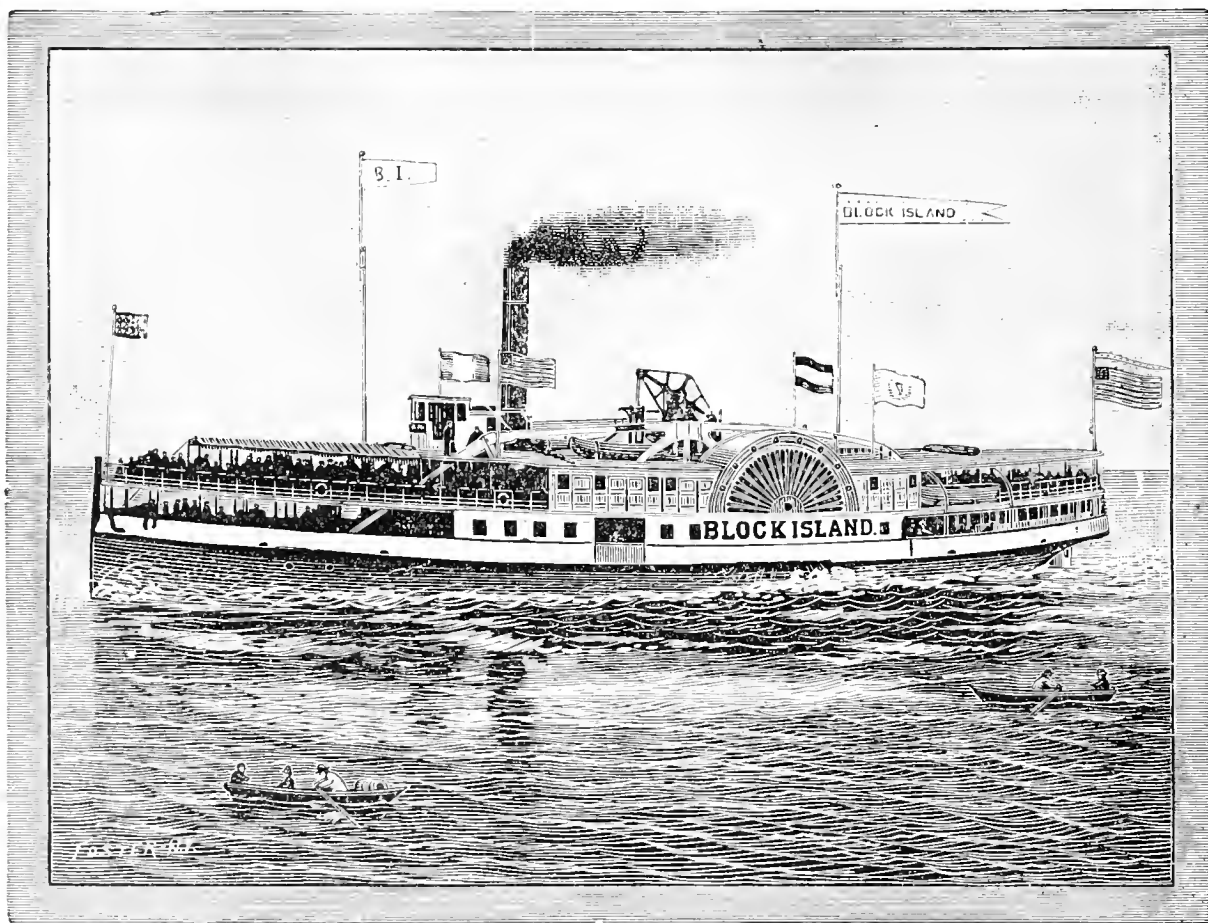
Freight received up to hour of departure of Steamers for the North, East and West.

J. H. ALLAIRE, Genl. Ticket Agt.,
NEW YORK.

F. C. EARLE, Genl. Frt. Agt.,
NEW YORK.

M. B. WATERS, Gen. Pass. Agt.,
ALBANY, N. Y.

How to Reach Block Island. NEW LONDON STEAMBOAT COMPANY.



FARES TO BLOCK ISLAND.		FROM NEW LONDON.	
FROM NORWICH.			
One Way.....	\$1.00.	One Way.....	\$1.00.
Excursion.....	\$1.50.	Excursion.....	\$1.50.

Lunch Counter on Steamer, and Regular Dinner for 50 cents.

The New and Elegant Side-Wheel Steamer **BLOCK ISLAND**

Will, on and after June 29th, 1895, make daily trips (Sundays excepted) between **NORWICH** and **NEW LONDON** and **WATCH HILL** and **BLOCK ISLAND**, connecting at **NEW LONDON** with trains from **HARTFORD** and the **NORTH** and **WEST**, and with train on **NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD R.R.** leaving Grand Central Depot, New York, at 5.00 a.m., and with steamers of **NORWICH LINE**, leaving Pier 40 North River, New York, at 5.30 p.m.

Steamer will leave **Norwich** at 8.15 a.m., **Montville**, 8.45 a.m., **New London** 9.45 a.m. (landing at **Mystic Island**) arriving at **Watch Hill**, 10.55 a.m., and **Block Island**, 12.45 p.m. Returning, will leave **Block Island** at 2.00 p.m., (landing at **Watch Hill** and **Mystic Island**) making connections at **New London** with trains of all roads and New York steamers of **NORWICH LINE**.

D. MACKENZIE, Superintendent,

J. A. SOUTHARD, Gen'l Passenger Agent,
NEW LONDON, CONN.

Cigars are apt to be better in town than on the dining cars. Everything that is requisite may be carried in a Gladstone bag, and a trunk is an absurdity unless one expects to stop for a number of days in one place and hopes to dazzle the rest of the company with his clothes. Slippers and a silk cap are allowable for wear in the cars.

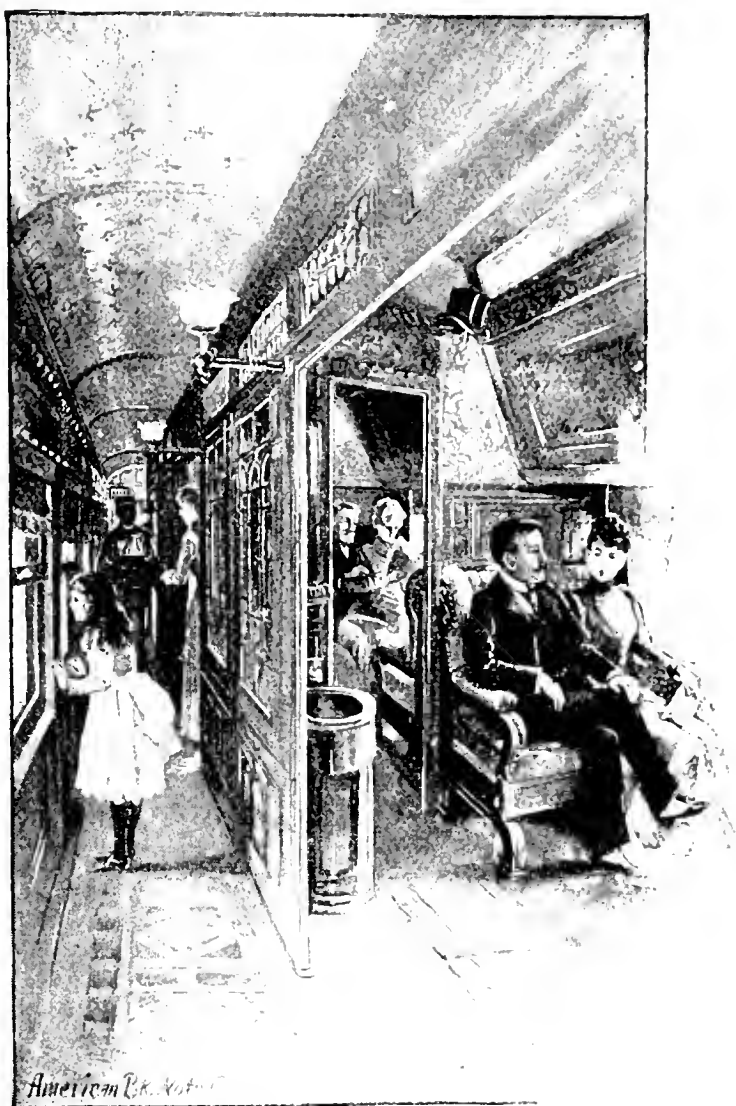
The outfits of some people are so big that a good deal of time must be spent in taking care of them. They want changes of clothing for different hours of the day, cushions, shawls, canes, umbrellas, fruit, jam, cheese, meat, wine, cake, pie, milk, an alcohol lamp, blacking, drugs—things that they are as apt to need as a life preserver. The writer traveled once with an English naval officer whose "hand luggage" filled a whole section of a sleeping car. Instead of checking his bags and bundles, as he did his trunks, he piled them about him, to the distress of himself, the porter and the other passengers. He carried a gun, fishing rod, canes, food, drink, blankets, overcoats of different weights and colors, extra shoes, caps, a dozen books, stacks of old papers, and had barely room to sit in his own place. And a young American was met in Europe who was trying to make a pedestrian tour with two heavy valises and a big overcoat—and a sad, hard time he was having.

Vacations are apt to be short, and the things to be taken on them should be limited to actual necessities. If anything is sadly needed that you do not find in the train equipment tell the conductor or porter and he will try to find it, or a substitute for it. You will, of course, regard your berth as your room and undress when you go to bed; one should never in the confined space of a car keep on at night the clothes he has worn during the day. In the morning one can make his ablutions as calmly and thoroughly as in a hotel.

Don't make a misery of a railroad trip. Don't fret about distances, trunks, baggage express, delays, weather or time-tables. Get a time-table and read it by yourself if that kind of literature concerns you, and let the other passengers alone about it. Be interested in the scenery. Be courteous to others, and if you find yourself booked for a long run in company with a cheery, intelligent person, cultivate him. But don't get into the habit of treating or being treated. Don't hastily introduce yourself to your associates. Don't play poker with strangers, and if you are playing cards, chess or checkers, draw out of the game when stakes are proposed. There are well-dressed, affable scoundrels who make their living on steamers and trains, at other peoples expense. Do not travel with a lot of money or jewelry loose about your clothes. It is a good plan to carry valuables in the inside pocket of your vest, and to have the pocket closed with a strong button. At night put the vest under your pillow.

The pleasure of travel by rail is augmented by

a guide book that will give in concise terms such information as a casual observer would wish to gain, as to the towns, engineering works and points of historic or natural interest that he sees from the windows. If he is willing to take the railroad companys word for it, such a book will be given to him on any one of the great trunk lines. It is obligingly written by an employee of the company. It conveys a very high opinion of that particular road and a very poor opinion of other roads. When the train pulls in at a dusty water station, with a poverty stricken hamlet of Hungarians planted, higgledy piggledy, in a barren field, and low, monotonous hills environing the place, the tourist will be surprised to learn that this is a town with a future, that the scenery and hotels are fine, the society select,



NEW YORK CENTRAL—COMPARTMENT CAR.

the air bracing, no malaria, no mosquitos, and the commutation fare is 85 cents. On the maps, too, the railroad on which you are traveling is always ten miles wide and runs straight across the country, pulling cities, lakes and cataracts out of their places by a kind of magnetic attraction, in order to make themselves reached by this line. So perhaps it is as well, if you want to get the facts, to buy your guide book of some disinterested publisher.

New York, New Haven & Hartford R.R.

THE GREAT ALL RAIL ROUTE

— BETWEEN —

NEW YORK AND WHITE MOUNTAINS,

AND THE INLAND AND SHORE RESORTS OF NEW ENGLAND.



From July 1st to September 28th inclusive, daily except Sundays, **The White Mountain Express**, with Vestibuled Buffet Parlor and other Cars, will leave Grand Central Station, New York, New Haven & Hartford R.R. at 9.00 a.m., due at Fabyans or at Jefferson at 7.30 p.m., making direct connection at White River Junction, and at Wells River for the Green Mountain Resorts, or for Newport, Montreal, Quebec, &c.

The 4.00 p.m. train from New York on week-days, will connect at Springfield with train having Through Sleeping Cars to Fabyans, due at 8.45 a.m.

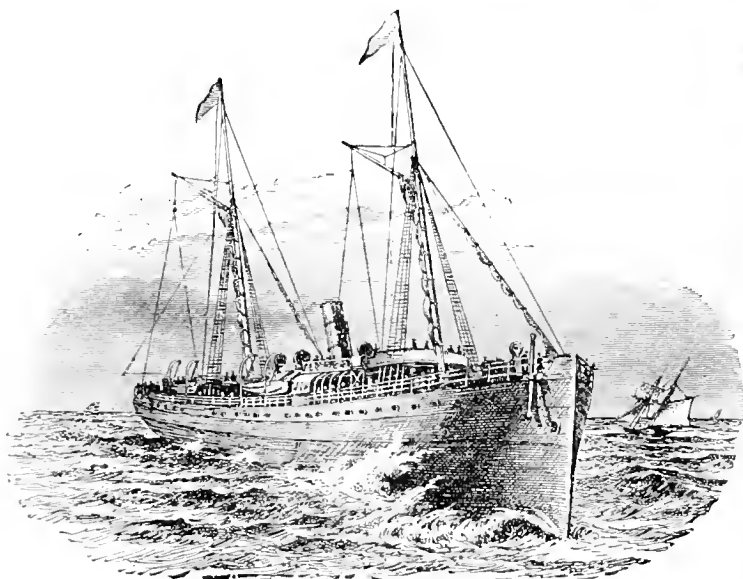
The New York, New Haven & Hartford R.R. is the **only line** running Through Express Trains to the popular **Berkshire Hills Resorts**—Sheffield, Great Barrington, Stockbridge, Lee and Lenox. It is the only direct all rail route to New London, Watch Hill, Narragansett Pier, Newport, Providence, Boston, Bar Harbor and other Eastern Resorts.

Parlor Car Seats or **Sleeping Car Berths** may be engaged in advance at Parlor and Sleeping Car Ticket Office, Grand Central Station.

Information as to Routes, Rates, List of Hotels and Boarding Houses will be furnished on application to any Agent of New York, New Haven & Hartford R.R., or to

C. T. HEMPSTEAD, General Passenger Agent,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

IF YOU REALLY WANT TO ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAY TAKE THE RED CROSS LINE STEAMERS



FOR
Halifax,
NOVA SCOTIA
AND
St. Johns and
Pilley's Island,
NEWFOUNDLAND.

Charming Daylight Sail through **LONG ISLAND, VINEYARD** and **NANTUCKET SOUNDS**. Fine View of picturesque **NOVA SCOTIA** and of the bold, rugged **NEWFOUNDLAND COAST**. Abundance of **FISHING** and **SHOOTING** in season. The only country in the civilized world that can boast of herds of **250 CARIBOU DEER**.

**An Ocean Voyage at one-quarter the Cost of Going to Europe, and a
GREATER CHANGE OF AIR AND SCENE.**

Fare—**FIRST CABIN**, including Meals and Stateroom Berth, **HALIFAX, \$16.00; ST. JOHNS, \$34.00; PILLEY'S ISLAND, \$40.00.** RETURN TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

BOWRING & ARCHIBALD, D Floor, Produce Exchange Annex Building.

RAILROAD TRAVEL FOR PLEASURE.

means, the railroad gives an opportunity for at least a partial gratification of his desire. A trip across the continent thirty years ago took weeks of time, nobody knows how much money, and



NEW YORK & FLORIDA SHORT LINE LIMITED.

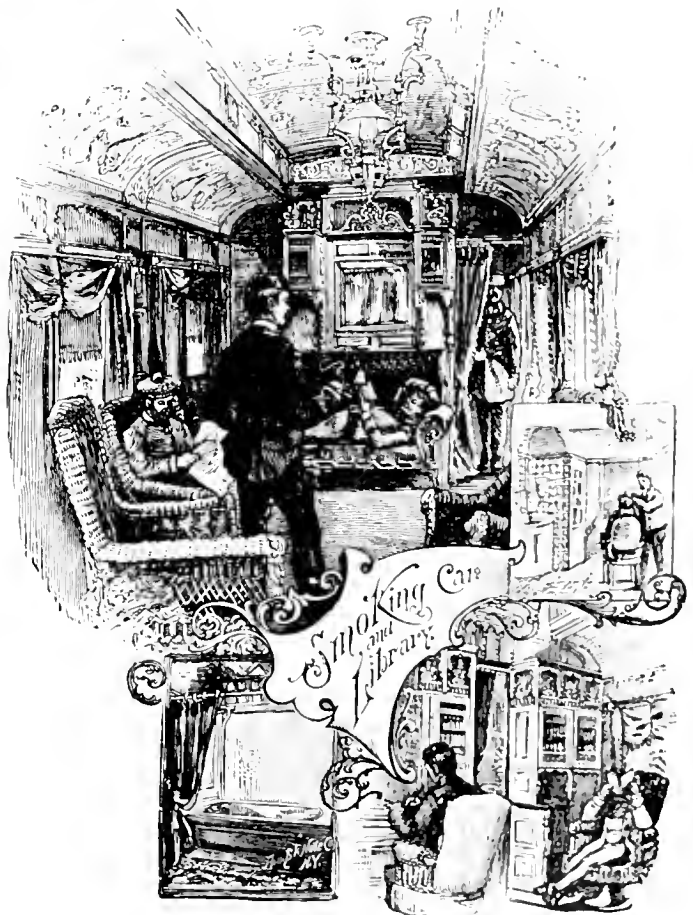
exposed the traveler to danger from red men and more savage white ones. One can now make a satisfactory trip from coast to coast and back in thirty days, spend more than two weeks of that time in rest or sight-seeing, and the expenses will be much less than for a European trip of the same duration. To go from New York to London, 3,100 miles, first-class, costs \$100 to \$650, according to cabin accommodation. To go from New York to San Francisco or Vancouver, and return, about 6,500 miles, including through passage in sleeper, with one berth (or half a section) costs \$189, to which should be added the cost of meals. For ordinary sight-seeing, travel in first-class trains, sleepers, dining cars, &c., &c., with board at the best hotels in the large cities, it is safe to figure on \$9 to \$10 a day, unless there are frequent very long runs on "Limited trains," on which it is easy to spend \$25 to \$30 a day.

For a run of two or more nights it is wiser to take a through sleeper, as it is about as cheap as it would be to travel in the ordinary cars by day and engage berths separately for each night's sleep; beside which, it is much more comfortable to be assured of a place, free from interruption, and to have a spot where you can leave books and light luggage with a certainty of finding them again; a place, too, where you may go to

bed as early as you like and sleep as late as you please in the morning. You cannot always do that in hiring a berth by the night, a "run" sometimes terminating at 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning, though the porters are not prompt to eject you at such an hour if you cross their palms with silver. Some people can double themselves up and doze in an ordinary car seat, but such a sleep is broken and leaves one feeling wretchedly. Civilized man requires a place where he can undress, lie at length on clean linen and make his toilet in the morning.

A man wants to be awake, refreshed and comfortable to thoroughly enjoy the ocean-like plains of the mid-continent, the cañons of the Rockies, the craggy, glaciated peaks of the Selkirks, the lakes and forests of the northwest. And to name these places is to suggest the dependence of the traveler on the railroad as a means of seeing them at all. Much of the grandest, most curious and beautiful scenery in our land is far from hotels and settlements, unthreaded by wagon ways, and the only way to see it is from the train window or the platform of an observation car.

A person who can pay for all the comforts offered by the railroads, and does not intend to get far from their lines, has little need to trouble himself with baggage. For a three or four weeks



NEW YORK & FLORIDA SHORT LINE LIMITED.

trip, changes of linen—or better, of cheviot, madras or flannel, for starched linen is poor stuff to travel in—a rubber coat or mackintosh, toilet articles, a watch and a couple of books are enough.



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— THE DIRECT LINE TO —



LAKE CHAMPLAIN,



The Adirondacks, Lake George, Saratoga, Montreal,
Sharon Springs, The Gravity R.R., Etc.,

AND THE **SHORTEST, QUICKEST AND BEST ROUTE BETWEEN**

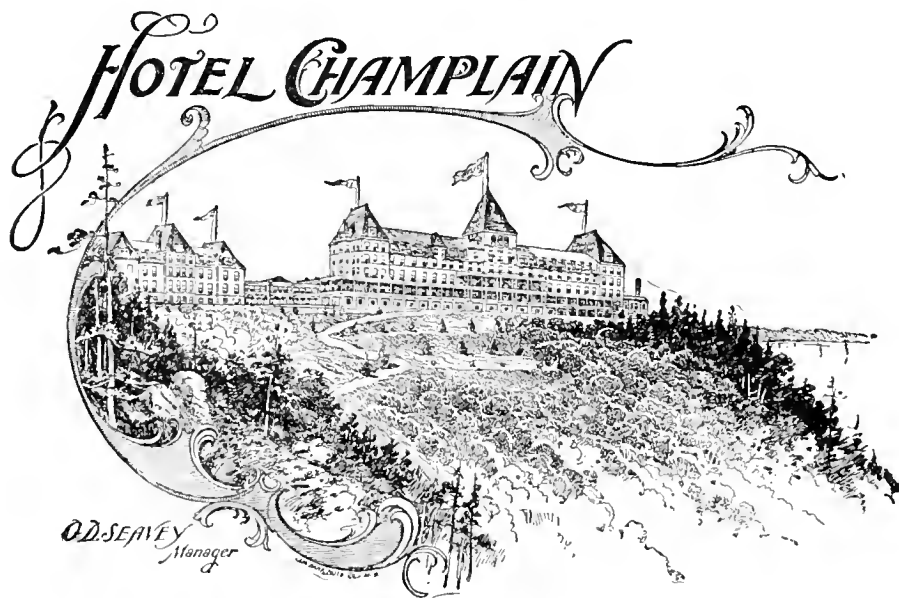
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Famous Adirondack
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Resort.

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on the west shore of Lake Champlain, three miles south of Plattsburgh. Delaware & Hudson R. R. station and steamboat pier in the hotel grounds. All trains and boats stop. The natural stopping point for tourists to and from Montreal and the Adirondacks. Vast and magnificent panoramic views of Green and Adirondack Mountains and Lake. A lofty and airy situation. Sanitary arrangements perfect.

O. D. SEAVEY, Manager,

P. O. Address, Hotel Champlain, N. Y.

The great thing to be done on a railway journey, as on all vacation trips, is to free your mind of business and responsibility, not to care a sixpence whether the train gets anywhere on time or not, to watch the scenery when it pays to do so, read entertaining books when it does not, keep cool and clean, eat and sleep well and be idle gracefully. Do not tell other people about your liver or your politics or your religion, if you have either of these things, and if they try to tell you about theirs, switch them off upon science, anecdotes, scenery or cigars. The "lighter

you fly" as to luggage the more easy minded and independent you will be. For short distances, with frequent stops, crowded cars and constantly changing associates, the railroad is to be considered as a means; but for long trips, especially through a thinly settled country, where there is little "way traffic" and where the scenery is superb, the journey by rail is sufficient to itself. Many people run over to Europe, spending but three or four days ashore, just for the sake of the ocean trip. A land voyage is even better worth while, since there are matters of interest all the way.

THE IDYLIC CONNECTICUT.

RUNNING parallel with the Hudson, at a distance of only sixty or seventy miles from it, the Connecticut shares many of its scenic as well as its physical and geographic attributes, though the cutting down of forests has diminished the amount of water that goes over it. Charles Dickens ascended to Springfield on a steamer. Now a boat seldom

the railroad journey that keeps you in sight of the stream, off and on, from its mouth to White River Junction is an agreeable experience.

It is well to arrange a journey so that it shall present a constant increase of interest. Do not go from the mountains to the plains. You would not care to see the parish church after the cathedral.

Rivers often present romantic scenery in their upper reaches, but "peter out" when among the swamps and levels near their mouths. The traveler seeing the Rhine or Hudson for the first time should see it on the ascent, and this holds good of the Connecticut. If no more were seen of it than the mosquito filled marshes near its exit into Long Island Sound he would vote the river to be a humbug. But when the Haddams are reached—South Haddam, Middle Haddam, Haddamville,

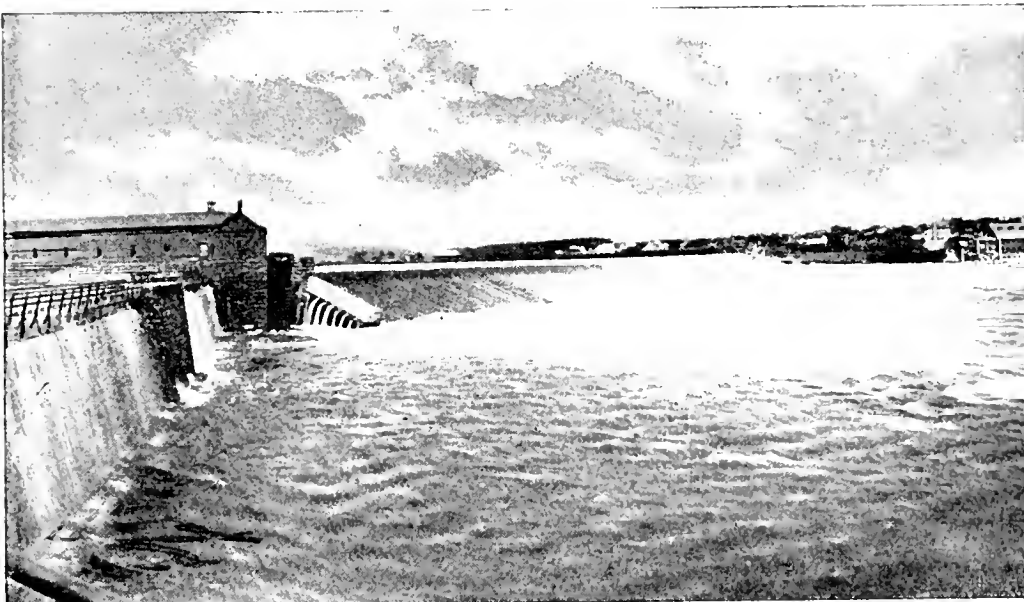


Photo. by E. J. Lazelle, Springfield, Mass.

HOLYOKE DAM.

gets to Hartford without sticking in the mud. But in spite of this relative sparsity of water, it is an exquisite stream. To measure beauty one does not require a yard stick or a sounding line. The lower forty miles of its course may be traversed by steamer; sloops are available for a little way beyond, but it soon becomes a matter of row boats and eventually of canoes—or bare feet. There are good roads beside or near the Connecticut for much of its length, and a pedestrian tour or drive over them will be pleasantly remembered. Even

Haddam Bridge and the rest, whose exasperating iteration caused one sleepy rustic to wish the devil had 'em—the banks show height and are gracefully wooded, and the farm house roofs that peep from the foliage suggest comfort, thrift and happiness. Middletown, like its namesake in the Empire State, is the seat of a large insane asylum, but otherwise is of no stirring interest. Portland, across the river, is where they quarry the brownstone with which so many of those monotonous rows in upper New York City



HIGHLAND BEACH,

The Popular Excursion Resort. On the Sandy Hook Peninsula.

ACCESSIBLE by Steamers direct to Highland Beach Pier, via N.Y. & Long Branch Line, from foot of Jane St., and by Steamer "Little Silver," from foot of Little West 12th St. Excursion fare by both Lines, 50 cents. Also via elegant fast Steamers of "Sandy Hook Route," from foot Rector Street; excursion fare, \$1.20. Also by all rail, Central R.R. of N. J., foot Liberty Street. For time of Boats and Trains consult Bullinger's Monitor Guide, for "Steamboats NOT on Hudson River."

For other information, address **HIGHLAND BEACH IMPROVEMENT CO., 149 Broadway, New York.**

A Magnificent Sail through the Bay.
Cool, Quiet, Select, Delightful.
Unequalled Ocean Bathing and River
Swimming, Fine Sailing, Rowing, Fishing,
Crabbing. All Amusements. Bowling.
**FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT, LUNCH
AND BAR.**

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL SAIL FOR PLEASURE SEEKERS!

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CAPT H. B. EDWARDS.
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Two blocks below 14th Street.

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Highland Beach, Seabright,
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On Week Days and Sundays at 9.15 a.m.;

Landing at Battery Pier 25 minutes later.

FREIGHT RECEIVED from 7.00 A.M. to 7.00 P.M.

EXCURSION TICKET, 50 CENTS.

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Plans can be seen and rooms engaged at New York Office,
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D. M. & W. E. HILDRETH, Proprietors.

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OCEAN 500 YARDS DISTANT. FREE BATHS.

Rooms Large, and all communicating with Covered Veranda.
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The Leading Resort of the White Mountains,
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TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

For years the Summer Home of the late
Henry Ward Beecher. Quiet and homelike.
Season, June 15—October 1. Reasonable
rates and special inducements to families.

W. A. BARRON, Manager.

THE IDYLIC CONNECTICUT.

have been built. Foot-prints of gigantic lizards of the reptilian age are found in this rock.

About Glastonbury the lovely fields, with their elms, extending to the blue hills on the east and west, are overflowed in the heavy freshets of the Spring. Perhaps some of their velvety greenness

tramps, rides and bicycle runs that are feasible from this town, few are more interesting than to the old Newgate Prison at Granby, with its dungeons and copper mines where the prisoners once worked as they now do in Siberia.

At Enfield, three miles east of the station, the Shakers have a settlement, and a study of these curious enthusiasts, cleanly, industrious, vegetarian, "monks and nuns without bolts and bars," will justify a pause. Then on, through a land of thrift and comfort to Springfield, with 50,000 well housed people. Though an agreeable city, the tourist will not find much here of interest except in the United States Armory, and it will pay him to visit that to see the perfection at which the art of killing has arrived. Let him also climb the arsenal tower and obtain a comprehensive and charming view; but an ampler one awaits him from the summit of either Mount Holyoke, on the east side of the river, or Mount Nonotuck, a jog of the Mount Tom range, on the west side. These



CONNECTICUT RIVER AT WINDSOR LOCKS.

is due to that fact. A few miles farther and we reach Hartford, the richest city for its size in America, and one of great beauty. Here the traveler should note the old and new State Houses, the nobly-placed Trinity College, the asylums, the great factories, the pretty park with its muddy river and the picturesque soldiers arch. He should by all means ride or ramble out to Prospect Hill for the view, though a still better one is offered from Talcott Mountain, nine miles westward, and he should cross the Connecticut to East Hartford and stroll under the canopy of splendid old elms that overhang the street. There are more such at Windsor, Long Meadow, Northampton, Easthampton and other villages along the river, but none so near a city yet so filled with sylvan beauty. Of the many delightful

heights make a better fulfilment than a promise, for their tops are only 1,100 feet above the sea, but the surrounding country, being comparatively flat, unfolds to the view like a great garden, edged with misty hills. From West Rock, seventy miles



Photo. by M. P. Warner, Holyoke, Mass.

MOUNT TOM, FROM EASTHAMPTON.

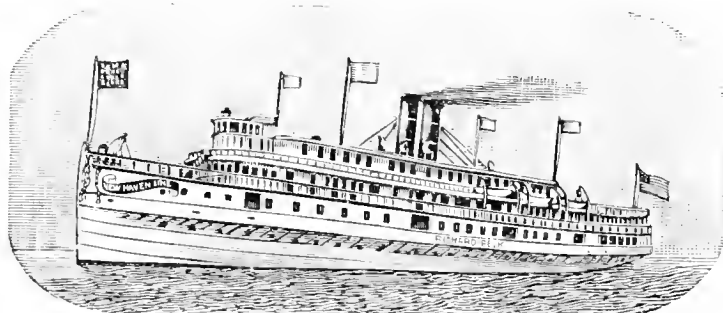
New Haven Steamboat Co. and Connecticut River R. R. Line.

THE NEW AND ELEGANT STEAMERS

RICHARD PECK (the "Flyer of the Sound") and **C. H. NORTHAM**,

Leave Pier 25 and 26 East River (Peck Slip), at 3.00 p.m. and 11.00 p.m., except Sundays.

Only Steamers connecting
with Railroads at
New Haven.
Cars run to Steamers
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Through Tickets for all
points North, via New York,
New Haven & Hartford RR,
and connections.

GREEN MOUNTAINS, WHITE MOUNTAINS, MONTREAL, QUEBEC, and Intermediate Points.
FREIGHT WAY-BILLED THROUGH. under Joint Tariffs with Quick Dispatch and
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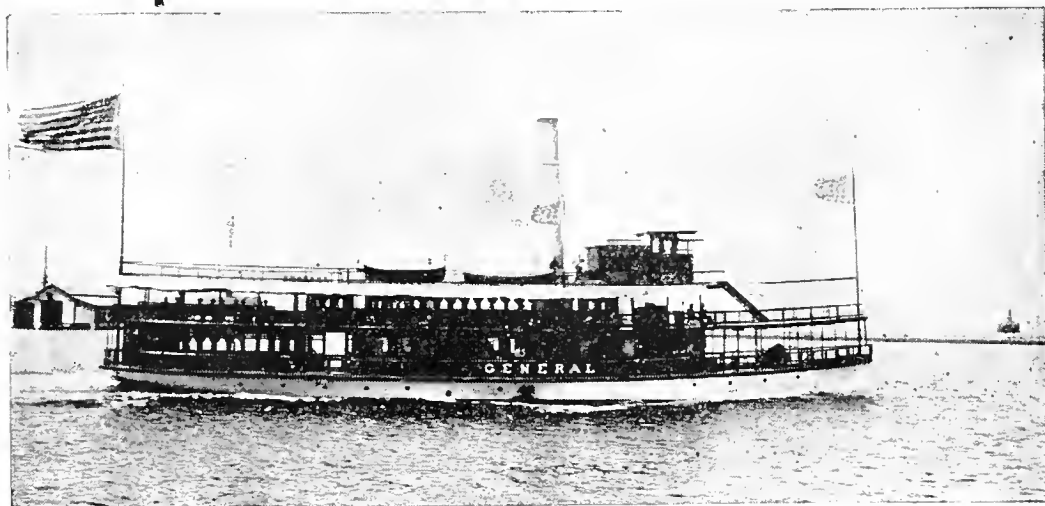
Passenger and Freight Rates given on application to

RICHARD PECK, Superintendent.

WILLIAM SCOTT, Agent.

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"THE WICKFORD ROUTE," OLD AND POPULAR ROUTE TO AND FROM Newport, R. I. IN CONNECTION WITH THE Shore Line,



TRAINS LEAVE

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Connecting at Wickford
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Through time 6 hours.

Parlor and Sleeping Cars.

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THE FAVORITE ROUTE BETWEEN

Boston, Portland, Eastport, Lubec and
Calais, Me., St. Andrew's, Campobello,
Grand Manan and St. John, N. B.,
Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island
and Cape Breton.

July to September, daily service ex-
cept Sunday. Other seasons of the year
two and three trips per Week. See daily

papers, Boston, or ask your nearest Ticket Agent for detailed information, or write to

E. A. WALDRON, General Agent, BOSTON.

THE IDYLIC CONNECTICUT.

south, to Monadnock, fifty miles north, it is a rolling sea of green, with nearly forty towns dotting the fair expanse. Comfortable hostelrys stand atop of each mountain, and a night in one of them, with the stars glittering above, the cities glittering below, and the wind roaring in the woods, gives one an odd sense of isolation.

Unless one has a mechanical bent, the cities of Chicopee and Holyoke, with their mills and foundries, will not stay him long, for here the Connecticut is momentarily compelled to man's service; but he will be delighted with Northampton, called, sixty years ago, the most beautiful village in America, with its fine schools; and Old Hadley, Hatfield, the Deerfields and Greenfield beyond. For, after he has got well away from the cities, the fine flavor of New England will come to him. He will detect it in the doings and orderings of a people who are still, peaceable, practical, poetic and pious, shrewd, economical, prosperous, fair-minded and content; lineal descendants of the Puritans who made America. The region is as full of history and romance as it is of beauty.

Hurrying or loitering through this grateful valley, he will come in time to Brattleboro, a prosperous town with charming drives and inspiring climbs around it; then to the brawling Bellows Falls with its 12 foot plunge through a rocky labyrinth; then



CONNECTICUT RIVER, ABOVE HOLYOKE

to Charlestown, N. H., whose most distinguished resident, Charles Hoyt, has given us peeps at it in "A Hole in the Ground," "A Midnight Bell," and other freaks. On the opposite, or Vermont side of the Connecticut are the falls of Black River. Claremont with its paper mills, and the exquisite Sunapee Lake—"the Loch Katrine of America"—are a few miles east, but Windsor is in our northward way, and a day's stop here is in order for the ascent of Mount Ascutney, a tall, lonely and commanding peak, affording a glorious outlook from its rocky crest. The Hartlands and White River Junction will not detain us, but we can pass a day with profit in and about Hanover, the seat of Dartmouth College, with its library, gallery and museum, its shaded campus and its gracious views.

Here the journey along the Connecticut may be said to end, unless the traveler

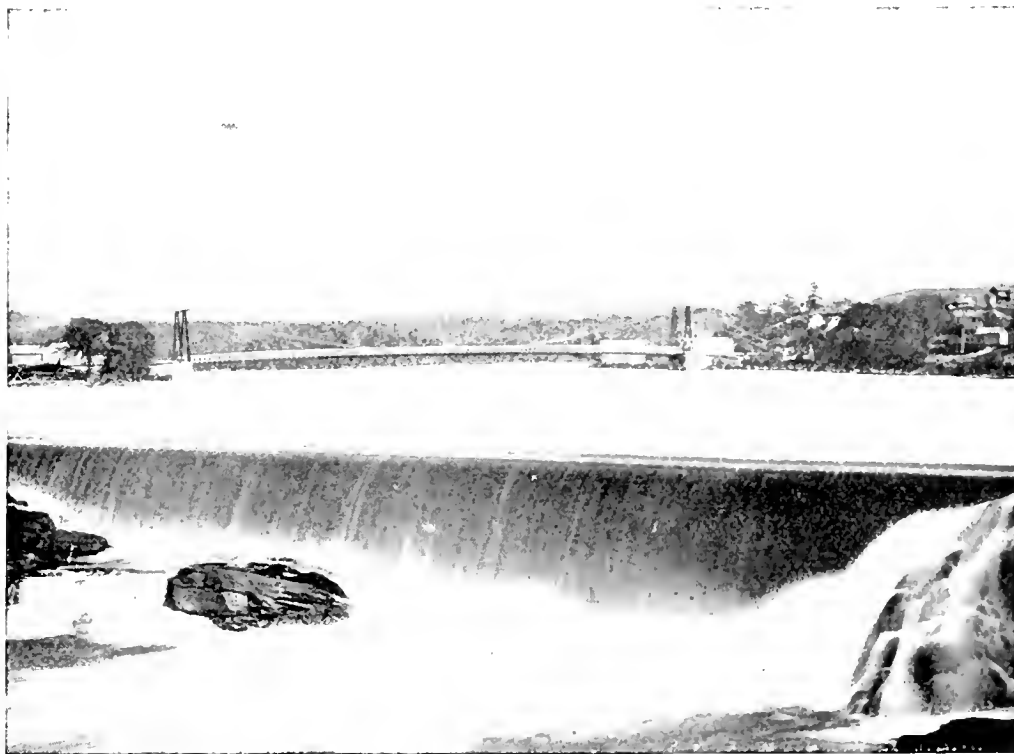


Photo. by M. P. Warner, Holyoke, Mass.

DAM AT TURNERS FALLS.

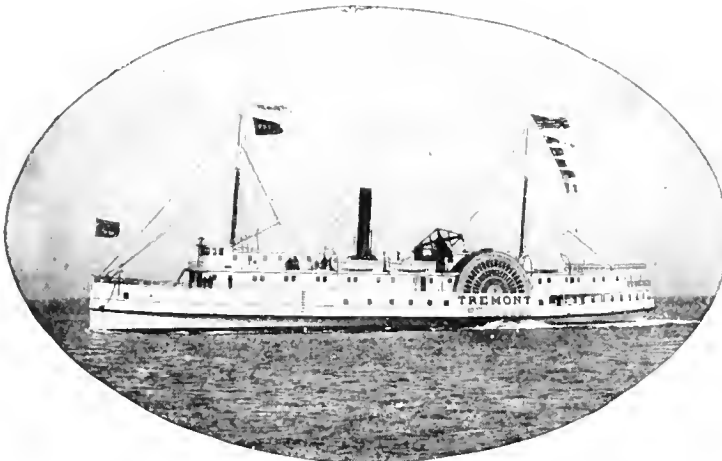
MAINE STEAMSHIP LINE,

Only DIRECT LINE to COTTAGE CITY, Mass., and PORTLAND, Me.,

Making close connections at Portland with all Railroads and Steamer Lines for

Bar Harbor, Old Orchard, Poland Springs, White Mountains, Rockland, Bangor, Eastport and St. John, N.B., and all

EASTERN SUMMER RESORTS.



Leave Pier 38 E.R., foot of Market Street, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5:00 p.m., and leave Portland every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6:00 p.m., affording a

Short and Delightful Sea Voyage of 26 Hours.

Special Summer Service.—In addition to the regular tri-weekly service, the elegant side-wheel steamer TREMONT (1,427 tons) having superior passenger accommodations, will be dispatched as follows: from Pier 38 East River, New York, at 5:00 p.m., for Cottage City and Portland, July 3, 8, 12, 17, 22,

26 and 31, August 5, 9, 14, 19, 23, 28 and September 2. From Portland, at 6:00 p.m., on July 1, 5, 10, 15, 19, 24 and 29; August 2, 7, 12, 16, 21, 26 and 30.

Full particulars given on application to **HORATIO HALL, Agent, Pier 38 East River, New York.** TELEPHONE, "81 FRANKLIN."

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THE NEW AND PALATIAL STEAMERS

PORTLAND, | BAY STATE,
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Leave INDIA WHARF, BOSTON, and FRANKLIN WHARF, PORTLAND, at 7:00 P.M., arriving in season for convenient connection with all diverging lines.

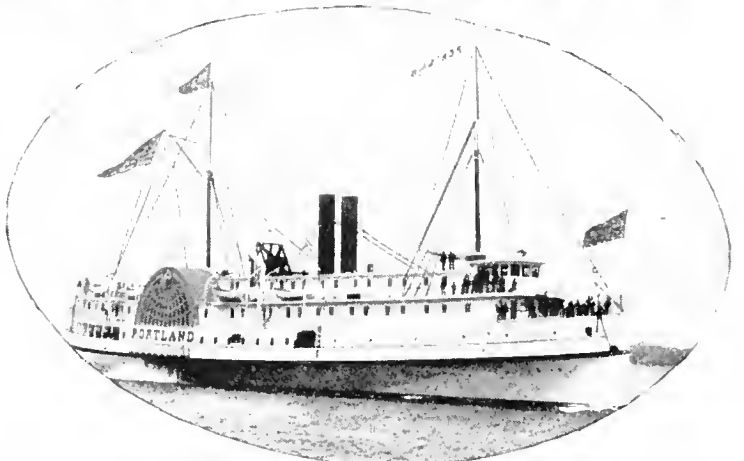
The elegant "OCEAN TRIPS" of this old established line, afford the most convenient and comfortable means of transportation between BOSTON and PORTLAND. The Steamers are built expressly for this route, and are fitted with every modern appliance for comfort and luxury.

THE MOST ENJOYABLE EXCURSION ON THE EASTERN COAST.

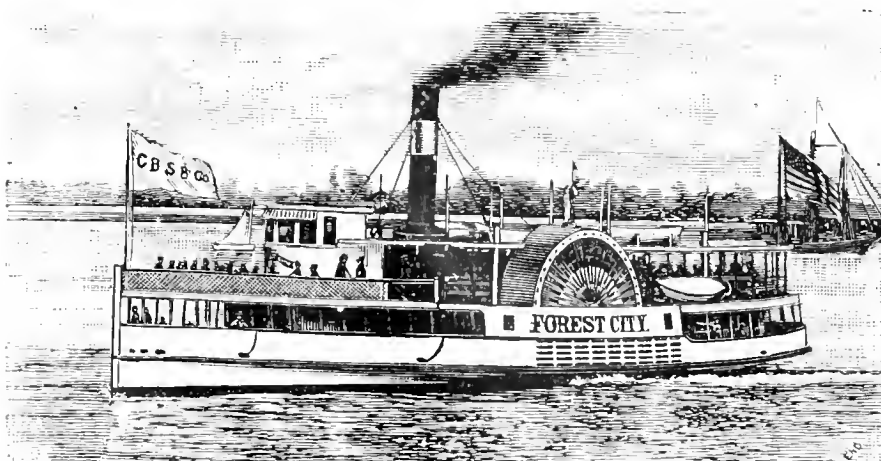
FARE, \$1.00 each way. STATE ROOMS, \$1.00 to \$3.00 each. Time of passage about 8 hours. SUNDAY TRIPS from middle of June to middle of September. THROUGH TICKETS to Northern and Eastern Resorts. Send for Circulars.

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J. F. LISCOMB, GENERAL AGENT, PORTLAND, ME.



THE "ISLAND GEMMED" CASCO BAY.



The Ideal Summer Resort of Maine.

Steamers FOREST CITY, FOREST QUEEN, EMITA and CADET, maintain a regular Daily Service between PORTLAND, ME., and the following Islands: PEAK'S, CUSHING'S, LITTLE DIAMOND, GREAT DIAMOND, EVERGREEN, TREFETHEN'S and LONG ISLAND.

After June 30th, 1895, trips are made every hour.

**Casco Bay
Steamboat Co.**

Send for Folder, Map, &c., giving complete time-table.

C. W. T. CODING, General Manager, PORTLAND, MAINE.

wants to continue along the country roads. He can profitably extend his trip, if he has time, to Lake Memphremagog, Lake Champlain, Montreal, Quebec or the White Mountains, for at White River Junction he is within easy reach of them all.

The walker ought to be happy here, for, of all parts of the country that invite the pedestrian, New England makes the strongest appeal. The beauty of its scenery, the variety of its physical features, its relatively cool and salubrious climate, the superiority of its roads to those in the South and West, the order and safety of its towns and villages, the romance of its legends and history, the charm that its writers have thrown about it, the kindly nature and quaint speech of its people, and the quiet and comfort of its inns, are alluring to those who prefer to spend their vacations in traversing fresh fields and pastures new, to dawdling on the crowded piazzas of summer hotels.

Now, as to the disposition of time, where time is limited: leaving New York in the evening, so as to gain a day, we will suppose a straight run to Hartford by train, direct; or what is better, by boat, thus enjoying the beautiful river scenery above the Haddams, in the early morning hours. A ramble to Prospect Hill and back, passing the deaf and dumb asylum and the houses of Mark Twain, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Charles Dudley Warner,

his lunch on Mount Nonotuck or Mount Holyoke, to descend and dine and sleep in Northampton.

The third day can be broken at Brattleboro and Bellows Falls to advantage, and perhaps a run to Claremont can be included before putting up for the night at Windsor.

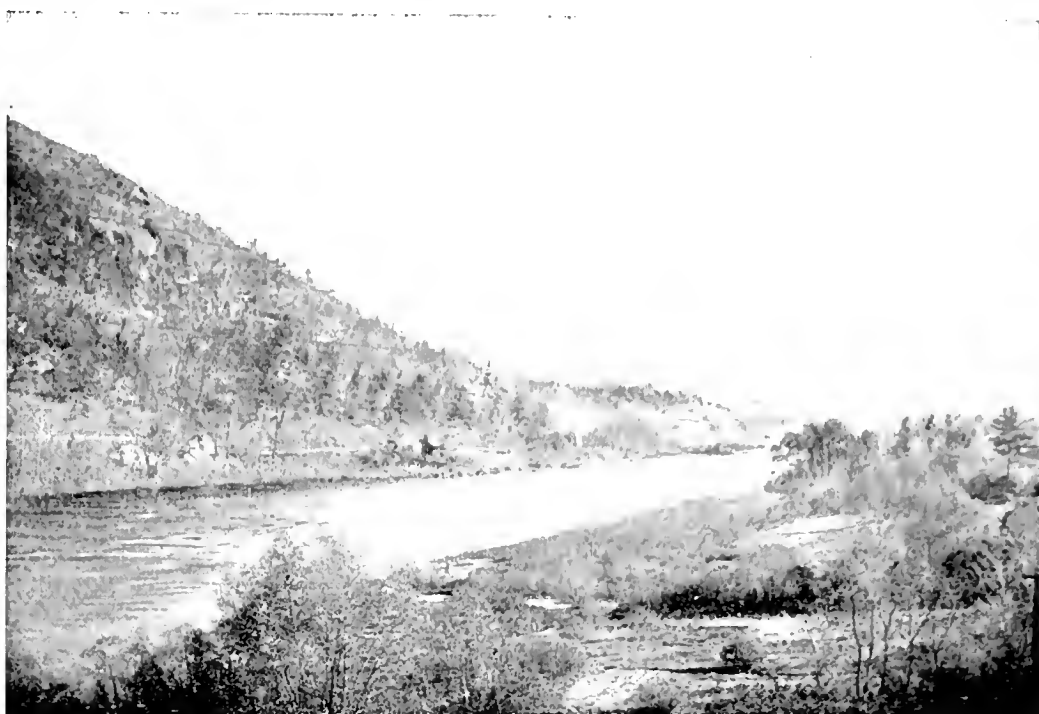


Photo. by D. E. Webster, Bellows Falls, Vt.

CONNECTICUT RIVER AT BELLOWS FALLS.

The fourth day may be devoted to a leisurely ascent and descent of Ascutney, carrying a snack to be eaten at the summit, and the fifth day can be spent in the academic shades of Dartmouth.

The hotel charges are not extravagant at any of these places, and horse and trolley cars and stages facilitate short excursions. The fare will amount to about \$15.00, and \$3.00 a day will cover reasonable expenses for food and lodging.

Allowing a day for the return, this disposes of six



Photo. by F. H. Stansfield, Portland.

CONNECTICUT RIVER—PORTLAND, CONN.

a visit to the art gallery and historical museum, a walk through the park, a ride along Main street and a glance at East Hartford, are easily possible the first day, and the traveler may ride on to Springfield before dark. On the second day, an early view of the armory will enable him to take

days. If there is more time the following division of extra days is suggested: New Haven, one day; Talcott Mountain (from Hartford) one-half day; walk from Northampton through Old Hadley and Deerfield, one-half day; falls at Springfield, Vt., one-half day; Sumapsee Lake, one and one-half days; four additional days.

ALFRED B. SANDS & SON, YACHT PLUMBERS

. . . . AND MANUFACTURERS OF

YACHT PLUMBING SPECIALTIES.

Pump Water Closets for above or below water line.

Folding Lavatories for Yacht and Launch use.

VENTILATORS, COPPER, BRASS AND IRON.

Pumps, Bilge, Deck, Basin, Sink and Galley, in Copper and Brass.

GALVANIZED IRON WATER TANKS. ✱

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Our No. 3 Water Closet occupies space 17 x 14 inches, and weighs only 50 pounds completed in boat.

Our Folding Lavatory measures 19 x 15 x 3½ inches, and weighs only 18 pounds. The smallest and most complete fixture on the market, and the only one suitable for yacht use.

✉ Write for information if you are building, or contemplate building or alterations.

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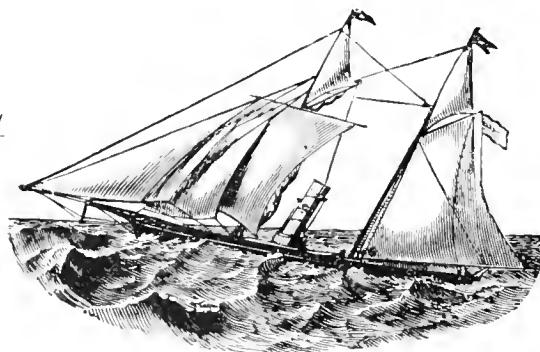
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All classes of Steam Vessels, Steam Yachts, etc., modelled and designed for steel, iron or wood, their construction superintended or contracted for, complete, ready for use.

— LIGHT DRAFT VESSELS A SPECIALTY —

For Sale and Charter—Large Selection of Schooners, Sloop and Steam Yachts. Launches and Steam Vessel Property generally. Owners desiring to sell will find this Agency a reliable and quick medium by sending full particulars, price and photo. No charges made unless a sale is effected.

AN OUTING ON A COASTER.

TO a young man who has a bit of that spice in his nature which used to animate the American youth of the earlier part of this century, there is a strong attraction in the sea. Now, anybody can go to sea, and the way to do so is made plain and expensive by lines of steamers operating over every part of the globe, where it is worth while to run them. That is not going to sea though, in the old and proper sense, and there is a new experience



in store for the tourist who wants to take his ocean strong, so to speak, and live directly in contact with it. He can get that experience from a week in a coasting schooner, although it is not every one who can or will take him, because the multiplying and improvement of steamships has made it less and less of an advantage to sailing vessels to carry passengers. A generation ago it was no unusual thing for captains of small vessels to take passengers on trips to their destinations—up to the British Provinces, into the labyrinthine gulfs of Maine, down to Florida, or over to the Bermudas. The Nova Scotia girls who were valued as housemaids in the days before we got to looking to Europe for our help—and precious little help most of it is—came to our cities on coasters, as incidents to the trade in lumber, stone and fish.

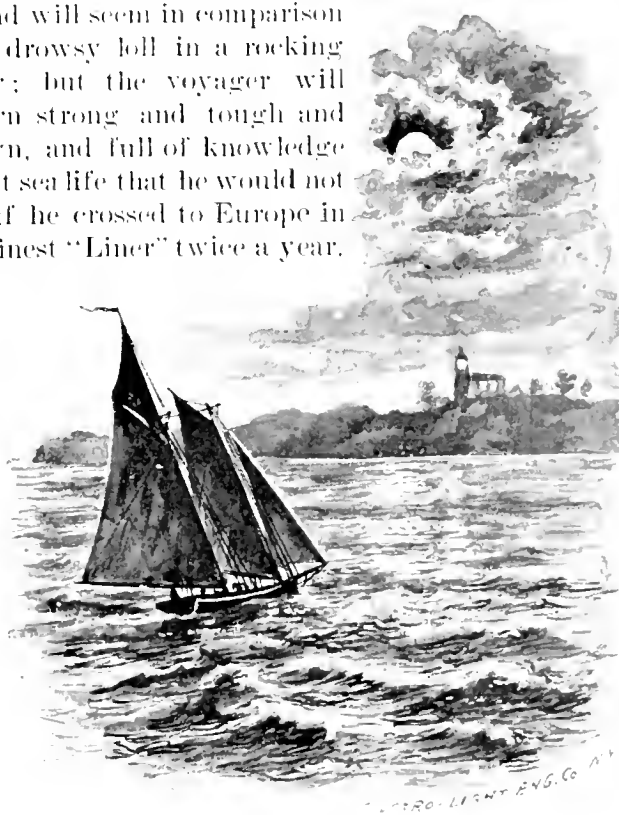
Compared with going to sea in an ocean liner, a trip in a long shore schooner is as camping out in the woods is to stopping at a five dollar a-day hotel. And that is the charm of the whole thing: it is roughing it, with a vengeance. Passage, when it can be secured, is low in price. On such vessels it used to average hardly more than a dollar a hundred miles, and when one thinks how much time that means, and how many meals it incurs, it will be seen that nothing farther could be expected in the way of cheapness. The captain will probably be unable to understand why you want to go with him when there are so many

comfortable boats running, but if you succeed in talking him over, you will enjoy your trip, if you enjoy the sturdy, unconventional side of things.

In a voyage of this sort it is impossible to reckon accurately on the time it will take. With favoring breezes you can make a run in a day over a course that perhaps you will spend a week in covering on the return. The route to the northward is to be preferred, ordinarily, to a run in a southerly direction, because the coast north of Cape Cod is picturesque all the way to the Arctic, while the coast that stretches southward from the same Cape is dull and flat, agreeable for bathing and lounging, but utterly wanting in scenic interest. These small vessels do not stand out

so far to sea in their trips as larger ones, and in such a run as that from Boston to St. John a schooner will keep so well in to shore that a panoramic view of the whole Maine coast will be afforded, and that view is a matchless one.

Let it be understood that this voyage is not commended to women nor to delicate young men. Old men are too settled in their habits to enjoy it, and dudes are too tender to endure it. It is distinctly a sort of vacation that appeals to the young, strong and adventurous. The life will be rough, the crew may be rough, though good hearted, the meals will range from poor to awful, the smells in the cabin (which in most of these schooners is likewise the fore-castle) will not be appetizing, the motion in a heavy sea will be so violent that the plunging of an ocean greyhound will seem in comparison as a drowsy loll in a rocking chair; but the voyager will return strong and tough and brown, and full of knowledge about sea life that he would not get if he crossed to Europe in the finest "Liner" twice a year.



For Shooting and Fishing



TRY the territory traversed by the lines of the

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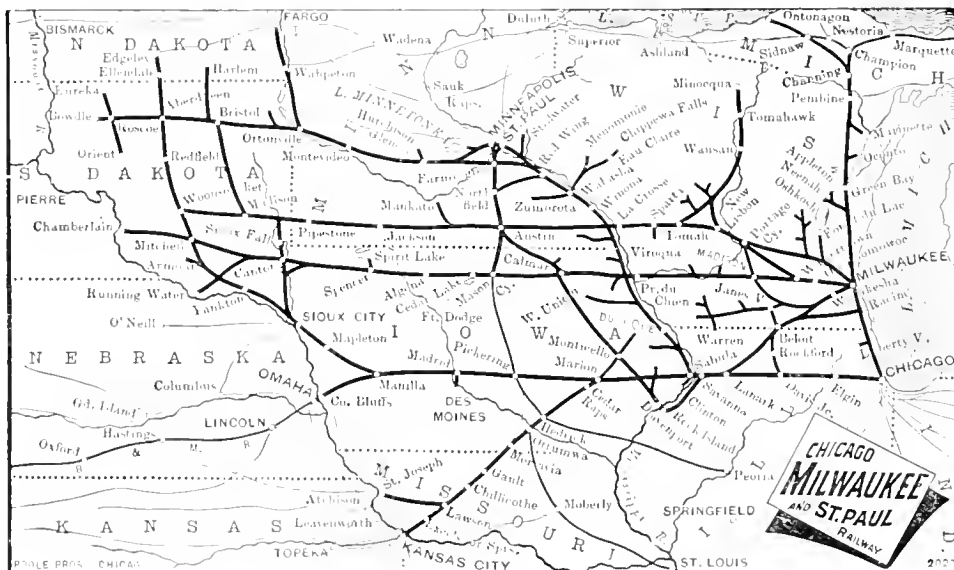
Some of the best Deer shooting in the country is to be had in Northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan.

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AMONG THE LAKES

of Wisconsin, Peninsula of Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and South Dakota are hundreds of delightful places where one can pass the Summer months in quiet rest and enjoyment, and return home at the end of the heated term completely rejuvenated.



Send ten (10) cents for a copy of the new descriptive book "SHORT JOURNEYS ON A LONG ROAD," and a newly revised "LIST OF SUMMER RESORTS" along the line, to

GEORGE H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, CHICAGO, ILL.

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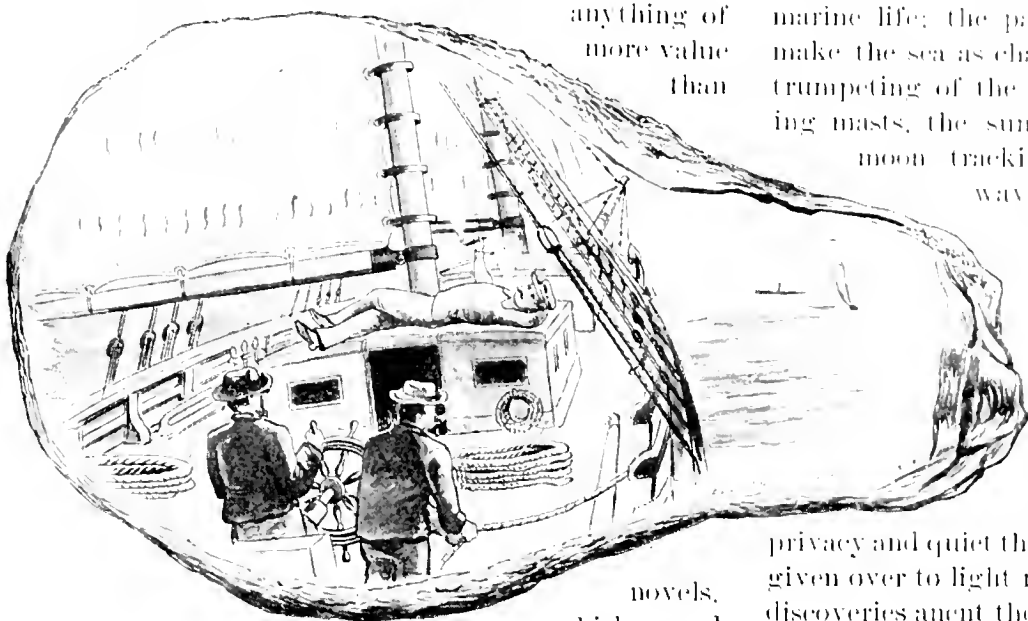
General Agent, Passenger Department.

BOSTON OFFICE, No. 210 Washington Street (Old State House), CHAS. A. BROWN,

New England Passenger Agent

AN OUTING ON A COASTER.

The outfit for such a trip can be as inexpensive as the trip itself. Simply take your oldest clothes. A warm overcoat is desirable, and if any article is bought expressly for the trip it might be a sou'wester, to protect the head from cold rains and drenching mists. The clothes sold to sailors at what are deservedly called "slop shops," along the water front, are commonly frauds. They are made of shoddy and even their sou'westers leak like sieves. A valise will hold all that need be taken, and if you are foolish enough to take anything of more value than



novels, whiskey and cigars, let the lock on that valise be strong, for it is a grievous fact that some sailors were not brought up in a Sunday school. At the same time, a few of those cigars, and perhaps a sly nip at that whiskey, will make them friends of yours from the start.

It will be found desirable to take a few delicacies in the way of pickles, lemons, sardines, cheese, lime juice or raspberry vinegar, for the water on board is warm, being dipped from a barrel that stands in the sun all day, and the cuisine has commonly to do with salt pork, salt mackerel, potatoes, hard tack, fresh biscuit and alleged tea and coffee. It will be a mercy to the officers and crew if you will share some of these delicacies with them. By going aboard a day before sailing, spying out the state of the larder and having a comprehensive interview with the cook, a better idea will be obtained of what to take and what to omit, for it happens once in a while that a coaster goes out with a food supply that would really be a credit to a boarding house, and has a man for a cook who is content to kill his associates with simple indigestion instead of active poison.

Another precaution needful to a proper enjoyment of the voyage is a fair supply of insect powder. Let the bedding be shaken out and aired every day, for that is a matter in which sailors are lax, and they do not

seem to mind, as a landsman does, the mouldy odor that pervades the spaces below decks. Having thus assured himself that he is neither to be frozen nor starved, the passenger can now turn his attention to enjoyment, and there is a good deal of it, of a new kind, especially for the jaded city man. The bracing sea air, the free, hearty life, the long sleeps, the exercise at the wheel, at the halliards and the capstan; the tremendous yarns spun by the older salts; the sight of passing vessels, of rocky coasts, of tumbling porpoise and other strange marine life; the passing lights and shadows that make the sea as changeable as a piece of silk; the trumpeting of the storm, the stars above the rocking masts, the sun rising out of the flood, the moon tracking silver across the crisping waves, the milky phosphorescence on dark nights; the clang of bells, tooting of horns and hoarse roar of whistles in a fog; the trolling alongside, the spearing of dolphins, porpoises or sunfish; the warm lazy mornings, curled up before the break of the cabin with a pipe, or the greater security for

privacy and quiet that is afforded by the cross trees, given over to light reading or to dreams; the daily discoveries afloat the life on the deep and those who go to sea in ships; the tricks of the elements—these are factors in a vacation that probably not one young man in twenty thousand has ever undertaken. All depends, of course, on finding a captain who will agree to take you. If you get his consent you must be prepared to undergo some discomforts—no more, probably, than you would encounter in camp—and you will get on much better, if you will submit to them with hearty good nature, since they are inevitable under the circumstances. Take what bunk can be spared

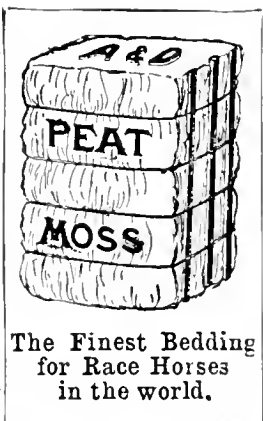
for you, do not demand pie at a table where



flap-jacks are a luxury, do not scold and complain and make yourself a wonder and a subject of ridicule among the sailors, and if you have any "sporting blood" in you, the vacation in the cabin and on deck of a coasting schooner will be one to look back upon with genuine satisfaction; bearing fruits of struggles with the inner and the outer man. A new man, with appetite tutored and sharpened by denials; with a vitality and nerve force revived and strengthened by contact with nature in her most beautiful and refreshing phases; with



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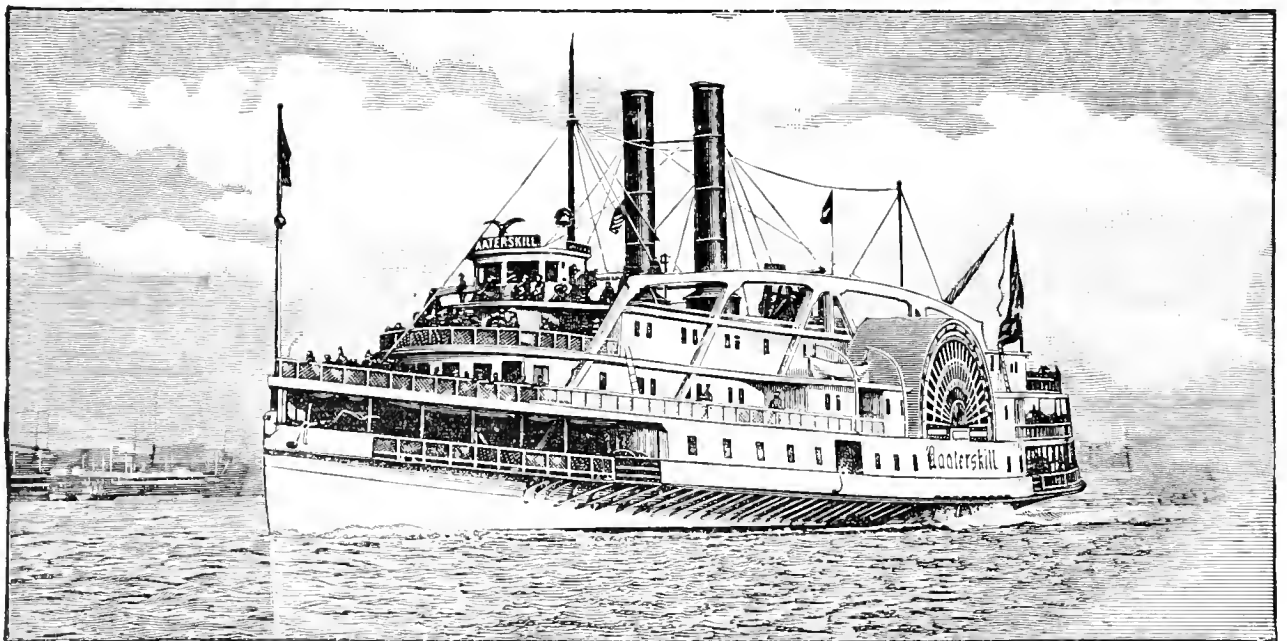


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SHORTEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST ROUTE TO

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AND ALL POINTS OF INTEREST IN THE

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Leave NEW YORK every week-day, at 6.00 P.M., from Pier 48 North River, foot of West 11th Street.

Leave CATSKILL every week-day except Saturday, at 7.00 P.M. Sundays, at 7.00 and 10.00 P.M. The 10 o'clock boat from July 8th to September 1st, both inclusive.

FARE, ONE DOLLAR.

Close connections at Catskill with CATSKILL MOUNTAIN RAILWAY., CAIRO R.R., OTIS ELEVATING RAILWAY, and CATSKILL & TANNERSVILLE R.R.

Tickets sold and Baggage checked through. State Rooms booked in advance.

Special attention to transportation of Horses and Carriages.

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G. M. SNYDER, President,
Foot of West 11th St., NEW YORK.

W. J. HUGHES, Treasurer,
CATSKILL, N. Y.

AN OUTING ON A COASTER.

power to take up and accomplish more than any other possible life would give; the experience, like the beacon lights that have been seen sending their silver sheen over the waters, will illumine many an after hour.

The expense of such an outing should be very moderate. The extras to be taken along can be measured up by ones own inclinations—they are not necessary, merely pleasurable. The fare that will be charged will not probably be more than one dollar a day, and if you can load up with a lot of yarns, jokes and canned laughter, you will be so welcome that the fare will become a minor consideration; a sailor dearly loves a yarn, a laugh and fun of any sort, and it will not hurt you a bit to drop the "shop" and burst off a few of your own buttons with a roaring, old-fashioned guffaw.

Information about coasting vessels in port can be obtained at the Port Wardens office, 17 South Street, and from the following firms of ship brokers: George C. Blairs Son, 62 South Street, Jed Frye & Co., 17 Water Street; Rackett & Bro., 62 South Street; H. B. Rawson & Co., 15 South Street; a personal call on the above will be better than inquiries by letter.

In case the time for the outing is limited to a certain number of days, it may be wise to select a vessel bound for some port from which a return to New York can be made by direct steamboat line, such as New London, Providence, Fall River, Newport, Boston or Portland. The possibility of fogs, head winds or other delays will thus be discounted by the opportunity of returning home at once by the most economical service.



THREE DAYS IN THE CATSKILLS.

THE Catskills are a blessing to New York and the big cities around it, that the cities have been slow to appreciate. The White Mountains, twice as far away, were supplied with good hotels and reasonable means of transportation some time before the Catskills were; but the last named mountains are now not merely convenient in distance but have been brought near in time. Their charms are cheap and not a whit less good for that reason. It is a matter of only a few hours to get to the heart of them from the metropolis, and it is a matter of few days to get a good idea of their geography and scenery. They form a little mountain world, quite different in grouping and extent from either the White Mountains or the Adirondacks. Naturally beautiful, their charms have been augmented by poetry and legend, and you still see the spot where Rip Van Winkle slept; where the revengeful rival was slain and burned by the Indians at the

wedding; where the manitou disguised himself as a bear and where the storm-witch sat as she wove the clouds and forged the thunderbolts.



Photo. by C. I. Newman, 667 Gates Ave., Brooklyn.

NEAR HALCOTISVILLE



SUMMER TOURS❖ SUMMER HOMES❖

ON, OR VIA, THE

PICTURESQUE ERIE LINES.

SUMMER EXCURSION TICKETS

are on sale from June 1st until October 1st, to Niagara Falls, Chautauqua Lake, Watkins Glen, Saratoga, and other famous New York resorts; also combining tours through Canada, St. Lawrence River, Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, Lakes Champlain and George, White Mountains, etc.

CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

Located 1,400 feet above the sea, amidst charming surroundings, its wooded shores dotted by hotels of highest excellence, Chautauqua Lake is famous as the Ideal Summer Resort of America. The Erie is the only line running solid vestibuled trains to Chautauqua Lake.

SUMMER HOMES.

To people desiring to spend the summer within easy reach of New York, the Eastern and Delaware Divisions and Branches of the Erie present unrivaled attractions. The high altitude, pure air and picturesque scenery of Orange, Sullivan and Delaware Counties, New York, and Pike County, Pennsylvania, have for years attracted a vast number of people from New York and neighboring cities. Board can be had to suit all tastes and purses; the accommodations ranging from the modest farm-house to the pretentious summer hotel.

THE ERIE'S SUMMER PUBLICATIONS.

"Summer Excursion Routes and Rates," giving full information regarding summer excursions and tours, and "Summer Homes," a complete directory of boarding houses and hotels, prices of board, rates of fare, elevations, etc., may be obtained from any Erie Ticket Agent in New York City, or by sending five cents in stamps, for postage, to

**D. I. ROBERTS, General Passenger Agent,
NEW YORK.**

THREE DAYS IN THE CATSKILLS.

Even the lovers leap is here, and what place is without one? Although the system extends far toward the west and throws out related chains of hills to the south and north, the main group of the Catskills may be considered as a triangle with one side parallel to the Hudson and about seven miles from it, another running east and west behind Catskill Creek and the third an arbitrary line extending from Number Four Mountain to Stamford.

The red men called these heights the Ontioras, "hills of the sky," and whoever has seen their rounded forms swelling in the distance, blue as the canopy in June, yet changing with every hour, realizes the fitness of the name. They are unique in one respect: they are pierced by ravines still called "cloves," after the Dutch fashion, these cloves leading down from the central plateau to the plains or river valley. In their dark abysses one hears the roar of torrents and in early morning they often brim with clouds, which, from the sunlit upper regions, resemble seas covered with floating ice.

Not all of the mountain country is yet open to travel; the Shandaken district, where the tallest, roughest peaks are, being as yet unpathed. But there are many fine hotels, and whether one goes afoot, horseback or in a carriage, he need never lack shelter or food; that is, in the traveled district. If he goes aside from the frequented townships he must equip himself heavily, as for exploration, and there are reasonable chances of meeting deer, bears, skunks and wild cats. The farmers were formerly hospitable and are still decent fellows, but the recent invasion by people with money to spend has made them

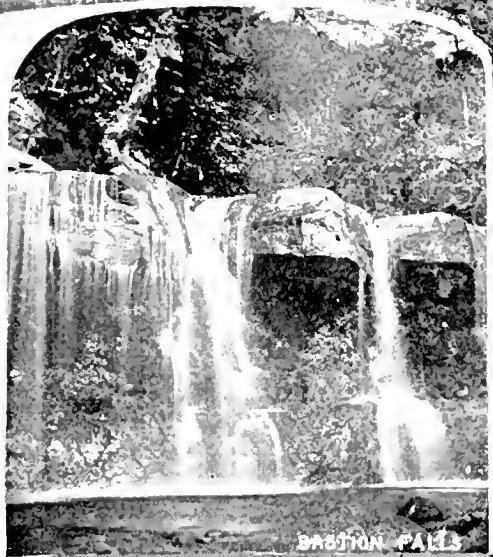
somewhat over anxious to get their share of it, and the hotels offer better fare than the boarding houses.

To reach the mountains, take the river boats and disembark at Catskill. The old-fashioned way of reaching the summit of the mountains was by stage from Catskill, a matter of six or seven hours, an awfully slow and tedious pull up the mountain side, with far reaching vistas of plain and river and distant mountains, to be sure, and the old Rip Van Winkle legends and atmosphere over all. To day a hard working little narrow gauge railway takes you to Palenville at the foot of that wonderful "clove" and the cog-wheel rail, properly called the "elevating" rail-

way, will take you from the foot to the top of the mountain in ten minutes.

Supposing one has left New York by the night boat and has the following three days clear. He will be at the Mountain House by seven the next morning; by the Day Line Boat from New York he will reach the mountain top at 4.30 p.m. the same day. After taking in the glorious view from that point—a view that extends over 10,000 square miles of the Hudson valley, rimmed by the Taconics, the Green

Mountains and the Highlands—he can go past the two little lakes to the deep gorge into which tumbles the falls of the Kaaterskill. Alas for the romance! The water is turned on for twenty-five cents. But it is worth it. The sudden leap of the seething flood is more startling, if not more impressive, than the normal flow. The creek plunges straight for one hundred and eighty feet, and one can walk behind it on a narrow ledge and see the landscape through the mist; a second fall is eighty feet high. The appearance of the gulf in October, when the leaves have turned, is worth many a days journey to see



Photos by J. Loettler, Tompkinsville, N. Y.

HOTEL SEWAREN,

SEWAREN, N. J.,

ON STATEN ISLAND SOUND.

SAILING, BOATING,

FISHING, BATHING.



LARGE AIRY ROOMS.

BEAUTIFUL DRIVES.

GAS IN EVERY ROOM.

FINE STABLING
FOR HORSES.

RUNNING WATER
FROM ARTESIAN WELLS
ON EVERY FLOOR.

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NEW BRUNSWICK,
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TWICE DAILY.

OPENS MAY 1ST.

HOTEL DIRECTLY ON THE WATER OF THE SOUND.

WALDO SPRAGUE, PROPRIETOR.

THREE DAYS IN THE CATSKILLS.

Now stroll out to Sunset Rock and take a long look into Kaaterskill Clove, a deep wooded valley from whose bottom the mountains rise steeply for over 2,000 feet. You can dine at the hotel near the falls, by the way, and then proceed either by wagon, train or, best of all, afoot to Haines Corners, where you may see another fall, for twenty five cents, and get a glimpse of the pretty settlement of Twilight Park. Then through Tannersville to Hunter, by train if you will, and there stop for the night.

On the second day ascend Hunter Mountain, by a good path, and enjoy the view from the observatory. This is the tallest of the central Catskills and the rock and forest scenery on its slope is romantic enough for any taste. In the afternoon engage a carriage, unless you are a fierce walker, and drive through Jewett, Lexington and Prattsville, with its quaintly sculptured rocks, to either Grand Gorge or Roxbury. At Grand Gorge is the "Divide" from which, on one side, the bubbling spring sends its water westward through the Delaware to find the sea at Cape May, and on the east side another spring contributes its mite, through Esopus Creek, to help swell the volume of the Hudson; the train men will show the dividing point and the two springs, as the train passes through the gorge. The scenery here is quieter than among the eastern hills, but it is full of loveliness and grace. Here take train on the Ulster & Delaware Road to Phoenicia, following Esopus Creek, down steep grades, among majestic mountains, and put up for the night. You will have had a lively day and will have earned your sleep.

On the third day take train through Stony Clove, the deepest, most savage of them all, to Kaaterskill Junction and from there descend on foot through Plattekill Clove, one of the loneliest and most picturesque to Saugerties, where night boat can be taken to New York.

This programme can be diversified endlessly. A few days more will enable one to see the western end of the mountains, including the culminating peak Mount Utsayantha, and from Big Indian one may ascend Slide Mountain, eleven miles away and 4,200 feet high, passing the State deer park *en route*.



Photo. by C. I. Newman, 667 Gates Ave., Brooklyn.

ON THE BEAVERKILL.

Beautiful and valuable guide books with maps of the region can be had from the Lines named herein, for the cost of postage.

The fares will be about \$7.00, using night boats from and to New York, and board at the numerous small hotels in the mountains can be had for \$2.50 per day, making a three days trip in the mountains cost about \$15.00.



Photo. by E. L. Cooper, Saugerties.

ESOPUS CREEK AT SAUGERTIES.

WATKINS GLEN.

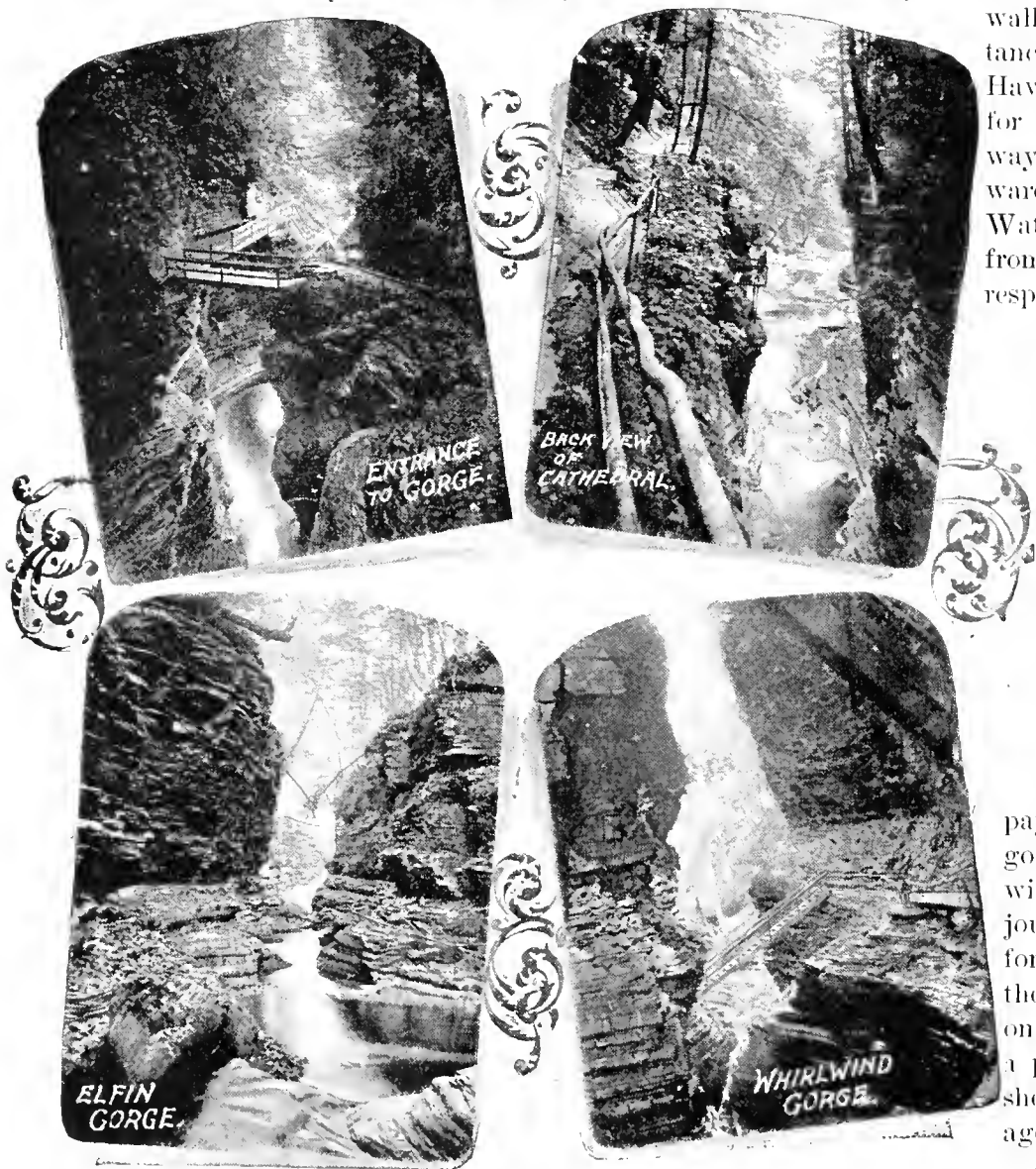
ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS ARTICLE FROM PHOTOS. BY J. D. HOPE AND R. D. CRUM, WATKINS GLEN.

A PLEASANT excursion is always feasible among the thriving towns and fertile farms that constitute that garden of content which is the center of New York state. The scenery is not often exciting, for there are no hills that justify the name of mountains, after one has crossed the Alleghanies, and there are no wide reaches of forest or impressive, unclothed plain. There are, however, hidden away in nooks among the hills,

this lapidary work were never of large volume. As a result the cutting is narrow in proportion to its depth, and it is to that circumstance that the impressiveness of the glens, as it is common to call them, is due. To skim over the country and see it from a railway car, it would not be thought possible that such cañons could be found there.

It is easy to see Watkins in a day, for the walking is not hard and the distances are not great. Perhaps Havana Glen should be seen first, for it first comes in the tourist's way as he goes from Elmira northward. It is nearly the equal of Watkins and has not had its deserts from the traveler, and in several respects it is different from the companion glen. It is less extravagant in its construction, perhaps, though in the rock chamber about half way up there is a wonderful likeness to human architecture, the stone seeming to lie in regular courses of masonry. It lacks the larger spaces of Watkins, however, is only half as long and the stream that falls through it is not as large. If a person can see but one, see Watkins. The sight will repay the journey. Those who are going to Rochester or Niagara will find it easy to make the journey to the glen as a side trip, for it lies only twenty miles off the main line of the Erie road, on the line connecting at Elmira, a place that is likewise worth a short stop, to see the well managed reform school.

Arrived at Watkins one finds himself in a quiet, old-fashioned place of 3,000 people, the public buildings on the village green recalling those of New England in their pseudo-classic architecture. If the traveler is tlyng light of baggage he can leave his traps at the restaurant where he dines or breakfasts—for if he desires to save money he need not put up at a hotel—or he can leave his bag at the lodge where he pays admission to the glen. It is a walk of only a few rods from this lodge to the back of a theater of rock where,



ravines that present phases of remarkable and romantic scenery. There are scores of them that deserve to be known to the tourist, but their archetype is Watkins Glen, in the pleasant town of Watkins, at the head of Lake Geneva, as it is sometimes called, or Seneca Lake, as the geographers properly name it.

All of the ravines like Watkins are cut by the ancient flow of waters through a thick bed of old red sandstone, and the streams that performed

WATKINS GLEN.

through a narrow rift, a crystal stream is dropping. A stair of wood ascends beside the stream and on climbing it the tourist finds himself in the shadowy depths of the glen. It is now apparent that in a place like this he owes a good deal to man, even if man, in the shape of a ticket-taker, demands all that he thinks is due to him, and a little by way of interest.

Without the stairs, the paths and the shelves cut along the ledges, it would be impossible to see the place, save at peril to limb or life, and even then the views would not be as satisfactory as they are now. The paths and steps are constructed so as to give the largest outlooks and best points of view, sometimes leading almost into the spray of falls, again under treacherous looking outcrops of rock, again through intervening bits of wood, then through tunnel-like depths where the walls almost come together overhead, and the hiss and plunge of the stream are echoed from rock to rock, adding to the wildness of the impression.

Cavern cascade, the Labyrinth, Minnehaha Falls, the long staircase pitched up at an angle of 45 degrees, Glen Cathedral, the Pool of the Nymphs, Glen Arcadia, Elfin Gorge, Glen Facility and Glen Elysium are happily named points of interest on the route. Glen Cathedral is probably the finest part of the glen. It is a chasm a thousand feet long with walls nearly three hundred feet high, their tops fringed with ferns and bushes and trees bending over. A still pool spreads through a part of the level floor and a cascade tumbles into it at the upper end, over a ledge sixty feet high.

The visitor enters at Glen Alpha and if he has persistence to trace the ravine to its end, three miles away at Glen Omega, he will emerge in a tangle of vegetation where there is little of scenic consequence. If he does not wish to descend as he went up—though it is advisable to do so, because he gets new points of view that are striking and beautiful—he may climb upon the railroad near the upper end of the ravine, where it crosses by a trestle one hundred and fifty feet

high, and four hundred and fifty feet long, or he can make a partial descent until he comes to the light iron bridge that spans the gulf at the mountain house and make his exit there, getting back to town by a pleasant road, commanding a wide view. The whole scenery of the glen is bizarre, romantic and impressive. There are many



such glens in the central counties of the State, and they are worth seeing, too, but after viewing Watkins you know what they are all like.

A sail down Seneca Lake, for at least a part of its length, is in order after seeing the glen. Like other lakes in central New York, this is a long, finger-like body of water, so narrow that it impresses one more as a river than an enclosed body, yet so long that when one looks over it from either end the water and sky meet, as they do on the ocean. It is thirty-five miles long, and but from one to four miles wide. The water, which is of wondrous purity never freezes in winter. Its shores are gently rolling and in summer are beautiful with verdure, as they are fragrant with fruit in the Fall. Grapes are grown here in immense quantities, the soil, climate and hillside exposure seeming to be exactly what they

require. On several of the faces of the hills the dark mouths of glens will be seen, with delicate cascades spraying through their entrances. The only stops of interest to the tourist will be those made at Ovid, the site of a large asylum, and Geneva, at the northern end, a pleasant and thriving town noted for its schools.

Watkins Glen makes a unique "Side Trip," but it can be made the turning point of a most interesting and profitable outing of a few days. Take the Erie from New York to Elmira (eight hours), returning from Elmira to New York by either the Lehigh Valley or the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western. From Elmira to Watkins by the Northern Central is fifty minutes.

The Erie will give at least two days pleasure

by stops along the line; particularly by stopping at Port Jervis, thence by stage down the Delaware Valley to Milford, or thereabouts, and return to Port Jervis; thence to Shohola Glen; thence to Elmira; this trip over the Erie passes through some of the most enchanting railroad scenery in the Eastern States. Two days at Watkins Glen, at Havana Glen and on Seneca Lake. Returning to New York by the Lehigh Valley (eight hours), two days can be spent *en route* at Glen Onoko, Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, &c., passing through "The Switzerland of America." Making six days in all.

The railroad fares would be about \$14.00, and hotel and other expenses can be kept within \$3.00 to \$3.50 per day

WITH HORSE AND CARRIAGE.

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS ARTICLE FROM PHOTOS. TAKEN, ON CARRIAGE TRIPS, BY THE WRITER.

THAT old-school animal—all the way from Eden—shanks-mare, is serviceable in its way, no doubt; that new fangled balance-yourself-or-you-will-go-over machine, the bicycle, is gorgeous for asphalt roads and down hill; there are lots of methods for gadding that each have good points;

on a country road, attached to a comfortable wagon, attended by two or more lovers of nature, who may be in the wagon or sauntering along for a little stretch, or a little botanizing or geologizing.

The gregarious tendency of the times, the club, the casino, the private parks and settlements, the luxury of modern travel, the wild, nervous desire for something new or exciting, have all had the effect of turning the hearts of Gothamites from that sweet and refreshing communion with nature that can only be had by close contact. Nature is coy, nature must be sought, nature must be loved, and never a mortal went unpaid, nay, who was not overpaid, who sought nature with the least bit of affectionate regard. Nature can be seen and felt from a wagon, in whims and



DELAWARE & HUDSON CANAL AT CUDDEBACKVILLE, N. Y.

but for the best way of getting around give me a horse, something with legs to save mine, something that won't compel me to pump my heart out, on a bit of sandy strip or a little rise in the road. Poets have sung the praises of the horse for ages, but the noble animal never did and never will appear to better advantage than

humors and phases that are absolutely invisible from any other medium. I have driven through blossom-lined roads that were unapproachable in sweetness; through by-ways in many regions, where the purling brook by the road side, and the busy wings and low love-notes of insects and birds made music that would hush a Wagner-mad

crowd like a mother's lullaby; through defiles and ravines and gorges where the grandeur would fill the soul with involuntary worship; and yet wagon trips are almost unknown. I remember meeting on one of my trips, at a little country inn in New Hampshire, a party of four from Boston, going north with their team and wagon; the mutual astonishment of both parties was very great. The party from Boston had made several similar trips in England and Scotland, and two or three in the "States," my party had traveled nearly twenty-five hundred miles, in a dozen or more different trips, and this meeting was the first of the kind that either party had ever known. An occasional tally ho party, with coach and four all galore, hampers and horns

coats and wraps. The hand-bags contain the toilet articles and knickknacks wanted during the day, a small trunk, or its equivalent, on the rack, carries a change or two of linen, a change of gowns and other things wanted only when resting. You travel light in a carriage, nothing but actual necessities; express packages meet you, and are returned home, at convenient points. Don't worry about the style or strength of the wagon; the one you have in use will answer your purpose fully, as the average roads are quite as good as those you are accustomed to use. If your wagon has no brake, you can get one put on for eight to ten dollars; don't start without a brake.

Any sound horses will be benefited, rather than otherwise, by such a trip; that is, provided you look after them yourself. If you take no interest in horses, or don't understand them, you had better not start; for although there is plenty of help at all stopping places, yet it is not always intelligent, or willing to do just the right thing. I have taught many a country groom how to foment my horses' legs after a jog of twenty miles, or so, over a heavy or gravelly road, and I have often moved a horse away from a crack in the siding of a country barn, through which a wind was blowing that would have caused a painful stiffening in a few moments. The motive power is such an important factor in an



THE FRANCONIA NOTCH—WHITE MOUNTAINS.

and racket and noise, we had met a few times, out for three or four days, in a wild search for a good time and a new sensation, but a party in quest of rest and close contact with health-giving nature had never before been met.

There need be nothing exceptional about the turnout. A horse and buggy will answer for a couple. I have spent many happy hours and covered many miles in such. For four, an ordinary depot wagon and team is the thing. The wagon and horses that took me over two thousand miles, on five or six trips, are shown in the picture above, of the Franconia Notch. It is the usual straight-body depot wagon, with a trunk rack and a strong brake added. There is room under the seats for camera, horse blankets and halters, rubber-coats, umbrellas, hand-bags, and

outing of this kind that it is worth looking after, and must be. See to the housing of the horses yourself, and satisfy yourself that the groom understands his business before you leave him; use a blanket, and don't feed until the horses are cool; bathe feet and legs after any hard work; feed and rest regularly. It is wise to fee the groom liberally; remember that you are an entire stranger and that consequently you and your traps are of little interest to him, except that you bring to him just so much extra work. I remember the lowering looks of a couple of grooms, when I drove up to the barn of a hotel at Cooperstown; we had raced for ten miles through rain and mud along the shore of Cooper's "Glimmer Glass" (Osego Lake) on a wager that we could beat the little lake steamer into Cooperstown; we did it, but

the whole turnout, harness, horses and wagon were covered with mud; a sight to sour any groom; a pleasant word or two and an invitation to earn a dollar apiece, changed the scowls to smiles, and within a couple of hours everything was as clean and bright as ever.



LIVERMORE FALLS—PLYMOUTH, N. H.

When laying out your route figure on an average of six miles an hour. Allow twelve to twenty miles for a morning, rest two to four hours, and then twelve to twenty miles in the afternoon—twenty to thirty miles a day—finishing about 5.30 p.m., or you may get a very poor set-out for your evening meal. I have driven fifty miles in a day, but the average of a trip is about twenty-five miles; always resting on Sundays. On the last stage of a three weeks trip, covering about six hundred miles, we drove the team twenty-eight miles in two and three-quarter hours; they had been so well cared for that they took the gait themselves. It would be impossible to find a more exhilarating sensation than such a ride, on a lovely September day, through the beautiful country lying between Bridgewater and Fall River. It was a fitting termination for a trip that had started at Hartford, along the Connecticut Valley, over into Pemigewasset Valley, through the Franconia Mountains to Mount Washington, down through the Crawford Notch to the Sea at Portsmouth, along

the meadows of eastern Massachusetts, through Newburyport, Ipswich, Cape Ann, Salem, Boston, Bridgewater to Fall River, thence by boat to New York.

What has already been said will suggest a choice of routes. The best roads will be found east of the Hudson or in the northeastern section of New Jersey. The best nearby natural scenery, in variety, is west of the Hudson. Perhaps the best combination of natural, pastoral, and modern improvements will be found in a route through the Housatonic Valley and the Berkshires, returning down the east side of the mountains. The Catskills are not fertile enough to show fine farm life, but the eastern and centre sections are wonderfully rich in natural effects. Through the Mohonk region, by Minnewaska and Ellenville, and down the Delaware Valley to the Water Gap, thence northwest to West Point is a splendid combination trip. The country through the Oranges, Montclair, Morristown, Budds Lake, &c., affords a choice of delightful experiences. The south side of Long Island, for its entire length, if time affords, thence returning along the north shore of the Island, gives a contrast of natural formations which hardly seem to belong to the same country.

Start out with a certain knowledge that your fare will be mixed. Be content to occasionally live on water and little else, for it will surely happen that in some places you will be averse to eating or drinking anything; but be ready to fill up at the next place, which will probably



"OLD-GOLD" COTTAGE, BARTLETT, N. H.

give you all that you could desire. Memory recalls a night at a country inn in New Hampshire where our tea and breakfast were composed of bread, wild blackberries and straw-berry-leaves tea, but the next night was spent in a hundred-year-old inn at Penacook, with a table set like a poet's dream, with food fit for the gods, and beds spread with home-spun linen, from lavender-lined presses. Remember that while one day you are at a humble, and perhaps dirty, country inn, the next day you may take your choice of the best hotels of some large place through which your route will lead you. Not that many country inns are objectionable; the Old Gold Cottage shown in the picture may be a little bit, but not very much nicer than the average.



THE HUDSON, FROM WEST POINT.

The cost of carriage trips differs, somewhat, according to the region. For a party of four and team of horses; on Long Island and through New Jersey about \$16.00 a day; through the Catskills and Berkshires about \$18.00; through the White Mountains about \$20.00 a day; about one-half the average cost of outings by rail, &c. The aggregate cost is somewhat affected, also, by

starting and returning by road from the city, or by taking boat to and from some distant point from which to begin the wagon ride, such as Rondout, or Catskill, or Troy, or Hartford, or Fall River, &c. Of course the expense of team,

wagon and four persons for one night on a boat is very much greater than the board for one night at a country inn. The advantage of a night on a boat is that you are thus enabled to start your horses nearer to some desired point, which you might not otherwise be able to reach within the limited vacation period at your command.

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Office, 73 Fulton Street.

A DAY AT WEST POINT.

THE scholar, the soldier, the pedagogue, the historian, the patriot, the artist and the rambling sightseer find West Point one of the most interesting spots in this country. Planned as it is on the noblest site, beside the noblest of the eastern rivers, commanding a view unmatched upon the Rhine, associated with memories of Wash-

then on exhibition, so to speak, in all branches of the service, infantry and cavalry drill, handling of field artillery and siege guns, signaling, pontoon building, target practice, bomb practice and warlike evolutions on the campus. After graduation they go into camp until cool weather. Aside from this season the best and busiest months are April, May, September and October.

West Point is a plateau presenting a steep face to the river on the north and east and surrounded by the roughest and tallest of the highlands. It has been a military post since 1778, and the evolutions to be seen here are the most perfect in the world. Our army may not be large, but it is good. Usually the school contains about 300 young men, and near at hand are quarters for a small command of regular troops. Cadets are admitted between the ages of 17 and 22, if they pass the physical and mental tests and get a Congressional nomination. They are taught by officers of the army in the higher English branches, drawing, languages, engineering and law. The mathematical course is trying.

Each cadet becomes a second lieutenant on graduation, and may elect whether he will enter the cavalry, artillery, infantry or engineers, in accordance with his percentage of merit, but his training qualifies him for all branches of the service. He must be a daring rider, a skilful fencer, he must

excel the members of the rank and file in the manual of arms and above all things, he must be truthful and honorable. The schooling is four years long and is severe. No officer in any of the world's armies is so well equipped for his work as the West Pointer.

Visitors can see most of the sights of the Point without trouble. Cadets sometimes feel their importance a little unduly, especially in their first years, and if a visitor accidentally trespasses on forbidden ground he is liable to be



FROM WEST POINT.

ington and Arnold, hero and villain of the Revolutionary drama, dotted with monuments that recall the daring, the energy, and the uprightness of the people, and populated by some hundreds of young men who are to command our army in the future, the visitor is thrilled when he stands on its broad fields and hears the clangor of martial music echoing against the crags.

If the visit can be made during the June examinations, all the better, for the cadets are

warned away by a young person in gray, who puts on a very awe inspiring tone and look for the purpose. The drill ground is forty acres in extent and the principal buildings are near it. A fine display of horsemanship can be seen from the gallery of the big riding hall. Headquarters is just to the west of this building, and continuing our walk through the reservation, we pass the library with its dome, the chapel with its painting, the academy, cadet barracks, gymnasium and officers quarters. The mess hall, south of the academy, is adorned with portraits of famous generals who have graduated here.

Uncle Sam is an excellent housekeeper and one cannot fail to be struck with the order and neatness that obtain everywhere, and that are in such contrast to the ruggedness of the surrounding scenery. The whole reservation is, in fact, a beautiful park, with a setting finer than that of any other park in the country. After a glance at the buildings, one should ramble about the plain, observing the relics and trophies which are kept there, the mortar and siege batteries, the magazines and the monuments which commemorate Sedgwick, Thayer, Dade and Kosciusko. Other noted names may be read on the stones in the cemetery at the north end of the Post, close under the shadow of old Crow Nest.

Fort Clinton, at the edge of the plain, was known as Fort Arnold up to the time of Arnold's defection, and we smile when we hear that it was then regarded as impregnable. This was one of a series of batteries that lined the hill-sides and extended toward the river below. Of the others of these works only Battery Knox and Fort Putnam remain. Fort Sherbourne stood on Trophy point and the new observatory marks the site of Fort Webb.

Fort Clinton contains a monument to Kosciusko, who planned it, and the celebrated flirtation walk leads to Kosciusko's garden, a ledge and spring to which the gallant Pole was in the habit of repairing for meditation and rest. It was while seated here that a cannon shot was fired at him from a British ship and left its mark

on a neighboring rock. Fort Putnam was built to command and protect the lower forts, regardless of the fact that the enemy might, in turn, have commanded it from higher hills. It is perched on a steep promontory nearly 600 feet above the river, and it is one of the places that must be seen. A fair climber need not take over thirty minutes to get to it if he will take the road behind the gymnasium, follow it up hill, take the third road to the left and the second turning to the right. The fort is a small defence, to judge it by what we know forts ought to be in our day; yet it was the key to the river, and



FROM FORT PUTNAM.

it was this that Arnold intended to surrender. For America, that has so little of this kind of thing, it is a pretty fine old ruin and its crumbling casements are invested with a certain dignity.

The view is superb, including a wide reach of the river, the post with its buildings and velvet lawns, the savage gap in the Highlands and the cloudy Catskills—Ontioras, mountains of the sky—beyond. On the right as you face north are Crow Nest, the scene of James Rodman Drake's admired poem of "The Culprit Fay," and just beyond the taller Storm King, the Butter Hill of the Dutch settlers. On the east side of the river the tawny crags of Bull Hill and Great Neck are seen.

Of course the cadet life at the Point will

A DAY AT WEST POINT.

always engage a certain part of the interest of visitors and the following is a concise programme of their exercises from June First to November First:

Graduation Exercises commence June 1st and last about 10 days. About the middle of June the Cadets go "in Camp." "Camp" is broken on August 29th.

During Camp—Troop parade and Guard mounting at 8.00 a.m.; evening parade at 6.30; also drills from 7.00 to 7.45 a.m., and Artillery from 9.00 to 10.00 a.m.

From the middle of June until the end of August, Cadet Hops are given on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, and the band plays on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings at 8.00 o'clock.

During September and October the Guard mounting is at 7.15 a.m. instead of 8.00 a.m.; evening parade at about 6.00; with the following drills:

During September—Cavalry drill at 11.00 a.m. and Infantry at 4.15 p.m.

During October—Cavalry drill at 11.00 a.m. and

Light Battery, with firing from the two Forts, at 4.15 p.m.

Aside from cadet life and the public buildings, the natural beauties of the Point can be seen, especially by the average American tourist, in a few hours; but many hours can be profitably and pleasurably spent, as indicated above. If the visit is a picnic, lunch can be disposed of on top of the cliff north of the riding hall; this spot is very quiet and secluded and gives the finest river outlook of scenery at the Point; it is easily reached by turning to the right from

the main road up the hill from the landing, immediately after passing the riding hall; if the party are climbers, Fort Putnam is a splendid place for lunch. Meals at the West Point Hotel on the grounds are served at 1.00 p.m. for dinner, price \$1.50, and at 6.00 p.m. for tea, price \$1.00; and good meals they are.

Sunday visitors are not desired by the dwellers at the Point; no boats are allowed to land at the wharf on Sundays, and on that day all visitors must use the route via Cranstons, from which place there is a beautiful country road, about one mile,

with stages and hacks for those who wish to ride. On week days, however, the routes to the Point are varied. The

Albany Day Line gets there at 11.50 a.m. and leaves for New York at 2.50 p.m., excursion fare \$1.00, one of the most beautiful all day excursions in the world; or you can return by railroad as late as 7.30 p.m., fare 98 cents. On Saturdays, during

the season, for \$1.00, the Mary Powell lands you there at 4.45 p.m. with a ticket to return by the West Shore Railroad as late

as 7.30 p.m., a beautiful afternoon trip. By the West Shore Railroad or by the New York Central you can reach the point by 9.30 a.m., fare 98 cents, and return by railroad as late as 7.30 p.m., excursion fare \$1.75, or return by the Albany Day Line leaving the Point at 2.50 p.m., fare seventy-five cents.

There is no trip around New York that gives so much solid return for the money as that to West Point, and none so little known and appreciated.

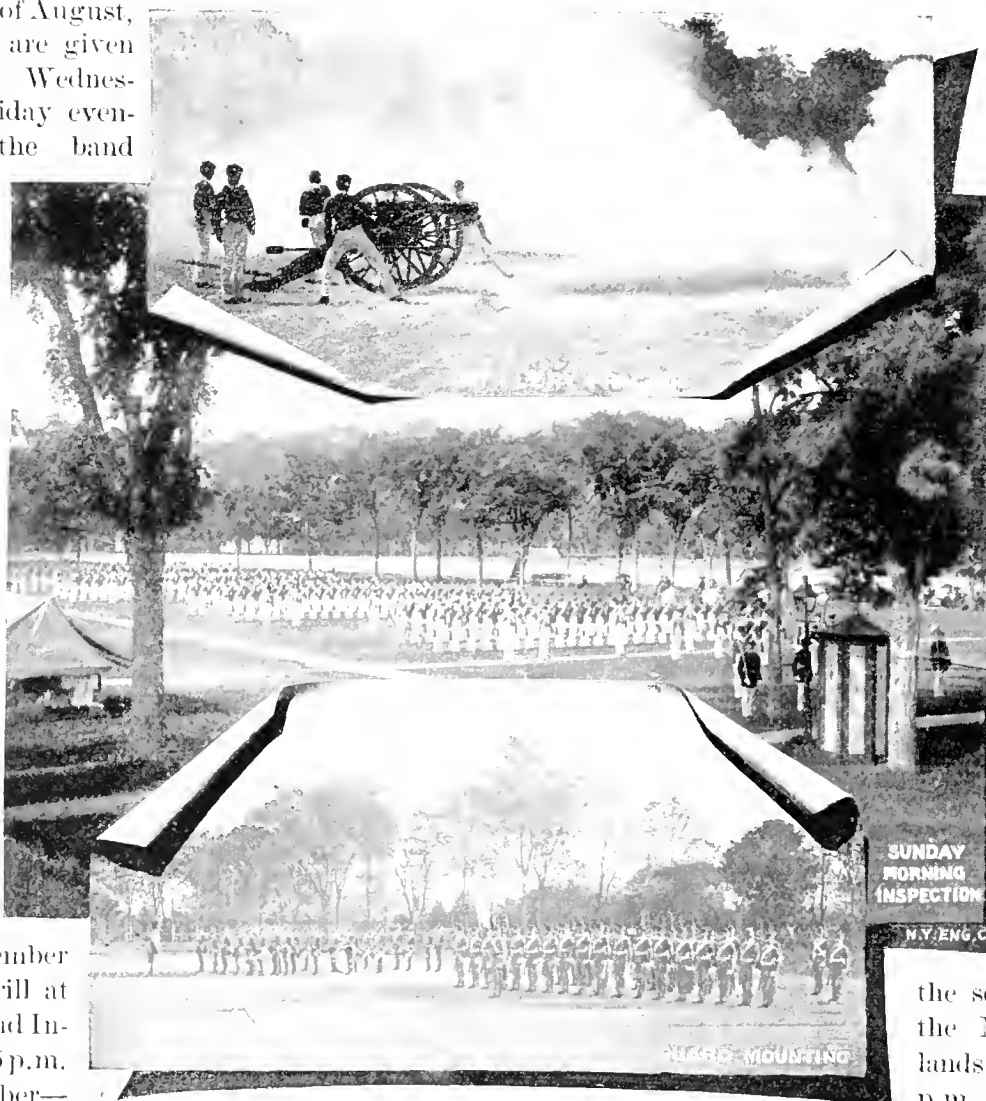
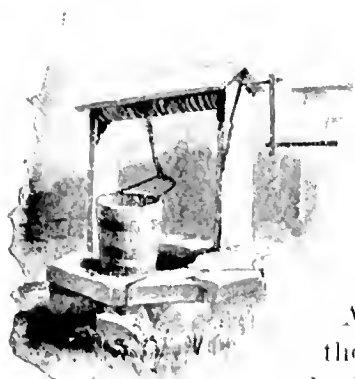


Photo. and Copyright by S. R. Stoddard, Glens Falls, N. Y.

CADET EXERCISES.

JOHN'S TWENTY DOLLAR VACATION.



"TWENTY dollars and ten days!" cried John as, after squaring accounts at home, he went out at the gate, throwing a kiss to his landlady's daughter. "No more office until a week from Tuesday. Ah! Now for a smell of the woods and a sight of the sky." It was late on a Thurs-

day afternoon in October. He had delayed his vacation both from motives of taste and economy, for landlords to whom people resort charge less in the Fall than in hot weather, and John was one of the kind that found it no relief to get out of a crowded city into a still more crowded summer resort. He went to the Grand Central Station and invested in a ticket for Sheffield, Mass., and after a longish twilight ride he reached that pretty village. A farmer was waiting for him with a wagon, and in half an hour the cosy-looking lights of a house twinkled out at him through the trees.

In a few moments more he was relieved of his satchel and was buckling into "a square meal" of wholesome country viands. After that he was ushered into an airy room, clean and spacious, and as he listened to the lulling whisper of the wind in the trees outside he thought to himself that he was in rare good luck to have found a place where they had not been in the habit of keeping boarders. And he was. A farmer rarely stays good more than three years after boarders go to him. After that the chance to make money blinds him

to justice and sometimes decency. He cuts up his best rooms with flimsy partitions, impoverishes his table, raises his prices and charges for extras. Nobody goes to that sort of man for a second time, but he makes his paltry crop of hay while the brief sunshine falls on him.

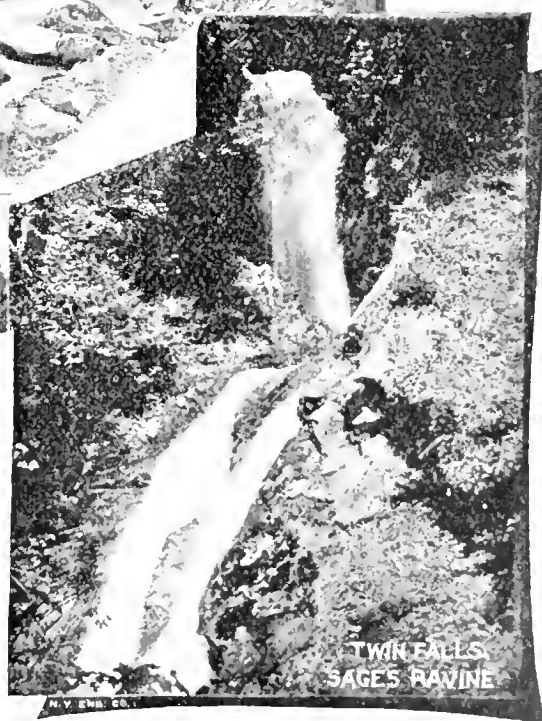
John was here for a week, and his bill was to be \$6.00. It does not concern us much how he spent his time, though it was a good time. He was up early and out all day. Sometimes he did a bit of work on the farm to revive memories of his youth—and there are young fellows who are

enabled in that way to knock off a little from their board bills, too. Incidentally he got up his muscle. He whipped the stream for fish. He roamed the lovely elm-shaded village streets. He climbed Mount Everett and had some hours of lonesome glory, with the Catskills clouding the west and a tumult of peaks rising along the north. One day he tramped to the Twin Lakes, and

on another he and the farmer's family rode over the range, past Sky Farm, where the Goodale sisters, poets, were born, and picnicked at Bash Bish Falls. It was a week of thorough recreation,

On the second Friday morning he slung his satchel over his shoulder, grasped an apple

tree stick in hand, bade farewell to his entertainers and set his face northward. It was inspiring to think that the most novel and adventurous part of his vacation was still before him, and that he was going to perfect his knowledge of the beautiful Berkshire Hills. It was inspiring, too, to think that he was widening the distance between the office and himself; but then, he seldom allowed himself to think



Photos. by A. M. Costello, Great Barrington.

about the office. The man must be a dull soul indeed, who finds himself afoot on a firm road among the mountains with October scarlet blazing in the woods, with a cool, bracing air to breathe, a soft sky overhead, a few dollars in his pocket and a sense of liberty in his legs, and is not uplifted.

John tingled with life. There was a sense of intoxication in the air. He flourished his staff like a drum major, whistled in lightness of heart and laughed aloud at the happy thoughts that came to him. "Give me youth and a day, and I will make the pomp of Emperors ridiculous" he cried, quoting Emerson as, from a rise in the road, his eye swept over leagues of thrifty farms with white steeples rising from tufted trees and hills of sapphire waving on the horizon. The rustics stared at him, as they will at people who walk from choice, but passing farmers offered him a ride and he accepted for a mile or two, more for the chat than from fatigue. Great Barrington, with its village park and its statue, he made no pause in, but he climbed Monument Mountain, partly because it is easy and partly because he had read Bryant's poem on it, and rested there for an hour on the brink of the cliff from which the Indian girl had leaped.

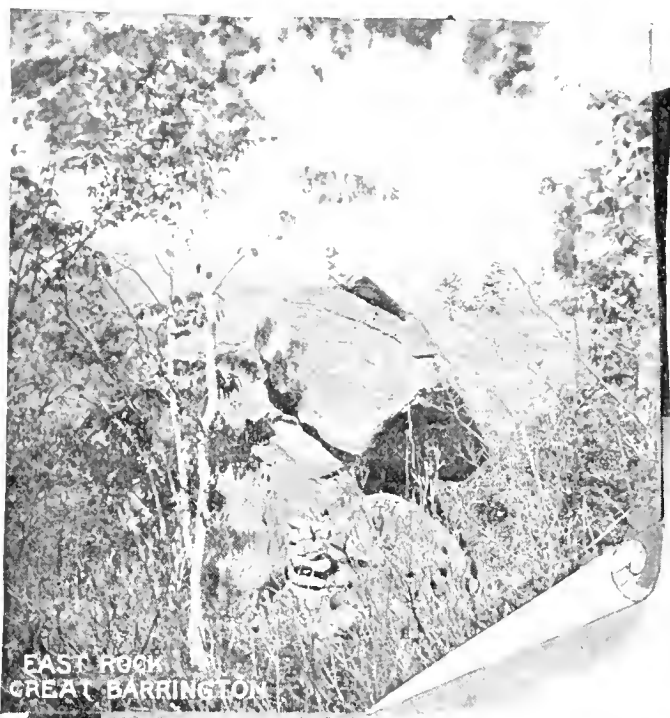
Then briskly on again to Stockbridge with its chimes its air of comfort, where he was tired enough to put up for the night. In the morning, with more perfect weather to encourage him—the kind of weather that makes October so delightful for a vacation—he struck through Lenox, beautiful and aristocratic, and a long, quiet tramp over the hills brought him to one of the most interesting settlements in this country, West Pittsfield, one of the homes of the Shakers.

Here, by the elders consent, he put up for lunch and dinner. Of course he insisted on paying for the accommodation, though it was only a modest

sum that was accepted. He passed some hours in profitable study of the way in which homes and farms may be run, and in entertaining and instructive talk with the older men of the family on the curious history of their order, their tenets of spiritualism, celibacy and communism and their eager advocacy of Henry George's doctrines. He was not prepared to find such vigor of body and mind among a people subsisting on vegetable food, and the order and wonderful cleanliness that prevailed everywhere, aroused his admiration. The abundance at the table surprised him, and the absence of meat and fish seemed to be more than made good by the bread, cake, pastry, fruit, sauces preserves, puddings, eggs, cheese, milk, coffee, tea and vegetables. They told him that in their quiet, temperate life, assured against anxiety, desertion, poverty and overwork, not one of them ever fell victim to cancer or blood disease, and that the average of their years was greater than that of men and women "in the world."

John left the village with a high opinion of the Shakers, but with no idea of becoming

one of them, passed on to the prosperous Pittsfield and there took the evening train for Adams, where he put up for the night. It was from here that he attacked old Greylock, King of the Berkshires, on the following (Sunday) morning. This peak, over 3,500 feet high, is approached most directly from the south, but more easily from the north. John ascended the



Photos. by A. M. Costello, Great Barrington,

one way, from Adams, and after proper enjoyment of the view, which includes the Catskills, Taconics, Green and Monadnock Mountains and many valleys green and deep, he descended by a fair wagon road through the wild and windy Notch to North Adams. Had time sufficed he would have

gone afoot, or by carriage from Pittsfield, past Pon-toosue Lake and through the cloves of the Saddle-back Range, and if one is a fair walker and a poor climber the tramp over this quiet and beautiful road is recommended in place of the ascent of Greylock.

North Adams is a busy town with pleasant surroundings, lying near Hoosack Mountain with its twenty million dollar tunnel, but John could see town enough and business enough in New York, so he went on that evening to Albany, not to explore it, but to pass the night. The last day of his vacation, Monday, he spent in the descent of the Hudson on the Day Boat, arriving home for supper, ferociously hungry, happy, and with replenished muscles and brains.

Now, as to how he did it all. John had to be frugal, but he took a frugal district at a frugal

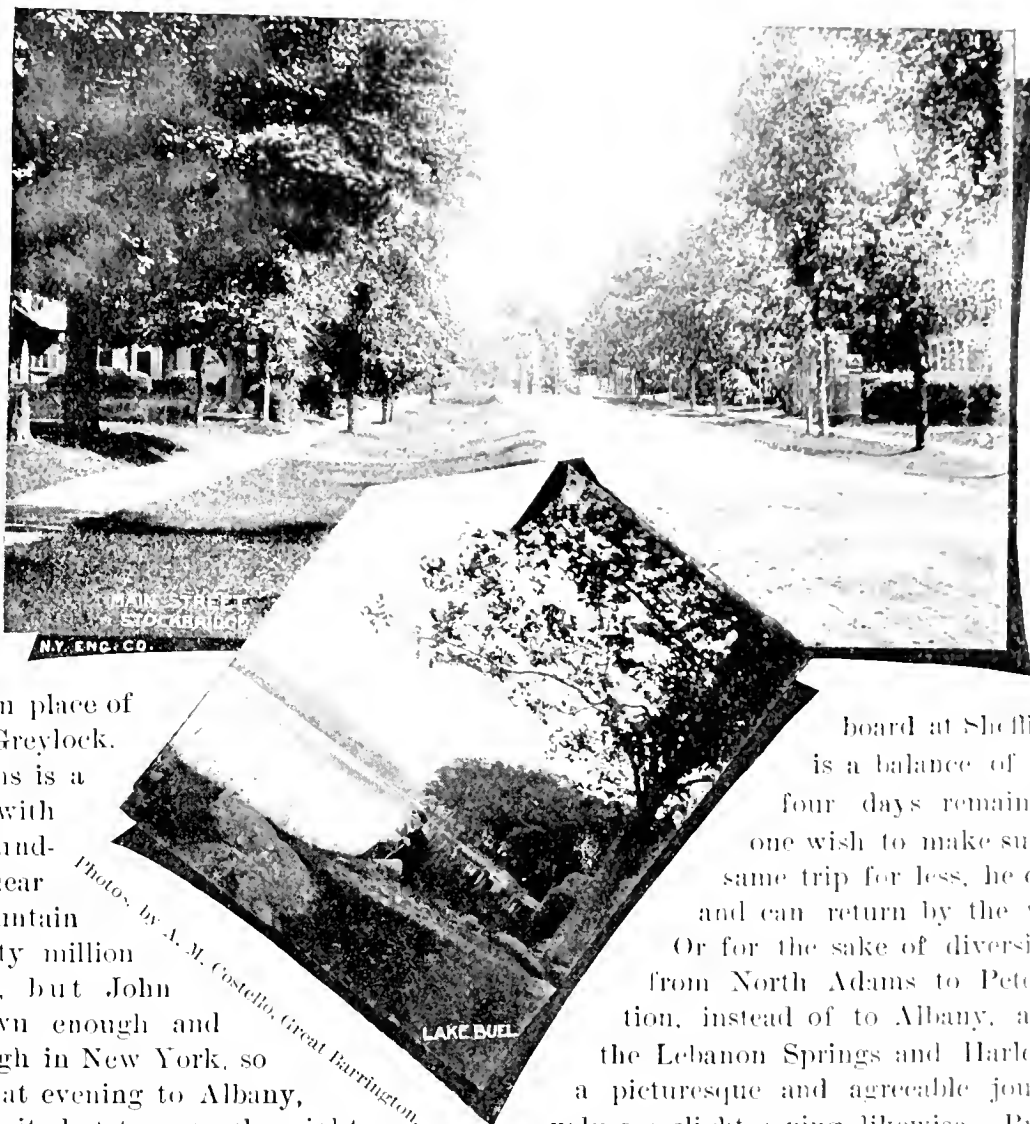
time. He got his lodgings and some meals at country inns where the transient rates are \$1.00 to \$2.00 for a full day, and when he was about he had no difficulty in tiding over the noon with a snack at a grocery or a lunch at a farmhouse, where they charged him from 10 to 25 cents for the service.

His fares were \$2.85 from New York to Sheffield; 40 cents from Pittsfield to Adams; and \$1.50 from North Adams to Albany; \$2.00 from Albany to New York. Altogether about \$7.00 for fares. Add \$6.00 for his weeks

board at Sheffield and there is a balance of \$7.00 for the four days remaining.

Should one wish to make substantially the same trip for less, he can walk more and can return by the way he went.

Or for the sake of diversity, he can go from North Adams to Petersburg Junction, instead of to Albany, and return by the Lebanon Springs and Harlem Railroads, a picturesque and agreeable journey that involves a slight saving, likewise. By returning on this line a stop-over can be secured at Lebanon Springs and a visit may be made to the Shaker settlement at Mount Lebanon, the largest and most important in the country. Of course, in that case the West Pittsfield settlement can be omitted.



Photos. by A. M. Costello, Great Barrington.



HOW TO SEE THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

IN all the country east of the Rockies, no region is more delightful than that of the White Mountains. The peaks of North Carolina are a trifle higher, but not shapelier, and down there one has to contend with miserable roads, a dull population and many things that are behind the times. A few fine hotels do not offset the inconveniences that exist everywhere off the beaten path. In the White Mountains, on the contrary, one has the advantage of improvements that have gone on for years, and that without injuring the natural scenery. In summer, extortions are practised at some hotels, and a few railroads and stage lines charge more fancy prices than any others on earth, but the swindles are few and the tourist with good legs can be independent of them, if he will. The best course through the region is a long loop, up the west side and down the east.

Though one can take his breakfast in New York and his supper in the Profile House, Boston is the better starting point if one intends to see the mountains systematically. In the approach from New York the mind is not so well prepared to understand the magnificence of the mountains as when one draws slowly toward them for a couple of days.

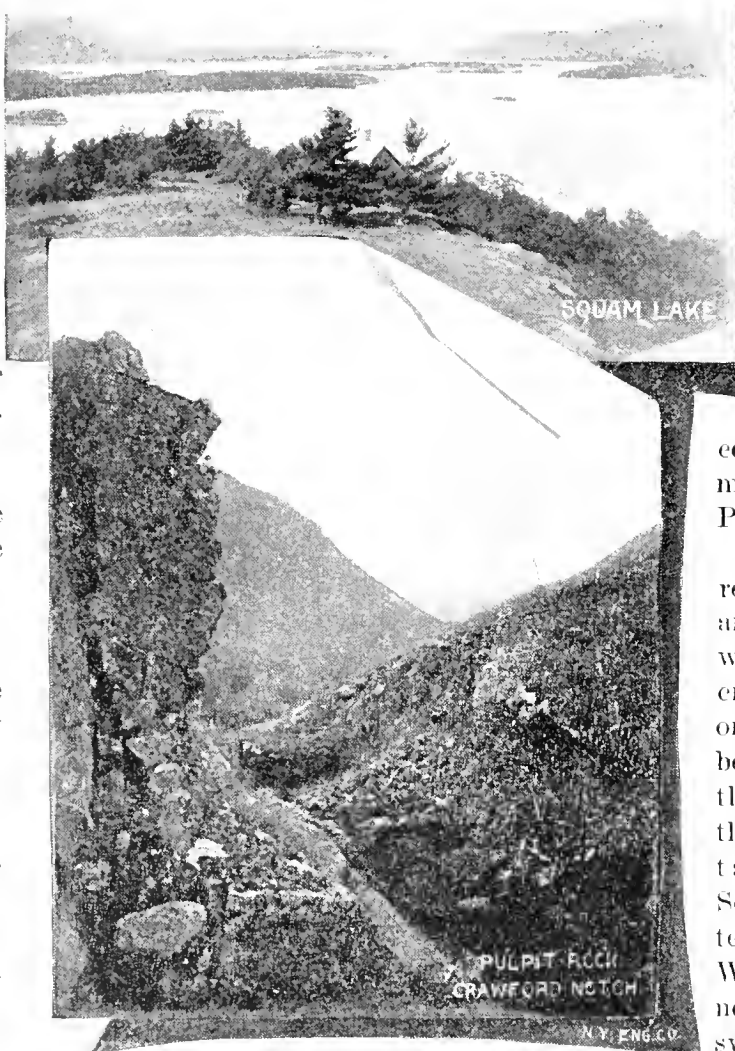
Leaving Boston in the morning, the traveler is at Lake Winnepesaukee by noon, and gets his first view of the peaks as the steamer glides over this enchanting sheet. It is dotted with islands, and the heights in the distance are a constantly shifting background, taking on opalescent changes with every alternation of sunlight and shadow. Center Harbor is reached in time for the ascent of Red Hill, 2,000 feet high, the first of many climbs that should be undertaken if one intends to say that he has seen the mountains. The view is less

grand than some which he will see later, but it is charming, for the silver waters of two lakes are spread below and the natural rudeness of the land is tamed by man. There is nothing in the English lake district to equal this landscape.

Returning to Center Harbor one may stop for the night in a hotel of either the first or second class, and be well cared for in either. He will probably encounter here the Yankee school-marm and the college student in their summer capacity of table waiters. Good waiters they are, too: demure, quick minded, self respecting, though willing to accept tips. There are few to whom one can give a tip with a better grace, because it goes toward defraying the expense of an education, and the guest may be tipping a future President.

Now, for a time, dissolve relations with the railroads and strike out over the highways. They are good enough to walk on, or drive on, and even the bicycle can be put over a good part of them, because they follow in the troughs of the rivers and take the easiest grades. Squam Lake, by some esteemed more beautiful than Winnepesaukee, is passed so near that one is impelled to swim in it; then he strikes into the valley of the Pemigewasset, passing the old church at Holderness on the way. Plymouth, 14 miles from Center Harbor, is an agreeable stopping place. It has a sad interest from the death of Hawthorne, prince of American novelists, alone and in his sleep in a room at the leading hotel. Mount Prospect, over 2,000 feet high, stands near and offers an extended view to whoever has the time to take it.

Turning northward there is a straight road for 25 miles, the hills closing in higher and nearer as we go along. The increase in grandeur keeps the dullest alert and enthusiastic, and as high ground is gained the air refines into something more



Photos, by W. H. Rau, Philadelphia.

HOW TO SEE THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

exhilarating than we get in the low lands. Campton, Thornton and Woodstock are convenient stopping places, though they offer little to delay us, unless we wish to diverge to the top of Moosilauke—well worth the effort—and we push on to the heart of the Franconias that yawn apart just ahead. At the Flume and Pa in we see the remarkable results of river action, and waterfalls abound everywhere.

Still plodding northward through deep forest where the thrushes are singing, a sudden break in the wood reveals a sight that makes us catch our breath: a vision of the scarred face of Mount Cannon, a sheer precipice with its even slope of debris, looming into the sky 2,000 feet above our heads.

As we round it, the rock on its farther extremity resolves itself into the great stone face that everybody has heard of and that has looked out, sphinx like, from that eyrie, for untold centuries. Here, too, we come upon Echo lake, a sapphire in the malachite setting of the woods, and mighty crags rise about us, buttressing Mount Lafayette, whose top is a mile above the sea. The ascent of this peak is hard and long, but remunerative.

Whether one climbs it or not, he should ascend the easy height of Bald Mountain that lies at the northern gate of Franconia notch and offers a majestic view.

Escaping from the people who go to the wilderness to play tennis and wear toothpick shoes, we descend into Franconia, turn eastward, pass through the cool, high, healthy but bare and slightly interesting Bethlehem, tarrying on the

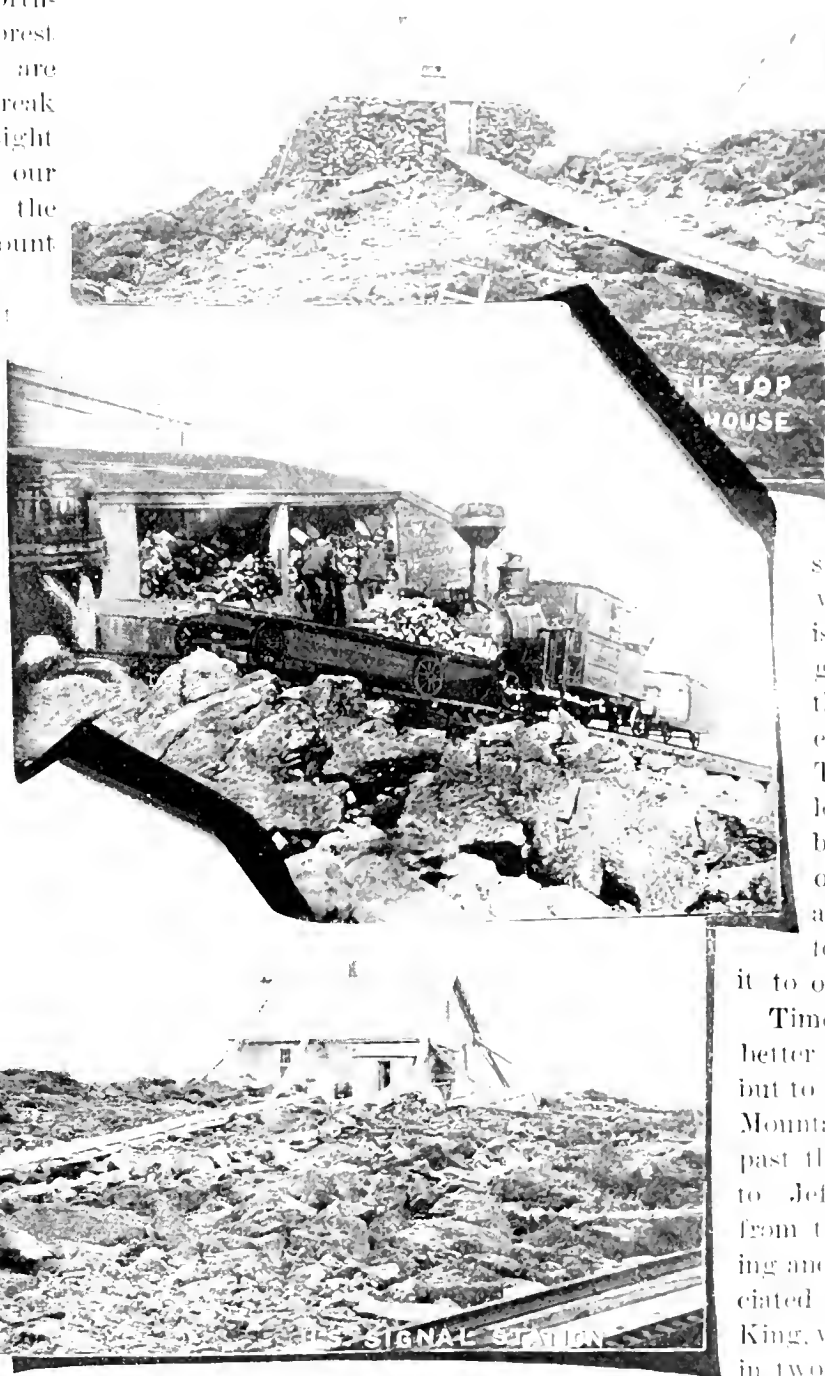
way to climb Mount Agassiz where we get our bearings and hear a musical echo given from an opposite height at the blowing of a breeze; then proceed through a lonely district following the Ammonoosuc upward, with the backbone of the mountain system, the mighty Washington and its

fraternity of peaks ahead of us. For cheapness sake we can stop at the White Mountain House, the oldest hotel in the mountains, or we may go on to the crowded Fabyans. We have now come to the foot of Washington, though the top is miles away, and we can ascend by the inclined railroad, or, if sufficiently athletic and enthusiastic, can walk up on or be-

side the track; but whoever tries to walk is warned that he is going to have one of the hardest times he ever had in his life. There are two paths leading from Fabyans, but they are nearly obliterated. It costs about a dollar a mile to ride, but it is worth it to one's legs.

Time permitting, it is better not to go to Fabyans, but to diverge near the Twin Mountain House and walk past the Presidential range to Jefferson. The views from that village are striking and they are best appreciated from Mount Starr King, which is easily climbed in two hours. The Wilderness seen from its top is dark and vast. A good

road leads from Jefferson to the Glen, the deep rift that detaches the Carter range from the Presidential peaks, passing close under the castellated heights of Madison and Adams, and the Glen House is a favorable starting point for Mount Washington by stage or afoot up the road, or afoot through Tuckerman's ravine. The climb through the ravine is recommended to all of



Photos. by W. H. Rau, Philadelphia.

AT SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

HOW TO SEE THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

good legs and sound wind. It reveals scenery as gloomily grand as most of that in Colorado, and until late in summer the incipient glacier cradled there, and known as the snow arch will be found intact. The scramble over the rough boulders and along the ledges is difficult but not dangerous and the way is marked by dabs of paint.

Whichever route is taken to the peak, and there are others that lead over the northern and southern wings of the range, the traveler is advised to keep to beaten paths, unless the weather is good. His climb is facilitated by the marks and guide boards of the Appalachian Club. The fogs that close over the top of the mountain are dangerous to the inexperienced, and more than one person has left his bones on these savage slopes as a monument of his rashness. The view from the top of Washington is tremendous in extent, but it is all so far below that it is flattened to the semblance of a map. The hotel on top charges \$5.00 a day for a cell of a room and ordinary board, with extras for entrance to the observatory; indeed, everything on and near Mount Washington is managed by people who are not living there for their health; yet it is an experience to recall with awe and

delight if one can remain on the mountain until morning. He seems pretty close to the sky, and the sunset and sunrise are glorious, if the weather allows them to be seen.

The Crawford bridle path by which the descent should be made, is a trail leading for 8½ miles down the bare, windy southern peaks, edging terrific gulfs, and offers one of the most inspiring walks in the world, until the descent of Mount Clinton is begun, when the walker plunges into a forest and tramps for three miles down an exasperating steep over bog, corduroy and rock, emerging at the Crawford House. Here he is at the gate of the Notch chiseled by the Saco, which has its birth at the foot of Mount Clinton, and

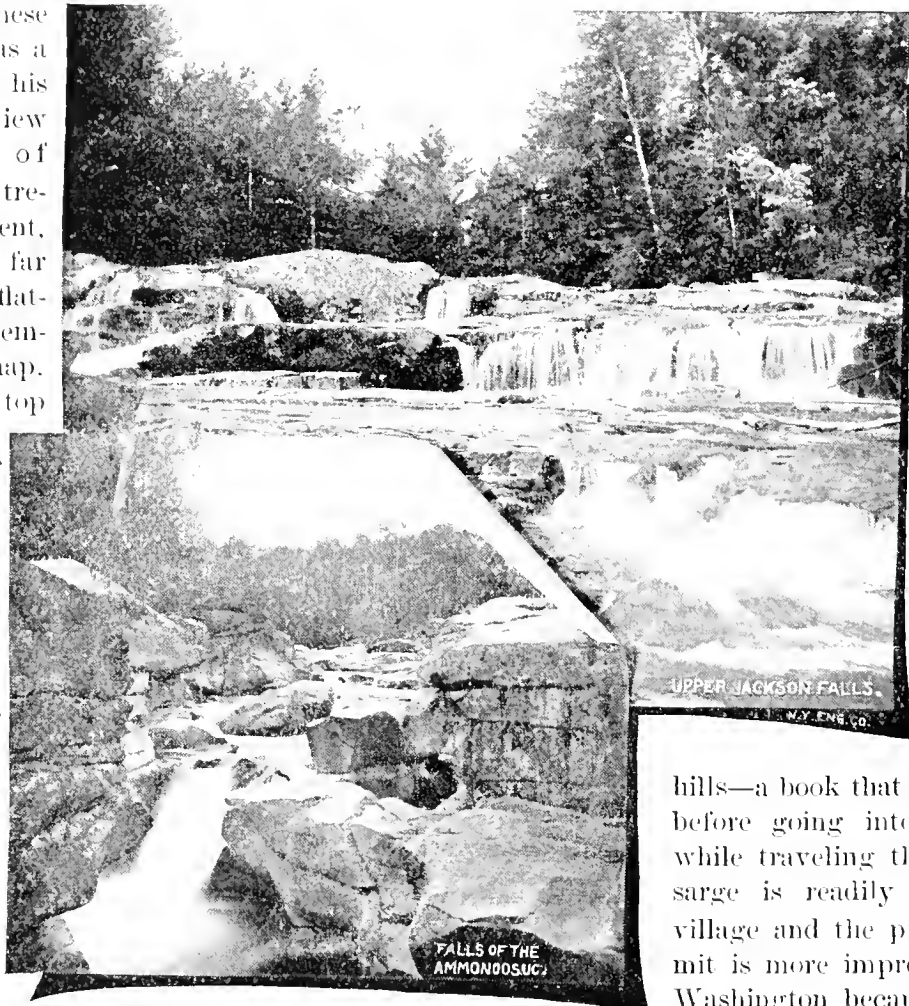
the view of this immense cañon, half a mile deep, should be taken from the top of Mount Willard, a crag that overhangs it and is easily reached. On the left are the precipices of Mount Webster and opposite are the tremendous slides of Mount Willey. The walk through the Notch can be made either by the road—beautiful but closed in by trees—or by the railroad track, which is hard going and risky on the trestles, but yielding a wider outlook. A pause can be made at the Willey House, scene of the tragedy of 1826. Below Bemis the trees and low hills close out the sight of the principal mountains. We see them again if we run up to Jackson, in the southern opening of the Glen, but North Conway, “a suburb

of paradise” is the objective point of most of the tourists, because of its comfortable hotels, agreeable drives and city society.

There is much dancing and tennis playing and fashionable fol-de-rol here, but the elm grown intervalles are lovely, the hills are beautiful, the main range, fifteen miles away, stretches along the northern horizon like a sleeping lion, as Starr King phrases it in his book on the White

hills—a book that everyone should read before going into the mountains, or while traveling through them. Kearsarge is readily ascended from this village and the prospect from its summit is more impressive than that from Washington, because it has Washington itself as focus of the view. The roughest climb of all is that of Chocorua, a dozen miles away in air line and only 3,540 feet high, but a terror for steepness and the most Alpine in form of all.

Incidentally, on this tour, one sees exquisite cascades and lakes. If the vacation is long enough the ascent of a dozen peaks may be attempted, and the wild, far away Dixville notch, with its crumbling bastions, will allure the more adventurous. A week, however, suffices for a glance at the leading points of interest, and one who enjoys walking need not exceed \$25.00 for the trip, outside of railroad fares; the railroad fares from and to Boston would be about \$7.00; between New York and Boston by rail or boat.



Photos, by W. H. Rau, Philadelphia.

from \$8.00 to \$10.00. An itinerary for a week would be about as follows:

First day: From Boston to Winnepesaukee, climb Red Hill and stop at Center Harbor.

Second day: Walk to Thornton, 23 miles.

Third day: Walk to Franconia, 16 miles, seeing the Profile, Echo Lake, Pool, Flume and Basin, *en route*.

Fourth day: Walk to Bethlehem, proceed by rail (or walk) to the top of Mount Washington; or take an extra day and walk around by Jefferson

and the Glen to the summit. Remain on foot and wait all night.

Fifth day: See the sunrise. Start early and descend over Crawford bridge path to Crawford House. Before sunset ascend Mount Willard, walk or ride down to Nitch to the Willey House.

Sixth day: Go to Jackson and ramble up the Glen. In the evening ride to North Conway.

Seventh day: Ascend Mount Kearsarge in the morning. Later about the drives, woods and meadows. Take train for Boston in afternoon.

A DAY UNDER THE PALISADES.

BOB and Archie are going to be rich some day; but mean time they are living in a boarding house. They are clerks. In vacation they go to a quiet place in Connecticut, but there are Sundays and holidays that hang heavily on their

heat, tired of the brick rows over the way, tired of the man who plays the accordion on the second floor back, tired of going around with starched clothes on, tired—

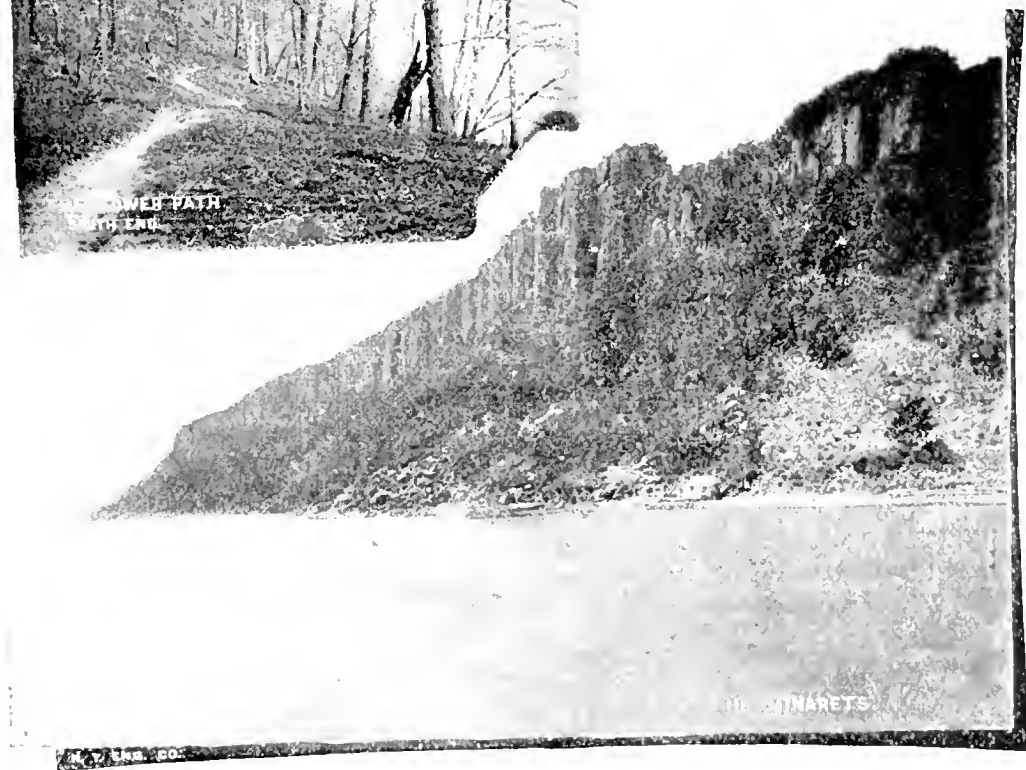
"The earth is not made for such fellows as you and I," interrupted Archie. "I'm nearly as tired of the park, with its crowds and its 'Keep off the Grass' signs as I am of the streets, and you know we can't go to Lakewood or Newport or Lenox or any of those places where they charge you a cent a minute for breathing. How's Coney Island?"

"Worse than New York, except that it's a little cooler. No, I don't want that, nor Rockaway, nor South Beach nor Long Branch nor any place where you are hustled and shouted at. There's enough of that every day in the week without hunting for it. The good places are all so far off!"

Archie remarked, "Maybe we think so because we don't know where the good places are. Have you ever been to the Palisades of the Hudson?"

"By George! The very spot! Let's get up early, to avoid the crowd, and go."

In the morning the friends were up in good season, and about the time their fellow-boarders were assembling for coffee and hash they were crossing the river from 129th street to Fort Lee,



Photos. by W. H. Rau, Philadelphia

hands and minds. One hot evening as they met at Mrs. Proggins's none-too-generous table, Bob said to his friend, "I wish we could get out of this town to-morrow. I'm tired of the noise and

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ON THE PALISADES

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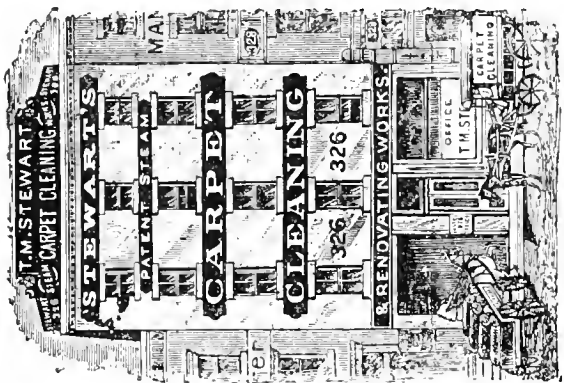
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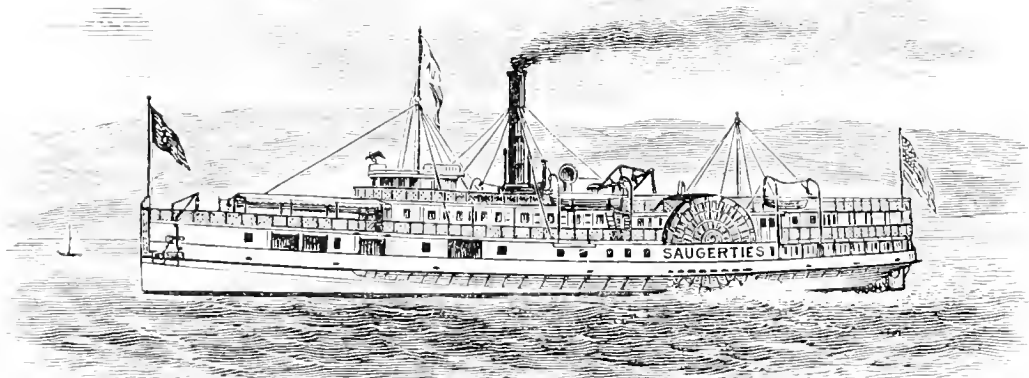
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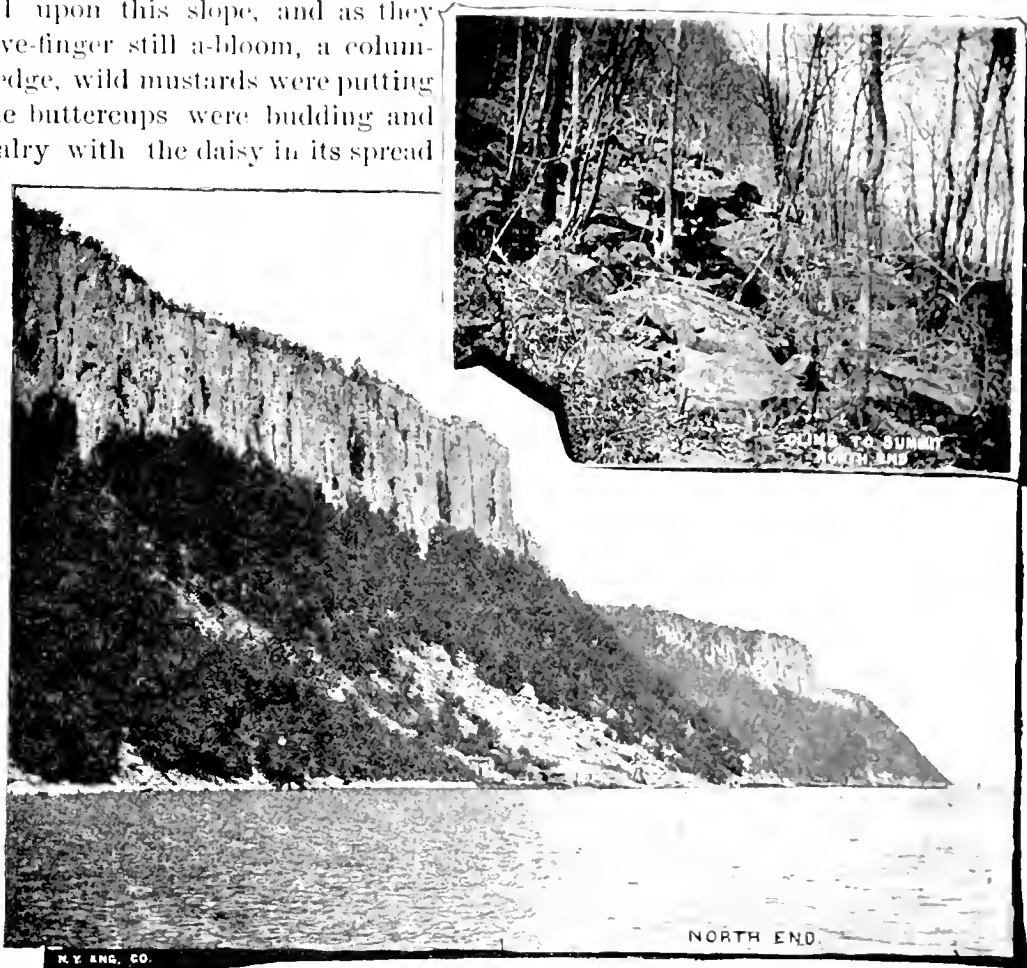
The weather was still warm, but the morning had a delightful freshness in it, and after landing they walked nimbly up the dusty way and sought the foot of the cliffs by short cuts to the northward. The sward wore the emerald of early summer, the trees were in full green, birds were singing in the branches and gulls were crying from the river that spread broad and blue beside them. Above was the edge of the crag with its modern, shabby, disused summer-houses that mark the site of the revolutionary fort, and the steep riverward slope was half masked in shrubbery. Masses of rock, tons in weight, lay piled upon this slope, and as they advanced they found the five-finger still a-bloom, a columbine was nodding from a ledge, wild mustards were putting out their yellow crosses, the buttercups were budding and the chamomile was in rivalry with the daisy in its spread of white and gold. A shy, belated violet peeped from a shadow, and in a spongy hollow the fantastic shapes of jack-in-the-pulpit reared themselves. Delicate ferns and velvet moss spread a coolness over the earth, and the air was full of perfume. Yet, just across the river, the city seethed and smoked and the air seemed to quiver above its red masses of building and its barren, rubbish-filled lots.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Archie. "To think we've been living in that town for the last eight years and have never known of this place before!"

The Palisades are a trap dyke, a result of volcanic energy. Occasionally one finds columnar forms there, as in Fingal's Cave in Staffa, and the more famous Giant's Causeway in Ireland, which are the same in their origin. The cliffs of trap are twenty miles long, fronting on the river, and the dyke is about two miles thick. As to depth, perhaps it goes down to the centre of the earth. The height of the cliffs is from 200 to 500 feet, their base buried in talus to a depth of 100 feet or more.

A road runs along the top of the Palisades, but as it is often at a remove from the edge and is partly masked by trees, the breadth and beauty of the view are only revealed through openings in the foliage. Along the foot of the crags, however, runs a path which at one point broadens into a road, going nowhere and ending in nothing, and sometimes interrupted by masses of stone or

fallen trunks; and it was this path that seemed to offer to our adventurers the best prospect for a walk. The outlook is more confined than from the top, but the view of the Palisades themselves is more romantic. It is not all solitary. There are powder magazines and a landing pier; there is a stone crusher with a squalid Italian settlement about it; there is an Irishman's cabin with a patch of "praties;" there is a melancholy deserted house, and there is an odd little hamlet at the waters edge, bowered in apple blossoms in



Photos. by W. H. Rau, Philadelphia.

the spring. Farther up is the pic-nic grove called Rock Side Park. But most of the way the path extends through a charming solitude.

"Look!" said Archie, pointing up. "That tower of rock is like a cathedral spire."

"Yes," replied Bob. "But see that immense mass that stands out from the face of the cliff with trees on the top, like banners. That's like one of the ruined castles on the Rhine, but immensely bigger."

While they stood, looking almost straight into the air above them, a great bird with a wide spread of wing floated into view over the top of the trees and swept in wide circles against the sky, seeming to symbolize in its calm, majestic flight the wildness and liberty of the scene. It was an eagle. An eagle, within three miles of New York!

After they had gone forward, perhaps a mile,

the friends ascended one of the longer slopes of debris and reached the top of the cliff by many windings. The ascent was difficult, but not perilous, but there are places enough where the skill and coolness of the Alpestrian would be required, and others yet where they would be entirely defied. The view from the top was broad and beautiful, extending over wooded shores, the Sound, East River, the Long Island coast and rolling hills to the north. A lunch that was wheedled from Mrs. Proggins was eaten here in satisfaction and was washed down with a draught from a clear, icy spring when they regained the bottom, for the lack of water at the top is one of the reasons why this most magnificent building site has remained so nearly vacant to this day.

A mile farther, perhaps—it seemed longer, because they stopped often and the way was rough

—a little cove bent into the rich shadow of the woods, and a beach overlaid some half submerged ridges of sandstone. Tide was running up, and the pebbles chimed in the roll of the waves. Nobody in sight. The invitation was not to be resisted; the young men whipped off their clothes and sprang into the water, and did not resume their

tramp until after a long loaf *en deshabille*. Their bath cooled them and the sun was now behind the wall of rock, so that they could walk without discomfort. They caught a glimpse of St. Michael's Home, perched on the heights above them, and they had a tough scramble across the debris which had been hurled down by daily blasts at the crusher, then the path led down into a romantic amphitheatre walled around with dark precipices. Here is a road wending to the summit by many a tack and zig-zag, from a rotting wharf past a rotting summer-house and a brawling cascade to the site of the Palisade Mountain House, which was burned some years ago, but while this road invited to new prospects, it took them back to civilization, and that they wanted to avoid.

Every rod of the way had its charm, and every hour invested the distance with a fresh delight of color. A little stone school house was passed—where did they find scholars for it?—then a tiny farm. Another scar of a big blast, with

derrick for lowering the stone into boats that would remove them to New York for conversion into pavements, checked them for a moment; still they sauntered on, gathering pebbles to cast into the brine, stopping to examine curious bits of wreckage from the tide, watching the evolutions of a couple of yachts on the river, picking flowers that withered too soon, and rapturously inhaling the fragrance that was borne from other blossoms on the passing winds.

The air was clearing, and Yonkers began to show in a glory of afternoon light that deepened with every hour until the city on the hill seemed almost to blaze with saffron and crimson. Passing schooners took on this color, too, and the steam of a locomotive on the opposite shore became a vapor of rose. Ever the lofty, lonely cliffs upon the west, growing darker and more solemn as

the day waned; ever the silver water with its shelly play of tint on their other hand, separating them from the cultivated shores on the east.

After some wanderings they brought up at the fishing hamlet of East Alpine, or Cape Flyaway—a name that goes back to the time when moonshine whiskey was made among



these rocks—and Bob was startled, on looking at his watch, to discover that it was five o'clock. "It's a sin to go back," said he, "but it must be done. Moreover, I don't mind confessing that the air and the ramble have given me an appetite for Mrs. Proggins' prunes and holiday mutton."

"We can return by tramping up the old road, back there, and striking over to Englewood, where we can take a train: or we can get one of these fishermen to carry us across to Mount St. Vincent and catch a train on the Central."

"The sail would be more romantic and would give us a little more variety," urged Bob. So they descended on the hamlet and soon arranged with a tall, weathered young mariner to take them across the river. His cat-boat was presently spinning over the crisp waves, and the great wall of rock stretched wider into view as they increased their distance from it—wider and more majestic. They were put ashore at the station and ten minutes later, as their car swung around

the bend at Spuyten Duyvil Creek they took a long look at the scene which had acquired a new interest in their eyes. "It's as fine as a day in the Adirondacks," declared Archie.

"Better, for it's not so hackneyed."

"And cost us—how much apiece?"

"Hu! There was five cents on the 'L' road," said Bob, "and ten cents to Fort Lee by ferry, twenty-five cents to the cat-boat man, and twenty-six cents fare to the city; sixty-six cents all told, and well spent."

They complimented Mrs. Proggins on her dinner that night, a thing they had never done before, and shocked her so that she agreed to have their bed-room chairs mended that very week. They did not realize that the dinner tasted good because it had the sance of an hitherto unknown

hunger acquired in a days tussle with the foundations of the Palisades—one of the finest bits of natural scenery on the planet.

Postscript—After reading the above article two of the clerks in the publisher's office set out to test the possibilities of the trip and to get some photographs with which to illustrate it. They covered the ground, or at least the rocks, arrived at the north end, failed to secure the "Lone Fisherman" to ferry them across the river and were compelled to scale the precipitous heights in order to return to the city. They caught the train at Englewood and reached their home in whole condition. One of the two had been a sergeant in the British army, was present at Tel-el-Kebir and at Majuba Hill and he don't hesitate to say that a few such outings as "A Day Under The Palisades" will qualify a man for almost any experience.

CAMPING OUT.

ONE camps out for business occasionally, but more camp out for fun. The best fun, in the end, is to camp as if for business. Maine lumbermen and Adirondack hunters use sense in building their shelters. They insist on neither pictures nor brussels carpets for their apartments, nor do they invite rheumatism and pneumonia by sleeping in an alleged shelter that is all drafts and is pervious to rain. The style of camp to be erected must be determined by season, accessibility to town and duration of stay. Enthusiasts now hunt in the northern forests in midwinter, and of course they must have a weather proof hut of logs or boards covered with tar paper. For the neighborhood of New York, in the summer, something lighter and cheaper sutlices. A tent or two is good enough and is easily carried. For a short stay a lean-to made of bark, saplings or boughs will do. The Adirondack "open camp" is only a modification of this. For an outing of a week or more a frame

of poles can be speedily erected, and it can be closed against the weather by canvas, boards, hemlock boughs or a combination of all, with moss and mud to stop the chinks. Wood and water are necessities.

There is no lack of good ground within easy reach of New York. The quiet ponds of New

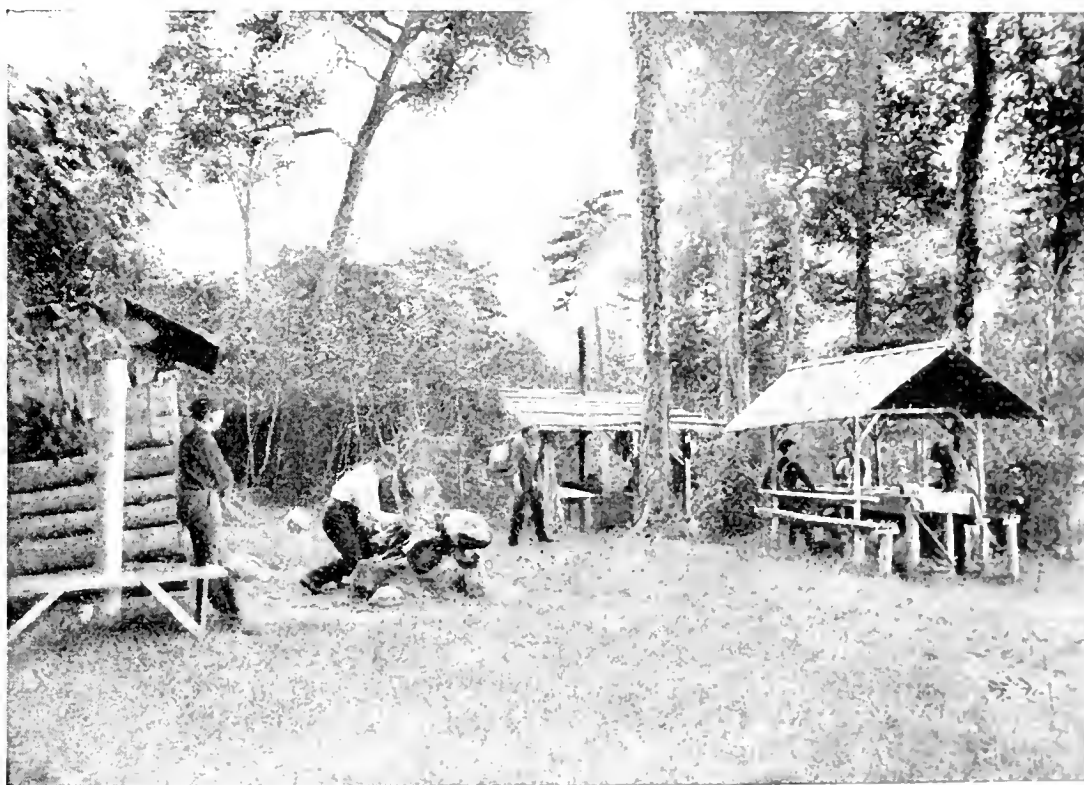


Photo. and Copyrighted by S. B. Stoddard, Glens Falls, N. Y.

CAMP IN ADIRONDACKS.

Jersey, the shores of the Sound, the wild hills of the Hudson, the lake district of western Connecticut are excellent. What is the matter with

CAMPING OUT.

the Palisades of the Hudson? About opposite Spnyten Duyvil they are as lonely as the St. Lawrence as picturesque as Lake George, as admirably arranged for boating, fishing and bathing as Newport, as interesting in their flora as any part of the state, and as inaccessible to the disturbing multitude as Barren Island. Nobody goes there and there are charming knolls and natural lawns, circled with evergreens, handy to dead wood and other fuel, convenient to springs, some of which may need a little clearing, to be sure, and, for all this, but a two mile row or a two mile walk to civilization. That last advantage will be thought a detriment by most people who prefer camp to a boarding house. Nobody, for instance, would dream of tenting in his own back yard, though he would be sure to be more comfortable there than in the wilderness. There would be no adventure, you see, no strangeness, novelty, excitement.

If camping is to be only an incident in a journey, the house will be a mere cover for the night. In the West, where rains are light, the prospector carries little more than his blanket, rifle, pick, matches and food. If he has a burro he can take a little more. In the eastern wilds this outfit is a pretty good basis, and when divided among a party of three, four or five does not burden any of them heavily, even when there is added a hatchet, rubber coats, pail, kettle, frying-pan, coffee-pot, and eating utensils. The use of aluminum for cooking utensils offers a decided gain in durability, cleanliness and

lightness over tin and iron. A cooking outfit for six is made especially for hunters. It packs into a box less than a foot square and comprises fifty-seven articles that nest into each other.

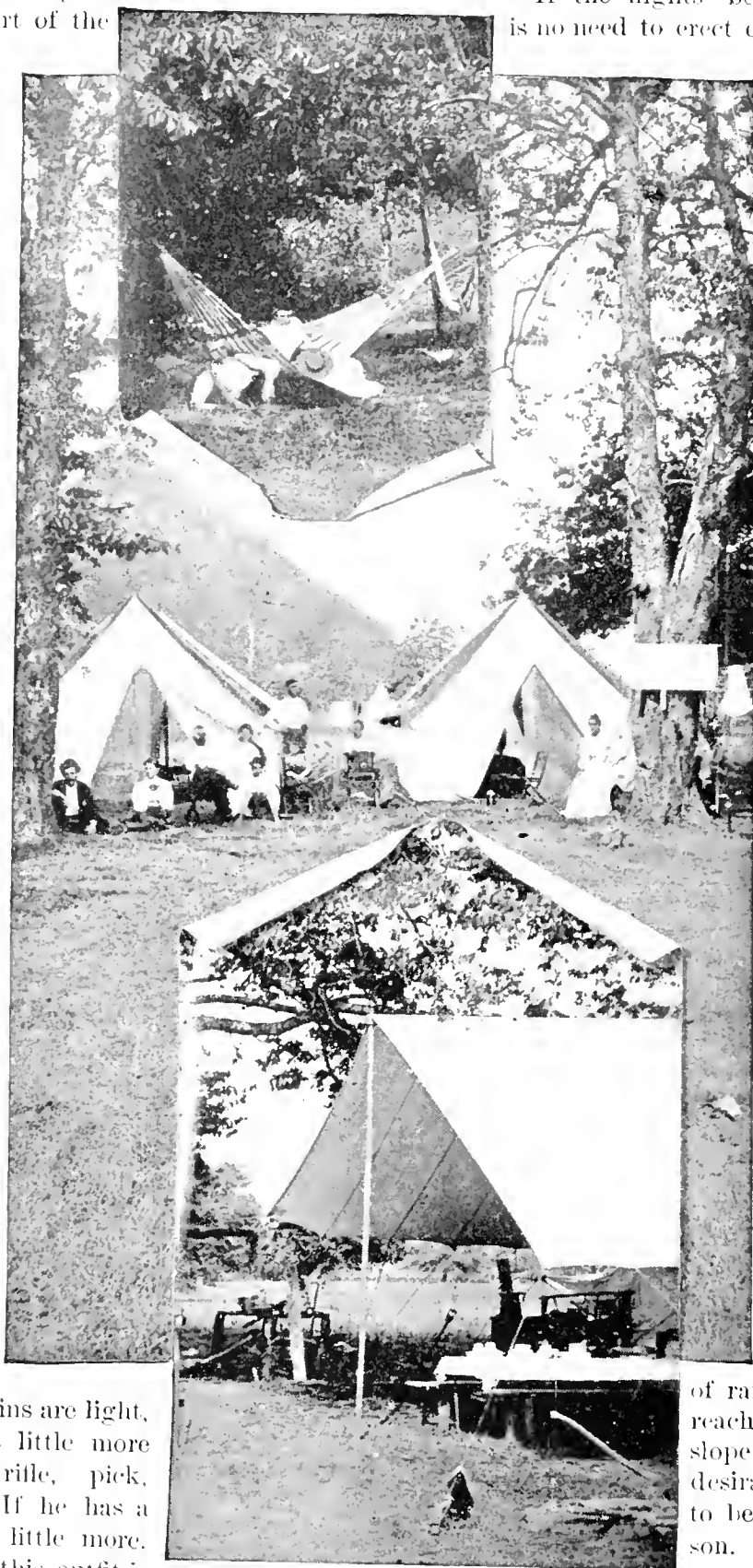
If the nights be free from rain there is no need to erect even a shelter. A projecting ledge, a tree

with heavy foliage, a few strips of bark slanted against a rock or a bough are often enough, any way, especially if the sleepers have a fire going at their feet. Again, in countries where hunters, miners, and lumbermen resort, there is often to be found a deserted cabin with a fairly tight roof. As these cabins, however, are commonly foul with mouldy boots, fungi and old cans, and as they suggest possibilities of vermin, a bed of leaves or hemlock boughs is preferable.

Arrived at the place where it is intended to settle for some days, the advantages of the spot in respect of hunting, fishing, boating, bathing, scenery and the like having been reviewed, let it be assured that the habitation will stand on a slight rise, so that in case

of rain the water will not reach its occupants. A slope to drain the water is desirable and hollows are to be avoided for that reason. If you are to be under canvas—and you can hire a tent, you know, or

use a sail, if you don't want to go in heavy—two uprights and a ridge pole are all the carpenter work that is necessary. Dig a small gutter about the tent for drainage. A log house is better if your stay is to be long. A tent-shaped edifice of bark is among the feasible



things, the bark being tacked against the ridge pole. If near a saw mill a little house can be put up. Or a combination of logs, bark and canvas can be employed.

A rustic-looking structure is made by marking off a square space, driving a stout upright at each corner, tacking and tying half a dozen poles to each pair, thus closing in the house, except on the side where the door is to be, and filling in the interstices with boughs, rushes or both. The back pair of uprights can be made higher than the front, or vice versa, so that the roof shall have a slant to shed rain.

A rack of poles in-doors, raised a few inches from the ground on the crotches of sticks driven deep into the earth, is the bedstead. It is covered with small hemlock or tamarack boughs, made soft by strewing pine needles over it, and a more springy and fragrant bed does not exist. Then come the blankets and pillows. Except a shelf of slab or bark, and a few hooks for clothing, placed in the roof poles, this is about all the furnishing that is needed.

The kitchen and dining-room are in the open air. The kitchen is a fire on the ground. A pot hangs over it on a tripod or a cross bar, and a little tin oven, or a larger one made of stones and clay will do the baking, though potatoes roasted in hot ashes are not bad. For the insufficiencies of camp cookery a sharp appetite generally makes amends. The table may be either a big stump or a wide board on uprights. Packing boxes serve as seats, but if you would be a veritable woodland dude you will fasten planks to shorter uprights on either side of the table, for benches. If young folks are in the party they will want a swing attached to some convenient tree.

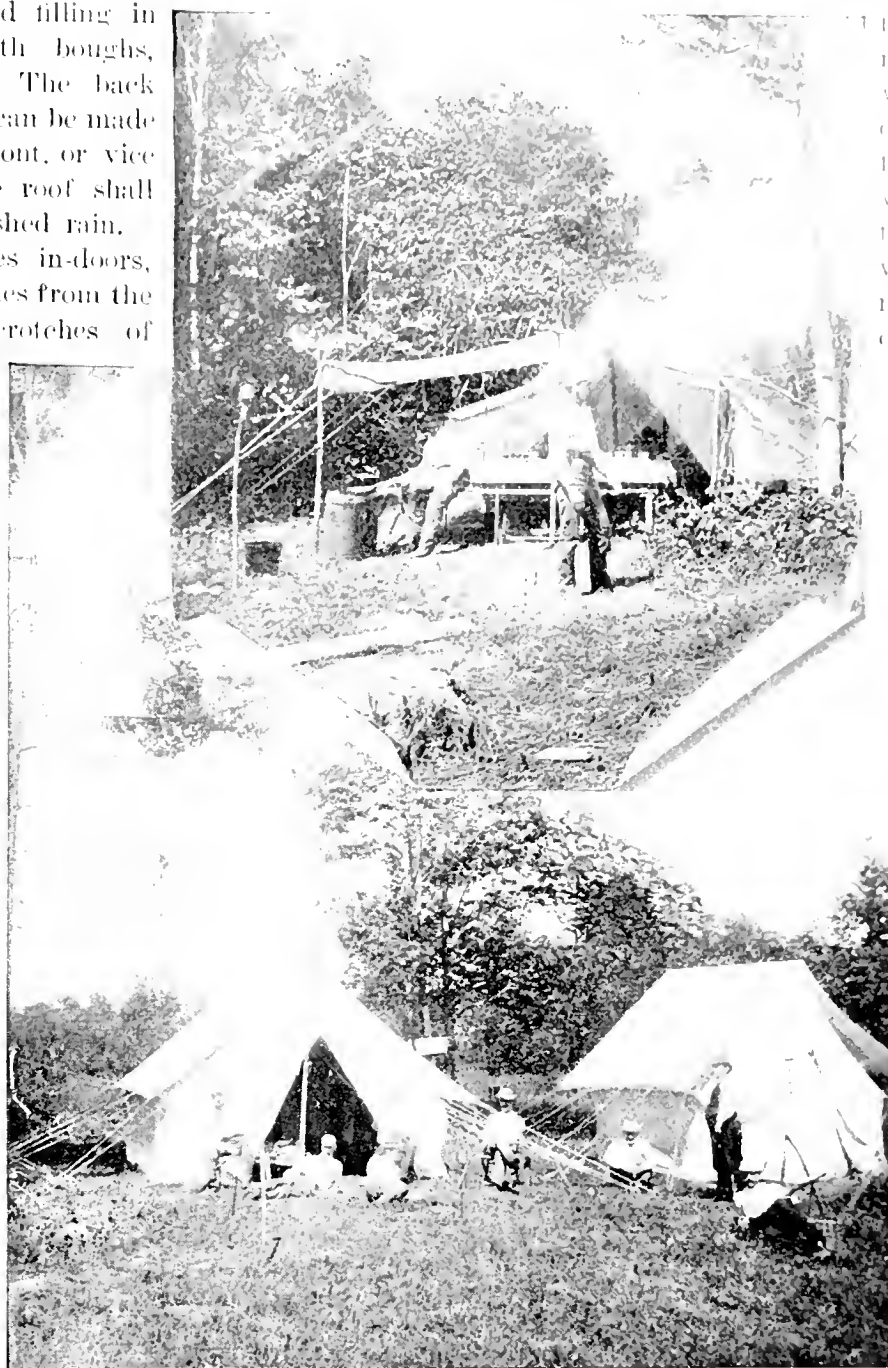
Turn about is fair play, and there must be an early understanding as to the apportionment of duties, if there are more than two people in camp. Washing, cooking, hewing wood, drawing water and attending to fires must fall to somebodys lot. Don't let this choice be one of chance however. If the hewer of wood brings in green-wood the cook will get mad. The cook

should not be like the theological student

now a bishop, who was left one day in charge of, and to cook for, a camp in the wilderness, and thinking that the whole stock of rice might as well be cooked at once, to

save further trouble, proceeded to do it. He filled their only pot full of rice, and having heard that rice is better if "cooked dry," he added a little water, put on the cover and left it to stew; the rice swelled and increased in volume so rapidly that he postponed his other culinary exercises and was kept busy for a tiresome time, and with increasing dismay, spooning the growing mass into pails and pans, until he finally had everything filled

and had to use some of his table plates; on their return to the camp his associates concluded, unanimously, to dispense with his services as a cook; he volunteered to hew water and draw wood for the rest of their stay if they would never again mention rice in his hearing. And speaking of fires, heed this injunction, not only for your own good but for the public benefit. *Never* throw lighted matches and cigars among dry leaves; *never* allow the flames to spread far from your fireplace; *never* go to sleep with a fire burning, if the wind is high, unless a rain is falling at the same time;



always extinguish the last spark before leaving camp in the morning. Carelessness in these matters costs this nation many lives and millions of dollars every year, while the burning away of the forests dries up the water sources and blasts the face of the country.

If farms are near at hand, or shops not too far off, it will be easy to keep the table supplied with fruits, fresh milk and vegetables; if not, the outfit must be taken into the wood in bulk. Flour, crackers, bacon, potatoes, rice, coffee, tea, salt, pepper and sugar are stand-bys, and milk and other luxuries must be taken in cans. Never keep loaded firearms about, and let the ammunition be away from the fire and the risk of jar and friction. Flies and mosquitoes and the pesky little "no-see-um-heap-feel-ums" may disturb the repose of the company, and sometimes a smudge of damp leaves is necessary to secure relief. A bit of mosquito netting for doors and windows, bags of the same stuff to slip over the head, and gloves for the hands are occasionally useful, but when tramping or fishing, the face and hands are protected, for an hour at a time, by a slight anointing with a mixture of tar, pennyroyal and vaseline.

Be sure that the outfit comprises a few good books or magazines, for a rainy or foggy day in the woods is dismal indeed. Make some arrangement at the nearest post office or telegraph station for the forwarding of important messages.

But volumes of suggestions will not make up for lack of adaptability to circumstances in the camp. You must have gumption, and a willingness to take things as they come to you. Ask some old soldier for advice. He will tell you that, in a rain, three fence rails will make a bed under which the water will run, narrow to be sure, but much more comfortable than a wet sod; he will tell you how to keep a fire alive for day and night; how a fry-pan, properly handled, will serve a whole meal; in short, he will tell you of many things that he never anticipated, but arranged for as they came; and so must the camper.

For a few days trip everything necessary can be carried from home, except food and water. The writer was fortunate in having a teacher who was an older sort of boy. He once proposed to three of us larger school-boys to take to the woods for two nights. For each, a good heavy blanket, a large towel, a bit of soap, extra socks and handkerchiefs, and such other little things as we each thought necessary; for general use, a hatchet, an old-fashioned bowie knife or the like, some matches, a couple of cups and canteens, a few nails, some stout cord, &c., &c.; the whole divided into loads convenient for each of the party. We went to Cold Spring, on the Hudson; hired a row-boat, crossed the river

to the valley or basin that lies between Cro' Nest and Storm King. It was an almost unbroken wilderness; only one farm-house and a path westward over the mountain. We secured, and left the boat on the shore, shouldered our loads; found in the woods a small clearing, in which one made a fire, while the others gathered the smaller branches of the hemlock, and with larger boughs, nails and cord made a shelter and bed under a wide-spreading low-branched tree. We were too tired to linger long after nightfall around the fire, and wrapped in our blankets, with handkerchiefs around our heads, we slept the sweetest sleep of our lives on the deep piled, fragrant bed. We woke the echoes, at the first break of day, and long before mid-morn had scaled the ledges of Storm King to its summit, where we stood above the morning mist that filled the depths below us; the brilliant summer sun was shining down upon a field of hummocky snow—a sight never to be forgotten. A breeze from the north soon carried off the fleecy mass below and the magnificent valley was disclosed, a view beautiful beyond description. The afternoon was spent on the river, and in the evening we persuaded the good people of the only house, to furnish us enough bread, eggs, milk, &c., for supper and breakfast, spent the night at our camp, and in the morning recrossed the river and returned home. Our food in the woods was chiefly packed at home, re-inforced by a few things bought at Cold Spring and at the farm-house. It was an inexpensive outing, crowded with experiences and sensations absolutely new and novel, and beneficial and pleasurable in every way.

A large camping party is a matter of business. The pictures, herewith, show how much there is to it; although nothing can show, or measure, the reviving power of such a life for a week or two. The parties shown are both "Clubs," which have, in the course of years, accumulated a very complete equipment, as comfortable in all essentials as an average summer boarding-house. They are Jerseyites, and have pitched their tents at Green Pond near Newfoundland, where there is a table supply of fish waiting to be caught. The expenses of the party of eight persons for ten days, profiting, of course, by their past experiences is, for each adult, about twenty cents a day for victuals and forty cents a day for ice, boats, drinks and expenses; abundance of good wholesome food to eat.

Camping out is not for invalids, or for tender or timorous souls. There are times when, within a few hours, the air is dry and wet, hot and cold, changes that make it better that an invalid be well housed. And there are moments in the silent, ghostly watches of the night, when a moving insect, or rustling bough, or moaning zephyr, or the melancholy hoot of an owl, will raise the hair and stop the life-current of a timid listener.

Camp life is for the lusty and active and robust, with good appetites and good temper and good sense, and for such there is an immense return for the investment.

AMONG THE GREEN HILLS.

THERE is no reason why Vermont should not be made more of than it is. New Hampshire outdoes it in the height of its mountains, Maine in the extent of its forests, New York in the area of its cultivated districts, Canada in hunting and fishing and New Jersey in water front, but Vermont combines these things in moderation and adds a certain homely life and idyllic beauty that are almost peculiar to it. People who are in the habit of going there return thanks that it has not become fashionable, and therein is one of its best delights.

The Green Mountain state is probably, for its size, the most thinly settled and poorest in aggregate capital of the Atlantic commonwealths; yet, nowhere will be found rural communities more industrious, intelligent and thrifty. There are few wage workers and few tenants. To the tourist every township has attractions of its own. Vermont is for folk of moderate means and quiet tastes. Such will be delighted with the

quiet farms on Lake Champlain with the Alleghanies on the east and Adirondacks glooming across the water; they will be charmed with the valley of the Connecticut, with gentle hills bending toward it on either side; they will admire the pretty lakes, like Dunmore and Memphremagog, and wild rivers like the Black, White and Winooski; they will be entertained if they get into the artist colony in the shadow of Aseutney,

and they will be impressed by the majesty and solitude of Mount Mansfield, Mount Equinox and Camels Hump.

So much talk was made a few years ago about the dangers incurred by the wholesale cutting away of the timber that a commission was sent out to estimate the loss sustained in that respect, in ten years. To every ones surprise, it was found that the forests had actually increased. So,

if you want camping or any other manner of rough life, Vermont is as good a State as any, while if quiet is sought, it is obtainable in any one of a thousand farm houses where hordes of boarders have not yet spoiled the people.

Enough of generalities. Suppose we have a week to spare and want to spend it in a new field. We step aboard of a train at the Grand Central one morning at nine o'clock and after a pleasant ride across Connecticut and Massachusetts, with glimpses of Mounts Tom and Holyoke, each topped by its hotel and afford-



Photo. by A. E. Spaulding, Woodstock, Vt.

QUECHEE GULF, NEAR WOODSTOCK, VT.

ing a lovely view, we reach the Vermont border. We see little of the agreeable village of Brattleboro, where Rudyard Kipling lives. Jim Fisk is buried and Mary Howe's voice was discovered, but we leave the cars at Bellows Falls, shortly, and have a couple of hours to wait for a train on the Central Vermont.

There is no need to pine, or to beg the agent to let you go into the swearing room because

AMONG THE GREEN HILLS.

you have to wait at a station. Always travel with a book. Also, use your eyes. Humanity is frequently as interesting as books, and rare specimens of it are found in a country depot. But you want to roam about a little. Perhaps you are fond of botany or minerals. Anyhow, you want to see the "fall" that gives the name to the place—a forty foot plunge of the Connecticut, down a narrow gorge. Here the water is so compressed that one writer, Rev. Hugh Peters, who, no doubt, believed what he said, declared that a crowbar could not be driven into it! If there is time, a scramble up the steep and ledgy Mount Kilburn will satisfy the fondness for adventure, but the time may also be spent in getting ahead of the railroad company.

As it will be four hours before you can leave on the cars, you can ramble ahead on foot to Bartonville (ten miles) and take your supper in one of the quaintest old taverns in the State, where they probably do not receive a dozen guests a year. Let us suppose that you are then revived, or are still fresh, and resolve to plod on about four miles to Chester. It is a comfortable little town, Chester is, and has a good hotel. The walk is delightful, roads a trifle rough, may be, but outlooks worth the labor; tokens of rural thrift and content abundant; cold springs to drink from and berries to pick; the air full of healing odors of pine and spruce; flowers nod along the wayside and the rising breeze is cool. You hear the cow-bells clanking in the valley as the herds go home, and a peaceful sound of waters drones through the evening. Dusk falls, lights appear, you are in Chester.

Take the train next morning and go ten miles to Cavendish, there to explore the passage of Black River, through a cañon half a mile long.

Never heard of it? So much the better. It will be the pleasanter surprise, for it is one of the most romantic bits of scenery in the State. Notice the caves, balconies, fallen ledges, and the pot holes where boulders, whirled around in eddies, have cut deep wells into the living rock. Then, on to Proctorsville, thirty minutes walk, still following the railroad, and dine at the ancient Eagle tavern. A lovely village, this, with an elm sown interval like those in the White

Mountains, and the hills ranged at what artists will tell you is landscape distance; big, blue billows on the west, the Alpine form of Ascutney—"Three Brothers" is the meaning of the name—on the east, and minor heights closing on the other sides.

After dinner make a leisurely ascent of Fletchers Hill and enjoy the wide and exquisite prospect, or visit the "Gulf" to the south—a dark valley, a thousand feet deep, like the cloves of the Catskills and notches of the White Mountains, but narrower. Geologists tell us that it was the scene of a cataclysm when a great lake burst through the mountain dam. The hamlet of Proctorsville has, perhaps, two hun-

dred and fifty inhabitants, but it has three churches, a good school, several industries and a public library. Two governors were born here.

Ludlow is three miles farther northwest, and the mountains impend upon it more steeply. It is a town of consequence, and boarders are a shade too numerous. But pause here long enough to visit Plymouth ponds. Drive out—for livery charges are low—and think how the populace would swarm about these little lakes, chained through the deep valley of the Black, if they were within twenty miles of the metropolis. Though not so large, they are as fair as famed Killarney. There is a gold mine close by.



Photos. by R. M. McIntosh, Northfield, Vt.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

AMONG THE GREEN HILLS.

Now we will take train again, and after climbing over a shoulder of Ludlow Mountain we spin down a steep grade to Rutland, a pleasant town with an opera house and other improve-

ments that we came up here to get away from, and here we can make excursions in all directions; to Senator Proctor's quarries where the purest statuary marble is taken out; to Clarendon Springs, seven miles away, where you may be cured of diseases that you never had, and at the same time tickle your palate with natural seltzer; to Killington Peak, nine miles eastward, commanding a view over four states, from its top, 4,000 and odd feet above the sea; to the mines and quarries of iron, manganese and kaolin near Brandon.

From Rutland you can go back as you came, or you can return to New York by way of Saratoga and Albany; but if your vacation holds out, keep on northward. You will pass the beautiful, fish filled lake that was named for himself, 125 years

ago, by the Earl of Dunmore, who waded into it and emptied a glass of wine as a christening ceremony. A little farther are Middlebury with its college; Vergennes, the smallest incorporated city in the union; the medicinal springs of Elgin; then, the silver sheet of Champlain unfolds itself, with the Adirondacks heaped along its farther shore, and you arrive at Burlington, the biggest, busiest, handsomest town in the state.

You will be assailed with a temptation to take steamer and see a little of those Adirondacks, or at least, Ausable Chasm, and it would be delightful to traverse the lake by steamer, then run across to Lake George and go back to New York that way; it is easy, too, to reach Montreal; but hold to your resolve to get better acquainted

with Vermont. The other trips will keep. Turn east and proceed up the valley of the Winooski. Time does not allow for everything of interest on this stream (whose Indian name, signifying Wild Onion) is so delightfully irrelevant, although the savage gorge at Bolton is worth a visit.



Photo. by W. D. Chandler, St. Albans, Vt.

MIRROR LAKE—NEAR BERLIN.

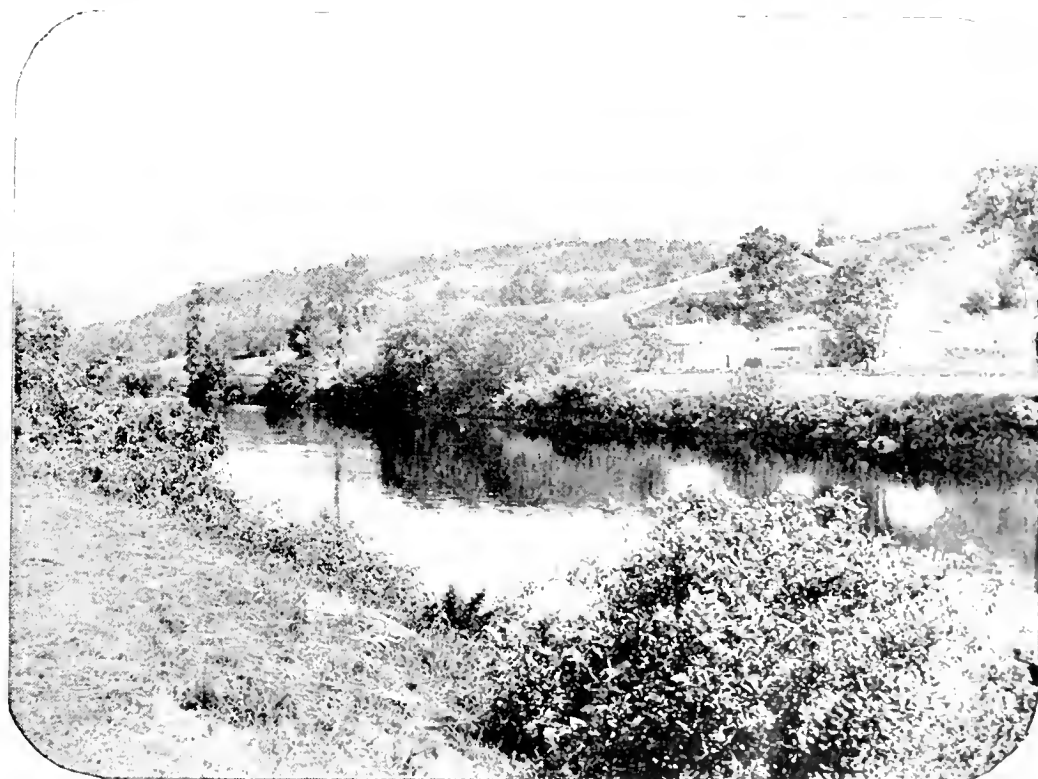


Photo. by W. D. Chandler, St. Albans, Vt.

WINOOSKI RIVER, NEAR MONTPELIER, VT.

But climb Camels Hump, or, better yet, its loftier neighbor, Mount Mansfield.

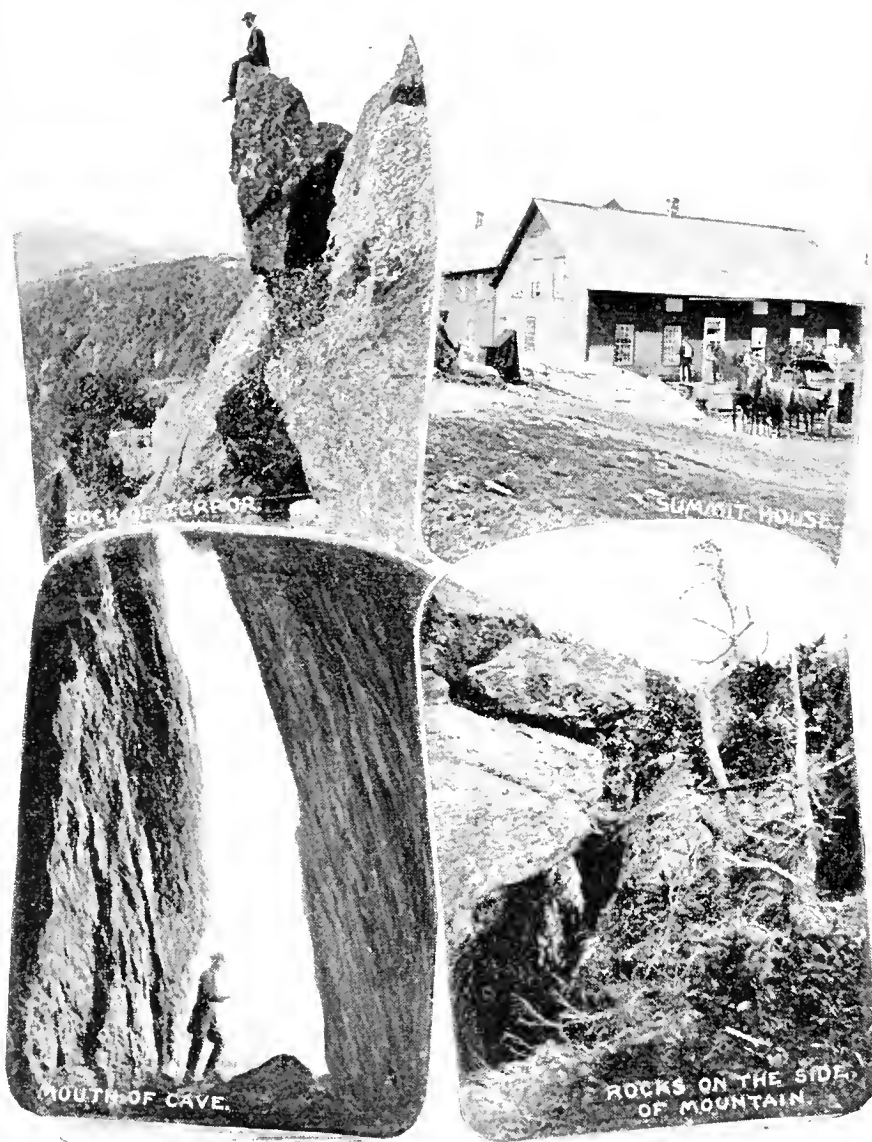
Here is a double peak, commanding a glorious view. It is the tallest of the Green Mountains, 4,348 feet high; equal to the average of the Adirondacks and White Mountains, but having the advantage which they do not possess, of comparative isolation from the main range. The departure for Stowe, a pretty village at the base of the mountain—the Saratoga of Vermont, they try to call it—is made by stage from Waterbury, and it is nine miles thence to the summit. At a hotel near the top people often enjoy the sunsets and sunrises. The scenery of the ascent has been compared to that of the Tyrol, and the view from the summit is held by many mountaineers to be the finest in New England.

Continuing eastward, the train passes within a mile of Montpelier, with its attractive State House and its pleasant society, but with little that the hasty tourist needs to care for, and presently White River Junction is reached. One may now diversify his trip by running over to the White Mountains, or down to Portland or Boston, but we will suppose that he is traveling

on a schedule and that he returns down the Connecticut Valley. He may break his trip at Windsor and climb Ascutney, a peak that rises in the valley like a monument. As he passes Bellows Falls he has completed a rough circle that has taken him through the finest parts of

the state. Continuing down he can, if his time holds out, spend the night on Mount Holyoke or put in a day at the pleasant Yankee towns of Springfield and Hartford. Supposing that side trips are omitted, however, here is a schedule of time for the Vermont vacation. Train from New York to Bellows Falls, walk to Chester, one day; Cavendish and Proctorsville, one day; Ludlow, Plymouth Ponds and on to Rutland, one day; excursions about Rutland, one day; to Burlington, thence to Stowe, one day; Mount Mansfield, one day; return to New York, one day. As to

expense; hotel rates are reasonable, stage fares moderate and all services low as compared with what they are in the White Mountains, at Niagara and Newport. Allow for hotels and carriages about \$20, for train fares, \$17, and incidentals, \$5. Total, about \$42.



Photos. by R. M. McIntosh, Northfield, Vt.

ON MOUNT MANSFIELD.

Bullinger's Monitor Guide has secured the Confidence and Patronage of the Business Public of New York City to an unparalleled extent.

TRAVEL AFOOT.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS ARTICLE ARE FROM PHOTOS TAKEN BY CLERKS IN THE PUBLISHER'S OFFICE, DURING THEIR "TRAMPING."

HAWTHORNE likens the view of a country that is seen from a railroad train to the reverse of a tapestry. To see the right side of the picture we must take the drive or path. It is the habit of railroads to skulk through towns by the back way; to avoid bright and pleasant streets, and take up with factories and tenements, or even to go through tunnels and sunken ways, enveloped in smoke and darkness. The rural districts show their worst side to the cars.

From time immemorial a journey afoot through the country has been a synonym for pleasure and jollity, and its humors are current in modern illustrated literature, where the ragged tramp and the impecunious actor "counting ties" between the place where he has stranded and his home, are stock subjects of satire. Coach and carriage journeys, horse-back rides, and bicycle excursions, are more rapid, dashing, exciting, for the moment, but there are many who find that in the long run—or walk—they are

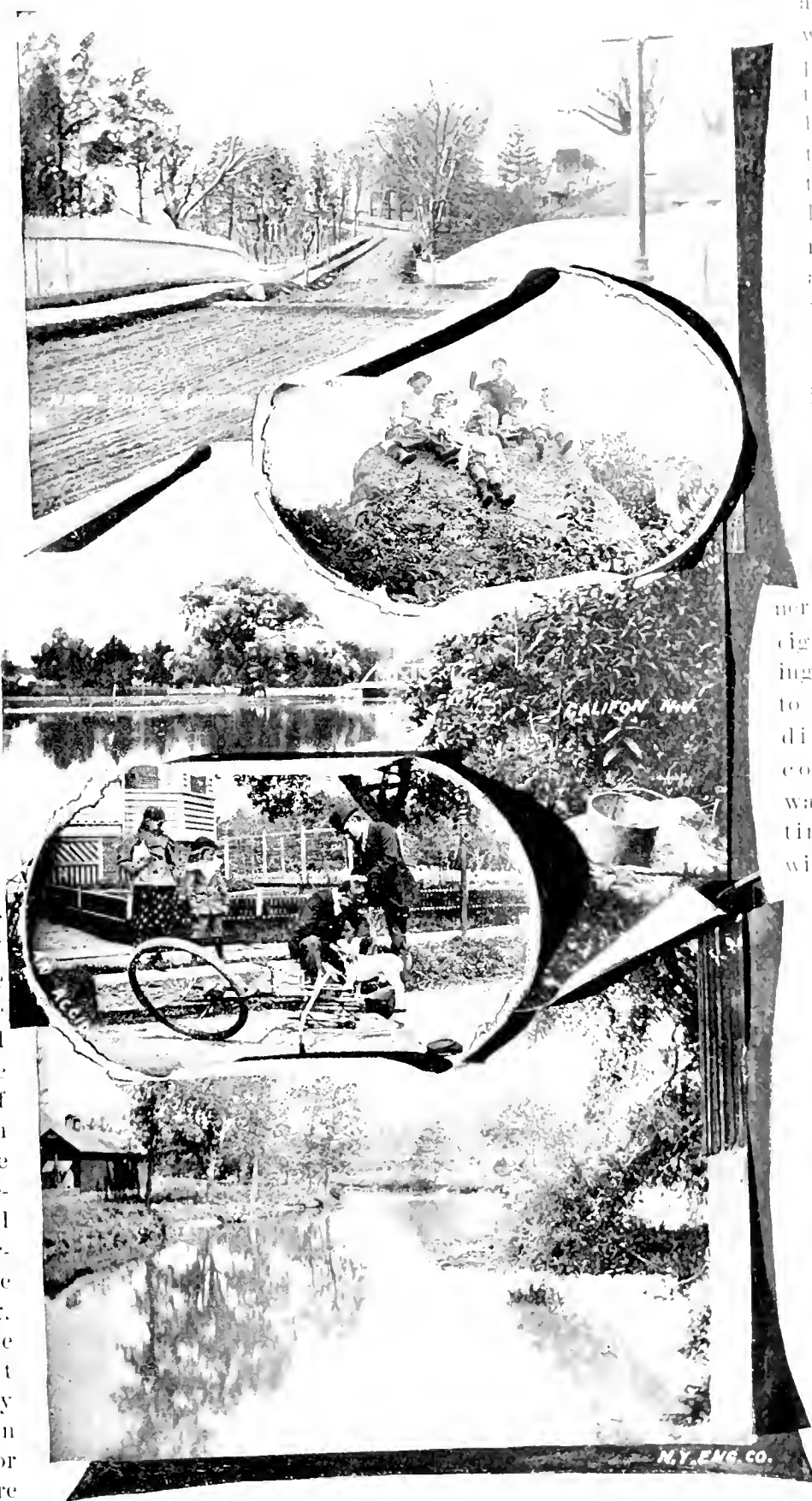
no more enjoyable or exhilarating than the pedestrian tour.

Americans have been slow to trust to their own feet, and while the relative badness of our roads

may explain, in a measure, why walking is less popular here than in Europe, by the same token, it makes the universal reliance on wagons more unaccountable. A farmer will spend fifteen minutes catching and harnessing a horse, to go a mile, and you can walk a mile in fifteen minutes. The city man will stand on a corner for seven or

eight minutes waiting for a street car to carry him to a distance that he could reach by walking in the same time, and his ride will be made miserable by crowding, trampling and foul air. As to fatigue and discomfort, some people find it as hard to sit in a constrained position for ten or twelve miles, bespattered with mud or dust by horses, as to get down and go afoot for the same distance.

The trouble with our people seems to be that they are afraid



to begin. There are able-bodied fellows, wide awake, appreciative of the beauties of nature, fond of exercise, not timid, who are always going to take a pedestrian tour as soon as John and James and Thomas can leave town at the same time and help them to take it. In most cases that time never comes. When the date arrives for starting, John has decided that he would rather go yachting, James has concluded that as it begins to look like work, he will sojourn easily at a summer hotel, and Thomas' youngest boy has measles; so the original projector meekly gives it up and goes to some resort where he can be in a crowd and dress and dance and flirt away his leisure.

Of course, it is pleasant if a few congenial spirits can take an outing together, and it is instructive too; for the first two or three days of such a walk give a man a better idea of his friends than he will have obtained in years of conventional town life. Some, that have appeared dull before, bubble with jollity under the inspiration of fresh mornings and pleasant scenery; some that he thought uninformed prove to be dictionaries of knowledge about the things that are met and seen; some are amiable and self-sacrificing, gladly falling in with the views of the majority, even when opposed to their personal wishes, and some are practically helpful by their strength and "handiness." There are

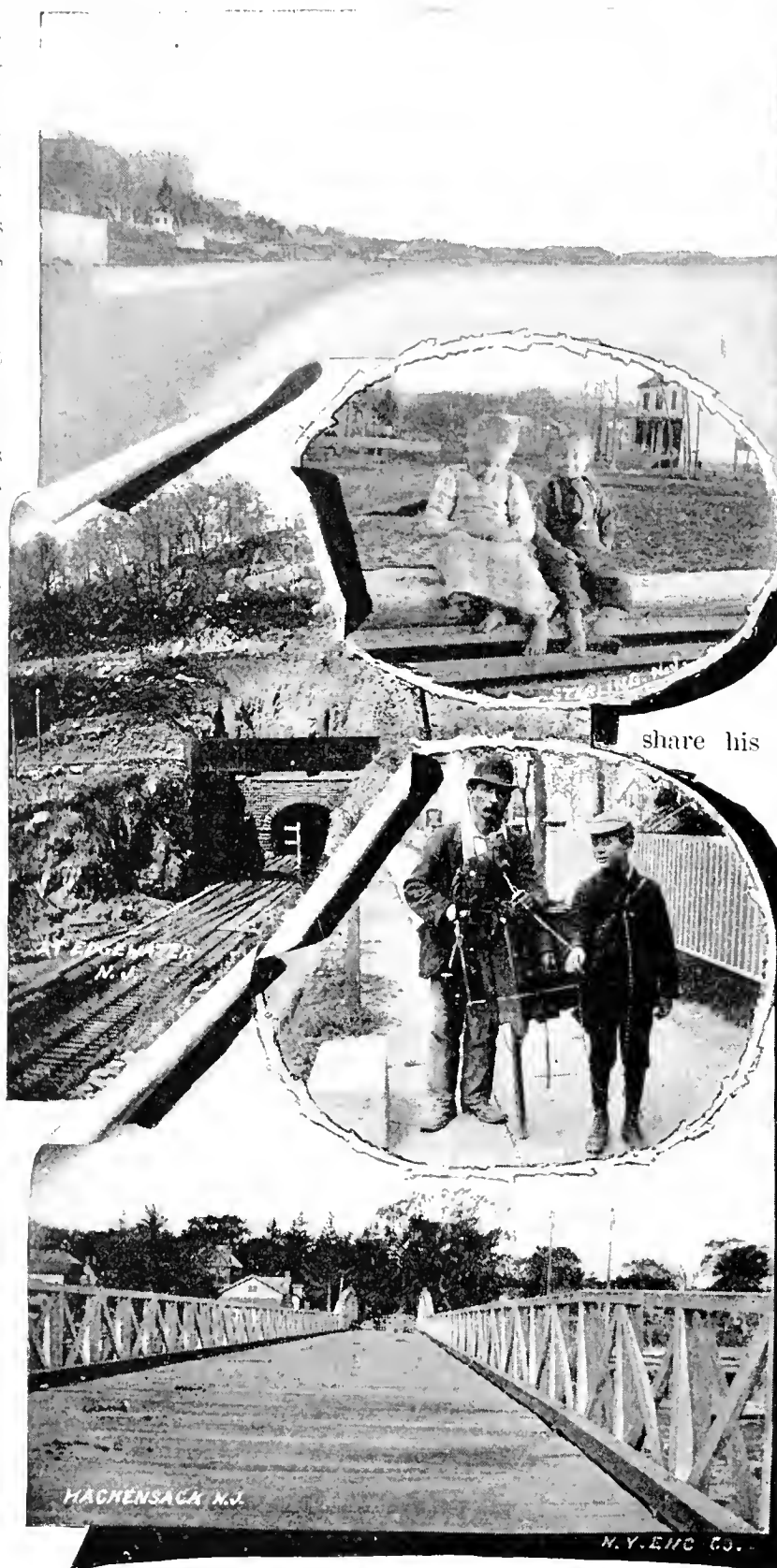
offsets to men like this, in the fellow who wants the others to do as he likes—to rise, eat, sleep, rest and go forward when he is moved to do so; in the scolder and fault finder; in the one who nurses his liver or his blisters and always desires the others to hold back for him, making

them late every night, and compelling them to eat cold dinners: in the cheerful man with plenty of money who, unconsciously, makes himself a thorn in the sides of his poorer comrades by ordering the best rooms, tipping servants liberally, having expensive wines with his meals, smoking costly cigars and otherwise setting a pace that the

others cannot follow, or, if he asks them to share his benefits, giving them a fear that they are the victims of a respectable charity: in the delightful enthusiast who wants to stop every few minutes to sketch, or botanize, or catch fish, and who would not get ahead five miles a day if he were alone.

So, considering what chances one takes with a party, it is a question if a man does not get on better by himself or, perhaps, with one companion—his bosom friend, his brother or his wife. Do not be surprised that a wife should be mentioned.

This is woman's age. There is an editor in New York whose wife goes off with him on tramps where they put thirty-five miles a day behind them. A dog is a pretty good chum for steady company, and one seldom quarrels with him, while he has an unfailing supply of good spirits.



Personal freedom is one of the first charms of a pedestrian tour, and the nearer alone one is, or the more unanimous he is with his environment, the greater will that freedom be. The feeling of solitude that may oppress him a little at first, rapidly disappears if a man's head has anything inside of it, for then he is reasonably sure to find good company before the second day is over—and there are many of us who would be the better for a chance like this to get acquainted with ourselves. Beside, the sense and wit of the people that he meets are as likely to be pleasant and profitable as the talk of his friends. There is an objection to familiarity with strangers, but while this holds well enough on a race track, or at the places called "pleasure resorts" few of us can say that we ever met a farmer who would abuse a confidence or take an unjust advantage of a stranger. Considered as a class, the men who till our fields, though they are sometimes illiterate, often rough and usually poor, are as frank and honest as the sunshine. A lift of a couple of miles in the wagon of some granger who is going your way is a pleasant break in the days progress, and if there is room on the seat beside him, it will almost invariably be offered. In this respect our countryman is a great improvement on the European peasant. The latter is a soggy personage, without the eagerness of mind that inspires the Yankee to acquire new friends and new ideas, and with no sense of hospitality. He would like to know something about America, to be sure, but, unless you tell him what he expects to hear, he has a poor opinion of your veracity.

The American farmer reads a paper and can talk intelligently on public questions. There is a missionary work to be done with him in the matter of getting good roads through his township; he wants to have it made plain to him that a little more money and work would be economy in the end, for broad, smooth highways will not cripple his stock nor his wagon.

The first day of the first pedestrian tour I ever made, furnished me with sundry object lessons in the art of how not to make roads. It was along the Connecticut Valley, during a heavy freshet. My first days tramp was from Hartford to Holyoke—about thirty-four miles by road, but a long forty by the way I had to go—a stiff days work, for a novice, and whew! didn't my bones ache that night! A good part of the way it was fair going, but when the road ran into hollows, that were now filled with water, I was forced to make long detours or to cross by boat. Had the builders maintained the grade of the road, they not only would have kept it open for travel at times of such inundation, but the embankment across these glens would have served as a dike, to keep the water from spreading into the fields behind it

and flooding the cellars of houses that had been built there. The severe rains had overflowed the brooks, and as I continued northward I passed the ruins of dozens of flimsy bridges, laid over the streams at so slight an elevation as to allow for almost no increase in the volume of water. In places where the road had been a mere naked shift cutting, between banks, the water had made an artificial channel and had poured through, cutting it into a V shape and making it nearly impassable for teams. Proper breadth and firmness for these roads, with bordering gutters, would have obviated all this. The ruin and the interference with business wrought in that one freshet was, no doubt, ten times greater than the expense would have been of guarding against it.

This matter is spoken of at some length, because it bears on the choice of route. The pedestrian does not want to get into the sort of country that has such roads, or is liable to have them after a rain. The roads in the South average a little worse than those in any other part of the country. Those in the Rocky Mountain belt would be worse, but they are saved from that distinction by their relative dryness. Again, the west is enterprising.

It was interesting, if humiliating, to compare these country roads with others that I subsequently traversed in England, Wales, Germany and Switzerland—broad, firm, stoutly bridged and wonderfully clean, swept, evidently, at frequent intervals, mended promptly and freed from stones, for even a pebble, the size of a hen's egg, is an unusual sight, except in the little pile collected for removal, beside the way. On these splendid highways it is common to meet people who travel afoot for the love of it—men, women and children on vacations, students spying out the land, families moving deliberately from place to place. In the English hill and lake districts you often see paterfamilias, in stout brogans and velveteens, plodding sturdily with a bevy of sportive youths and rapturous maidens about him, a vision of health and content. What a pity that we do not see the like among our stately hills and idyllic valleys. But the time will come—as the villain always says in the play—for as surely as travelers make roads, these roads make travelers.

If one wants to know a country, the quickest way to get information is the slowest way: go afoot, mix with the people, stop at their inns and smoke your pipe in their kitchens. The man who hurries through a region, seeing the railroad stations, which are like other railroad stations, the best hotels, which are the same as the best hotels the world over, and the conventional museums and galleries and churches, gets the same idea of it that he would get of an American town by stopping for a day with the wealthiest

deacon in the place and looking through his photograph album. One of the beauties of pedestrian travel is that little is expected of you. The man who jogs about on a horse is supposed to be fairly well to do; he is charged for presumptive wealth, any way, and is expected to present himself about places of public resort in his Sunday clothes; but the walker is like the soldier, his dress is the only one he has, and it is dignified by the service it represents.

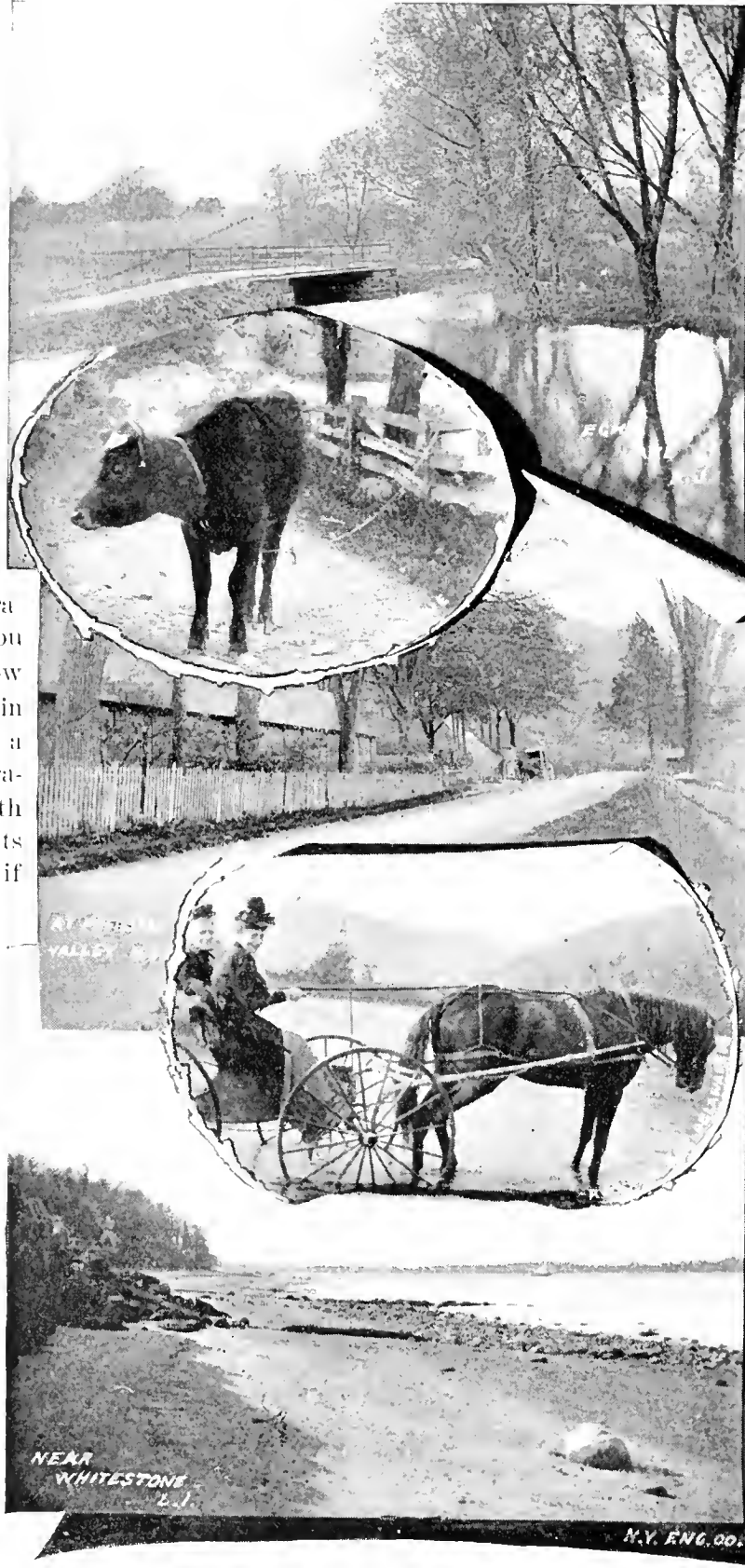
Preparations for a walking tour? They are few. Try to leave home with money enough to get back, and plan your excursion with moderate accuracy, deciding what you want most to see, how long to stay at certain places, and getting a notion of the geography of the region, with a few points about its history. All this if there is time to do it.

As to dress, just wear your old clothes—not the very oldest, because you don't want to fall to pieces in the street, so to speak, nor to be suspected by the idle fellows on the corner of relationship with "Weary Raggles." You don't want to enter your hotel by the back way. Gray is the best color for a tramp, because it does not show dust and stain, as black and blue will do. Nobody is comfortable in stiff linen, no matter whether he thinks he is or not; but, though we wear it for appearance sake in town, it is the height of absurdity to do so on a tramp, for perspiration will pres-

ently wilt the starch out of it and the dust will adhere to its moist surface. So, wear a flannel shirt, or a linen shirt with no starch in it, or a percale or madras. A soft hat, perforated for ventilation, or a light helmet make the best head gear. The shoes must be large enough, shaped to the feet by use, and may be softened and made water-proof by suet, tallow or oil, but, as leather thus treated is apt to cause sweating, it is as well not to grease them.

The Appalachian Club discourages the use of canes for mountain walks. Each to his liking. I would as soon think of going away without a knife or a comb or a tooth-brush or a night-gown or a gossamer rubber coat—the only freight that the pedestrian needs to carry—as a stick. If I cut it myself, from a sapling, so much the better, and the more worthless it is the better it suits me. A light, stout stick, about four feet long, is what I commonly choose. There are times when you may want to use such a cudgel on a dog or a snake, or possibly a tramp. It is handy to sound streams and pot holes and crevices with; it will help you to jump a ravine or bog; it urges you

along the road, but the principal good of it is that it gives your hands something to do, and it is company. If you lose it, no matter; there are plenty like it growing by the wayside. Gold-headed canes do not grow there, so it is better



not to take them. In the matter of outfit, I add only to the articles just named a watch, a notebook, a pencil, a novel and a map or a guide book. A map is often sufficient, but if you are going through the White Mountains, for example, it would be folly to refuse the assistance of so admirable a guide to that region as the one known as Osgood's, for it holds about all that one wants or needs to know. These things can be carried in a satchel, to be suspended from the shoulder by a strap, and if the trip is to be a long one, clean clothing, or a valise filled with effects can be sent on by express, to be called for at certain places. This may cost time and trouble, as well as money, for you can never be sure of finding what you

expect, where and when you expect it. I remember that four of us chased four wretched little parcels up and down Mount Washington, thence to Crawfords, thence to the Willey House and back to Crawfords one summer, and we vowed at that time that, come what might, we would never again submit to be separated from our tooth brushes. It is absurd to cast off a burden that weighs only four pounds, and that is the "heft" of my usual outfit. Some people insist on taking changes of linen, slippers, medicine, scissors, compasses and goodness knows what all, and after three hours of

it they frequently offer to let themselves be kicked for their folly.

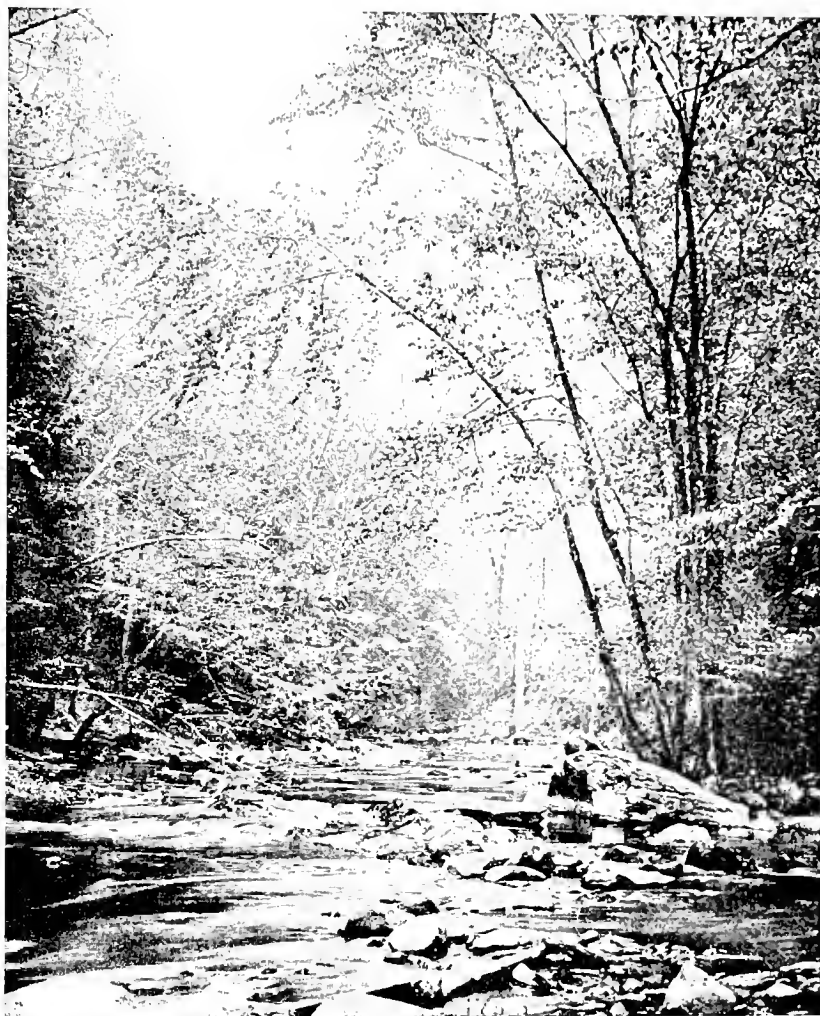
If I had one piece of advice to offer to walkers, it would be to carry just as little as possible. When you have read your novel, or other book—in the evening, and on rainy days—give it away and buy another. When you have worn holes in your stockings, do the same by them. Get neither books nor stockings that will cost you a heart-break to give up. If you collect minerals, botanical specimens, insects, photographs or relics, send them home by mail or express every few days. You can get washing done at the hotels

and, if you are in a hurry for it, it will be done in a hurry—and charged for vindictively. I regret to say.

It is supposed that you will sleep under a roof. It is more romantic to lie out in the bushes, getting wet and cold and still, and covered with bugs and spiders and staying awake from sheer misery all night, but a spring bed, or even a hay mow is better for a steady sleeping place. Beside, if you are a camper, you must weight yourself to the earth with effects, and you will want to go home. Any time is good for walking, and I have found the loneliness of mountain trails in winter, delightful, but autumn is undoubtedly the best time. It is the

season when you can rely on the best weather, the best views, the best color, the lowest charges and the least annoyance.

As to places to tramp through, let your own tastes govern your selection. Some want to be near the sea, some like the hills, some prefer the beaten path and others want to get away from it, some like a flat country, some like a historic region, some want a new and untried district, some want to add hunting and fishing, some want none of that, some want to go through a country with a sketch-book and others with a mineralogical hammer and a botany box.



By permission of "Garden and Forest."

IN BRONX PARK.

The valleys of the Hudson, St. Lawrence, Connecticut and Delaware are delightful; so are the Catskills and the mountains of North Carolina, though the roads are few and poor, so are the Green Mountains, and so, eminently, are the White Mountains, a region where everything has been done for the summer tourist that he could in reason ask to have done for him, yet they retain much of that wildness that is the greatest charm of mountains.

Walking is the cheapest as well as the most invigorating form of locomotion. Begin easy. Don't use yourself up. Remember that you are out to enjoy yourself, not to make a record.

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HOLYOKE, MASS.

THE PLEASURES OF CYCLING.

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS ARTICLE ARE FROM PHOTOS TAKEN BY A CYCLIST.

THERE are something more than half a million bicycles in use in this country, it is said. That stands for a genuine interest in the vehicle. They have come to stay, this time; whereas the old velocipedes and ungainly "ordinaries" have departed, as they were bound to do, through unsafety and inefficiency. Not only is the wheel the poor man's horse, but it is a carriage for a good many rich men, too. There is an exhilaration about the use of the machine, and the sense that it is accomplished by its rider, that does not pertain to any other form of locomotion. It has the advantage over a horse that it costs nothing to keep, travels longer, does not lose its head and run away, is not subject to spells of illness, and the bills for repairs are not as large as the bills for shoeing and stabling. It seems as though the limit of perfection had been reached in the modern bicycle, and not until the motor that is to propel it by electricity or kerosene comes into general use, will there be any marked change in its mechanism, or speed. In fact, there is a doubt if any motor will be popular, for, aside from the expense and trouble of charging it, there will be a less ready response in physical exhilaration than the rider gets from his wheel when he propels it with his own legs.

Nearly anybody can learn to ride a bicycle, and there are not a few riders who have taken it up at the age of seventy years, and more. But some have a gift for it. Weight is against a rider, at least for up hill work, albeit that burden is in his favor when he is on the down grade. Short wind, a feeble heart, and weak legs are against a man, likewise. But, by taking a moderate speed and restraining from "fancy business," a man can ride for ten hours with much less effort than walking the same time, and cover three times as many miles.

Women become as good riders as men, though they are perhaps not equal to them in long distance rides. Still, in the "century runs" that have become common of late—runs in companies, for a stretch of a hundred miles in a day—women have held their own with men. When a man and his wife have equal skill the bicycle offers a fine agency for the enjoyment of an excursion, for while women seldom walk they will ride. But don't use a tandem. Have some freedom of action.

Assuming that a man is not married, however, or that his wife does not care for long runs into the country, or that he is a mean creature who would rather send her to a five-dollar-a-day hotel, while he revels in the cheaper taverns of the rural districts, we will suppose that a vacation on the wheels—why do they not allow the machine to be a plural, like trousers?—has been resolved



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upon. Costume is to be considered, and custom, not to say fashion, has allowed the introduction of one that is neat, serviceable and distinctive. To appear on the wheel without it is really to be more conspicuous than with it, in spite of the fact that it involves long stockings, knickerbockers, a jacket and cap.

You may prefer a sweater to a jacket. The appearance of a man on a wheel in ordinary street dress, with his trousers in the grip of clasps, to keep them from catching in the chain, is not winning. A woman looks well in anything so, of course, she looks well in the divided skirt, which is the safest thing out for cycling.

It may fairly be said that the bicycle is the only method of locomotion, by personal effort, that incites one to extend the work and journey. There is comparatively so little fatigue, and the ground is covered so rapidly, that there is a constant desire to extend the distance. Fifty to seventy miles a day, which would be hard work for a horse, is comparatively easy for a sound and seasoned cyclist, and nothing can be more thoroughly enjoyable and beneficial. Such trips should be made in a company of not more than two or three, for it seems impossible for more than that number to agree as to the speed, the route, and the distance to be run; there is sure to be a "scorcher" as well as a "laggard" in any large party.

Don't go out for a long run, however, unless you have tried yourself, and your machine, and your companions, if possible, by a number of

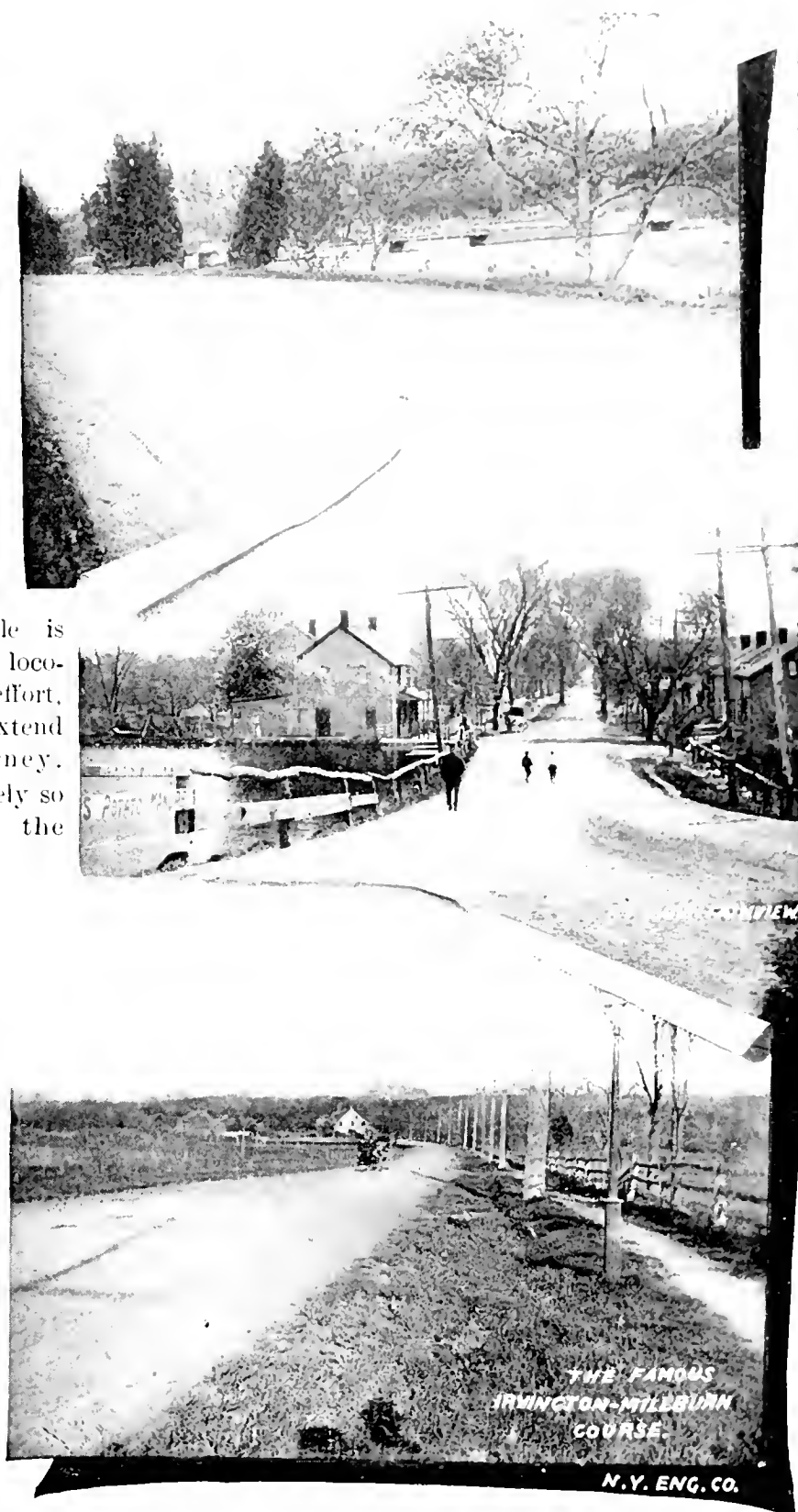
short runs within easy distance of home. And above all things, when you do go off for a day or two, or more, put a strong curb on every desire to "scorch" or to do a "century," or any other fancy work. You will get through country village streets with less danger of all kinds, ill-

will of choleric bumpkins, mischievous dogs, or children &c. if you are going at a seven mile gait instead of a mile a minute, with your head at right angles with your legs. Don't forget that there is yet a lingering idea, among those who still drive

horses, that bicycles are useless, unnatural and mischievous; in fact there are many backwoods men and half-civilized bucolics who seem yet in doubt whether it is not their duty, as good citizens, to run them down. The roads have been used so long by horses and their drivers that they don't like to give up their monopoly.

A trip should be made with a view to comfort and fresh air, rather than mileage. Don't imitate the foolish virgins and start out without your oil, as well as the

little tools and et ceteras that will insure repairs to your machine, as well as cater to your personal wants and desires. Let the party decide what is wanted for each, and for the wants of the whole, and then let the whole lot be divided up into equal bundles for each; while it may not be wise to take only one spare pair of pants for the party, or one tooth brush,



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it is certainly not necessary that each should carry a complete set of tools and repair kit; one set will do for all. Don't forget a cup, for when you are perspiring at every pore, at the rate of a quart an hour, you will want a drink at every sign of water; and a bit of court-plaster, and a thread and needle may be useful, and perhaps a small air-pillow to sit on after the first steady work of a day or so; there are many little things that you had better think of before starting, than discover the want of after you have got out into the wilderness.

Take a chain and lock with you, and secure your wheel when you stop. It will be pleasanter if you wake up in a strange room, in the silent watches of the night, to know that your wheel is safe under your bed, or locked up, than to lay and wonder whether some wretch has got away with it. Although the wheel insurance companies can hardly bring you home from a trip on one of the wheels that they loan you, until yours is found, still there must be a certain amount of comfort in the knowledge that there is somebody standing ready to make your loss good.

The expenses of bicycle outings are entirely under control. On a train or boat the tourist

pays so much a mile; fifty miles on a train will cost at least one dollar, while on a bicycle the same distance will cost nothing but some perspiration and perhaps a few stiffened muscles. A train is an uncomfortable place on which to enjoy a pocket lunch; if on a cycle, you can lay off under a tree, by a babbling brook, or a crystal spring, "far from the busy haunts of men" and absorb refreshment for the soul and spirit, while satisfying the bodily wants. You are not likely to strike high-priced hotels. The little country inns will feed you for fifty cents a meal, usually good substantial meals, and the same sum for lodgings. Go to bed as early as you can, but don't let the good quality of your bed tempt you to linger in it; get up and away in the early hours. An early rise, a good cold douche and rubbing, even at the pump in the yard if you can do no better, some bread and milk, if too early for more substantial things, and some crusts stowed in your pockets, for a nibble before dinner; be sure that your wheel is all right, and then take the road; such a start, by five o'clock, will fill you with elasticity, give you the sweetest hours of the day for a run, and let you rest in the hottest and meanest.

FIVE GOOD BICYCLE TRIPS.

The following routes are described from actual experience, and are all over *good roads*, including some of the finest in the country. They are within easy distance of railroads, so that, in case of mishap, the rider may return. After getting some distance from New York, the various turns, at every fork and cross-roads, are not given. An occasional inquiry will enable the rider to get along all right.

On Long Island.—Starting from Brooklyn, take Eastern Parkway, about two miles, to East New York Avenue, turn to left, about half-a-mile, to Liberty Avenue, continue along Liberty Avenue until the end of the Kings County Elevated Railroad is reached. A short turn to the left leads into Broadway, which is a straight road for about three miles, to *Jamaica*, where a turn to the right is made, into the *Rockaway Turnpike*; about two miles from Jamaica, turn to the left into *Locust Avenue*, which leads into the *Merrick Road*, where a turn to the right is made. The Merrick Road continues straight along for about ten miles from this turn to *Freeport*, passing through *Springfield*, *Valley Stream*, *Pearsalls* (Lynbrook) and *Rockville Center*. At Freeport turn to left to *Hempstead*, about five miles. The return trip may be shortened by taking the direct road from Hempstead to Rockville Center, about seven miles. This trip is over the finest stretch of road on Long Island, from Jamaica to Freeport, and is level all the way. The scenery consists of well-kept farms and private estates, with quite a little wood-land, but the country being so flat there is little else to be seen. The good road is the great attraction, and if the rider wishes to go further than Freeport, the road continues good to Babylon, about thirteen miles beyond, passing through *Merrick*, *Mossapequa* and *Amityville*. Brooklyn riders may prefer to take the Kings County Elevated Railroad (at any Station) in order to avoid the three mile stretch of block pavement on Liberty Avenue; ten cents extra is charged for wheels. New Yorkers who wish to avoid the Brooklyn part of the route can do so by taking the College Point Ferry at 99th Street, East River, to College Point, thence to Flushing and Jamaica, about eight miles from College Point.

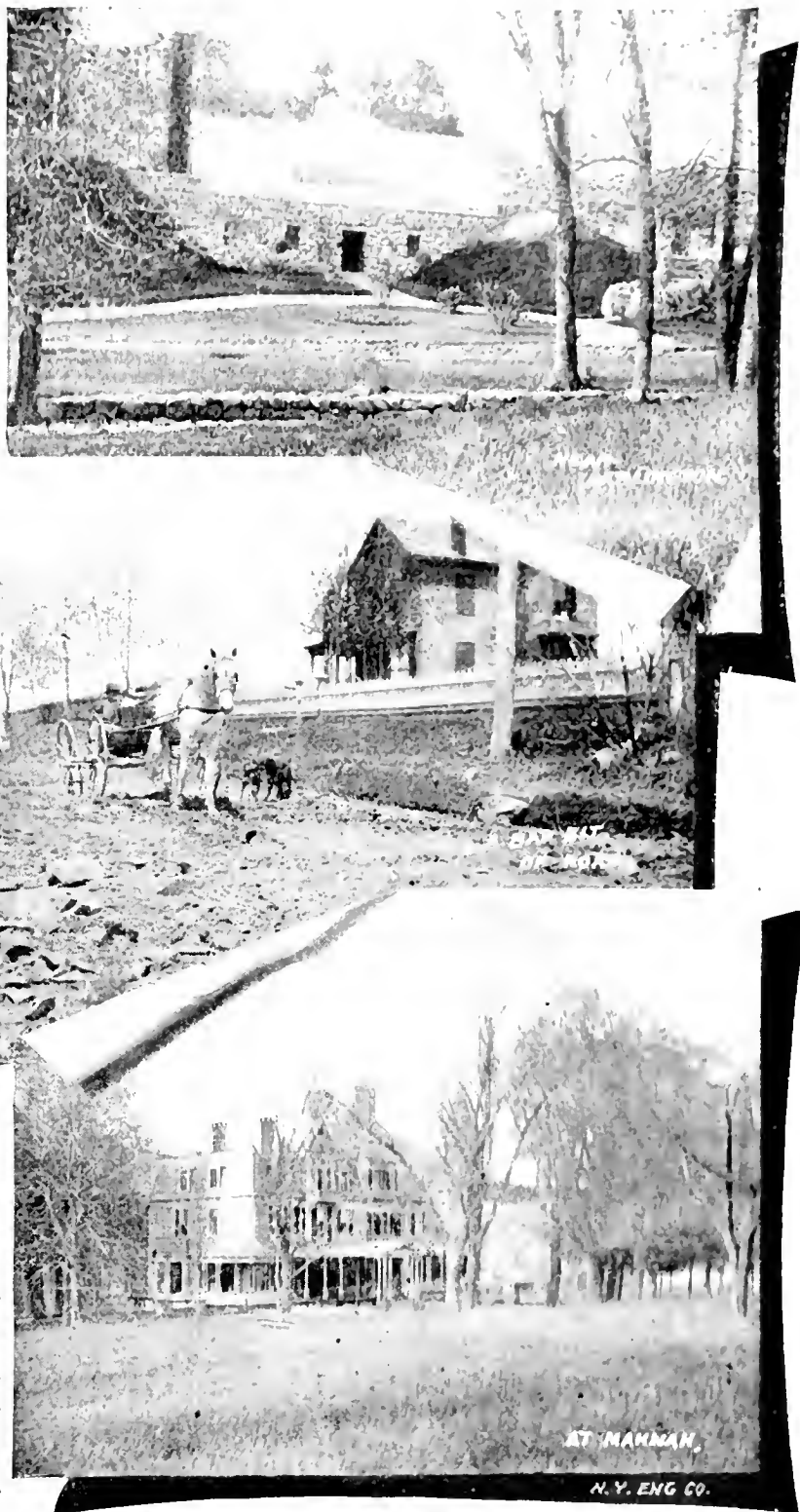
Through the Orange Valley, from Newark to Plainfield.—Take railroad to Newark. In Newark, take Market Street and turn to right into Plane Street for about five blocks; then turn to left into Central Avenue, for about two-and-a-half miles; then turn to right into South Grove Street, about two miles; then to the left into Park Avenue (*East Orange*) about one-and-a-half miles to *Llewellyn Park*; turn to left here, to *Orange*, about one-half mile; continue straight along for about a mile, to *South Orange*; at Valley Hotel (South Orange) take road to the right, and a mile further on, at church on left side of road, turn to the left, cross railroad tracks, and at Griffiths drug store (a short distance after crossing the tracks) turn to the right. This road leads to *Maplewood*, where a turn to the right is made, until *Millburn* is reached. From Maplewood to Millburn is part of the celebrated Irvington-Millburn road. From Millburn keep to the left, to *Springfield*, about two miles, then to the right, and at first turn, to the left again into an almost straight stretch of about eight miles, to *Scotch Plains*. After turning to the left to enter this village, turn to the right again at first turn, into a straight stretch of road for five miles, to *Plainfield*. Leaving Plainfield by North Avenue, the rider passes through *Fairwood* to *Westfield*, a straight road of about four miles. At Westfield, cross railroad tracks, keeping to the right until R.R. station is passed, then to the left; then to right again at next turn, until *Cranford* is reached. There is a stretch of about eight miles of road, without any turn worth mentioning, from Cranford to *Elizabeth*, passing through *Roselle*, and *El Mora*. When Elizabeth is reached, a turn to the left for about a mile will put the rider on a macadam road for about six

miles, into Broad Street, *Newark*. When Broad Street is reached, turn to left, about one mile, to Market Street. The round trip covers about forty miles, and except for a few blocks in Newark and in Elizabeth about two-and-a-half miles altogether is on the finest roads in the country. No part of the route is hilly enough to be avoided; there's as much down-hill as up—and as the road outward follows the valley of the Orange Mountains, the scenery is very fine.

Over Staten Island into Jersey.—Take boat at foot of Whitehall Street—no extra charge for wheels. At St. George take road to the left, climbing a short hill, then keep to the left through *Tompkinsville* and *Stapleton* to Vanderbilt Avenue, *Clifton*, about two-and-one-half miles; turn to the right into Vanderbilt Avenue, and about one-and-one-half miles further on, turn to the left into the straight road for *New Dorp*, about four miles. At Black Horse Inn, New Dorp (an old landmark), take road to the left, and at next fork keep to the left through the woods for about a mile, when a fine macadam road is reached, leading straight to *Tottenville*, about nine miles, passing through *Aman-dah*, *Huguenot* and *Princess Bay*. After riding about half a mile through Tottenville, turn to the right to the Perth Amboy Ferry, about one-half mile. Take ferry to *Perth Amboy*, fare ten cents, boats run every hour; continue up street leading from ferry into the straight road for *Metuchen*, about six miles. In Metuchen turn to the right into the straight road for *Rahway*, about six miles, following the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks all the way, and passing through *Menlo Park*, *Iselin* and *Colonia*. At Rahway cross railroad tracks to the left, and about one-third of a mile further, turn to right into the road for Elizabeth, crossing the Rahway River twice within the first mile. About one-half mile after crossing second bridge, keep to the right at fork leading to *Cranford*, and at *Whatsheaf*, one-and-one-half miles further on, keep to the right into *Elizabeth*, about two miles. From Elizabeth to Newark see "Orange Valley trip." This trip can be shortened six miles by taking the road from Perth Amboy via *Woodbridge* to Rahway; that road is of heavy red clay, and is said to be good at times, but the writer's experience is otherwise. Better inquire before risking it. This trip is unique in the matter of scenery, as at times the road follows the shore, affording a view of the upper and lower bays, and then goes inland amongst the hills and woods, crossing a brook now and then, and catching a glimpse of the sea occasionally, where the road is on high ground. In the Jersey part of the route, the fine residences and grounds along the road are the chief attraction, it being a flat country in that section.

Through the Ramapo Valley.—Take New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad to Belleville—no charge for wheels, but "release" must be signed. At Belleville take road south of station, turning to the left through the village. After crossing bridge over small stream, two-and-a-half miles further on, turn to right, cross railroad tracks, turning to the left one-third mile beyond. Pass under Erie Railroad bridge at *Passaic Bridge Station*, about two miles, and continue straight along through the town until *Passaic Station* is reached, just one mile from Passaic Bridge. Take road on the East side of Railroad Station, following the river (called *Duane Lake* at this point) for three miles. Turn to left after passing Cemetery, about one-and-a-quarter miles, then to *Paterson*, right into Madison Street, for two blocks, then left into *Park Avenue* to *Market Street*, continuing along until street ends, about one-and-a-half miles. Walk up hill to the right, leading into a small park surrounding the *Passaic Falls*, which are well worth a visit. Leaving the Falls, continue up the river on the same side,

following the middle of the river for about two miles, then turn to the right, about two miles, and after crossing another bridge, turn to the left, about two miles, through *Little Falls* to *Scranton*, about two miles. At *Scranton* turn to right at first fork, to *Mountain View*, about two-and-a-half miles. Cross canal and turn to the right, about two-and-a-half miles further, on cross another canal, to the *Ramapo River* immediately afterwards. About one mile further, after crossing river, turn to the right into *Pompton Plains*, about two miles. Keep straight along for two-and-a-half miles, then



turn to the right into *Pompton*, crossing the river close together within the next mile, and at next fork turn to the left. A half-mile further on turn to the right at next fork, passing alongside *Pompton Lake*; turn to the right over bridge, about a mile, and after crossing bridge, take road to the left for one-and-one-half miles, and at fork by the Church turn to left to *Oakland*, about one-half mile. There is a straight road from this place to *Darlington*, following the Ramapo River all the way, about six miles. Take road to the right at Darlington

to *Ramsays*, about two miles. Then to *Allendale*, about two miles. The road from *Darlington* to *Allendale* is quite tortuous, but is easily followed, being the best road. From *Allendale* to *Ridgewood*, about two-and-a-half miles, is fairly straight, passing through *Hobokus*. Turn to the right at *Ridgewood*, taking the road through *Hawthorne* to *Paterson*, about three miles. This trip may be shortened by keeping straight ahead at fork at the Church before reaching *Oakland*. Turn to the right at next fork, and about a mile further on turn to the left, passing alongside *Franklin Lake*. At cross roads, a mile or so beyond *Franklin Lake*, turn to the right into a road leading straight into *Paterson*, about seven miles. This trip is without doubt the finest, for scenery, that can be covered in a days trip from New York, following, as it does, the Passaic and Ramapo Rivers most of the way. The mountains on all sides vary from four hundred and fifty to over eight hundred feet in height, but the road, being in the valley, is level all through.

To Port Jervis and the Delaware Water Gap, about a three days trip.—Take “Through the Ramapo Valley” route, as described on preceding page, as far as *Darlington*, but continue straight ahead instead of taking road to the

right, until *Suffern* is reached, about six miles. From *Suffern* take road following Erie R.R. tracks on right side leading through *Ramapo* and *Sterlington* to *Sloatsburg*, about five miles. From *Sloatsburg* take road through *Taredo*, *Southfields* and *Arden* to *Turners*, about fifteen miles; then through *Mourne*, *Oxford*, *Greycourt*, *Chester* and *Goshon*, following Erie R.R. tracks most of the way, and crossing them occasionally, to *Middletown* via *Phillipsburg* and *Mechanicstown*. *Middletown* is about twenty-three miles from *Turners*. From *Middletown*, via *Mount Hope* and *Otisville*, then over *Shawangunk Mountains* to *Gugumeds*, *Huguenot* and *Port Jervis*, about twenty miles from *Middletown*. Cross bridge at *Port Jervis*, keeping road to left to *Milford*, seven miles; following the river road to *Dingmans Ferry*, ten miles from *Milford*; then to *Delaware*, *Egypt Mills* and *Bushkill*, ten miles from *Dingmans*. At *Bushkill*, the fine stretch which has extended all the way from *Port Jervis* ends, and from here into *Delaware Water Gap*, via *Shawnee* and *Experiment Mills*, is fair riding only, a distance of six miles. The writer took train here for New York. Train can be taken as far as *Pompton*, and the run made from *Pompton* to New York as described in the outward part of trip “Through the Ramapo Valley.”

CHARGES FOR BICYCLES ON STEAMBOATS AND RAILROADS.

The Transportation of Cycles by Railroads and Steamboats is becoming a very serious question to the lines; the machines take up so much room (they cannot be piled up like trunks) and they cannot be “fired” around in the style supposed to be indulged in by the average Baggage “Smasher.” Some lines continue to carry them free; the following are the lines that have at this time decided to make a charge, which there is little doubt all lines will ultimately do.

The majority of the Railroads starting at New York City carry Cycles without charge, many of them, however, requiring a signed “release.” The New York Central & Hudson River; the New York, New Haven & Hartford and the New York & Putnam Roads make a charge equivalent to the regular charge made for one hundred pounds of “Excess Baggage.”

The following is a list of the Steamboats and Lines that now make a charge:

Albany Day Line.....	50 cents.	Huntington.....	25 cents.	Meta.....	25 cents.	Norwalk Line.....	25 cents.
Ben Franklin Line....	25 cents.	Idlewild.....	25 cents.	New Brunswick.....	25 cents.	Norwich Line.....	65 cents.
Bridgeport Line.....	25 cents.	Keyport Boat.....	15 cents.	New Haven Lines....	25 cents.	Peoples Line.....	40 cents.
Citizens Line.....	50 cents.	Kingston Line.....	50 cents.	New London Line....	60 cents.	Port Chester.....	25 cents.
College Point Ferry..	10 cents.	Maid of Kent.....	25 cents.	Newport Line.....	50 cents.	Providence Line....	60 cents.
Fall River Line.....	50 cents.	Mary Powell.....	25 or 50 cents.	Northport.....	25 cents.	Red Bank Boats....	25 cents.
Glenville.....	25 cents.					Stonington Line....	40 cents.

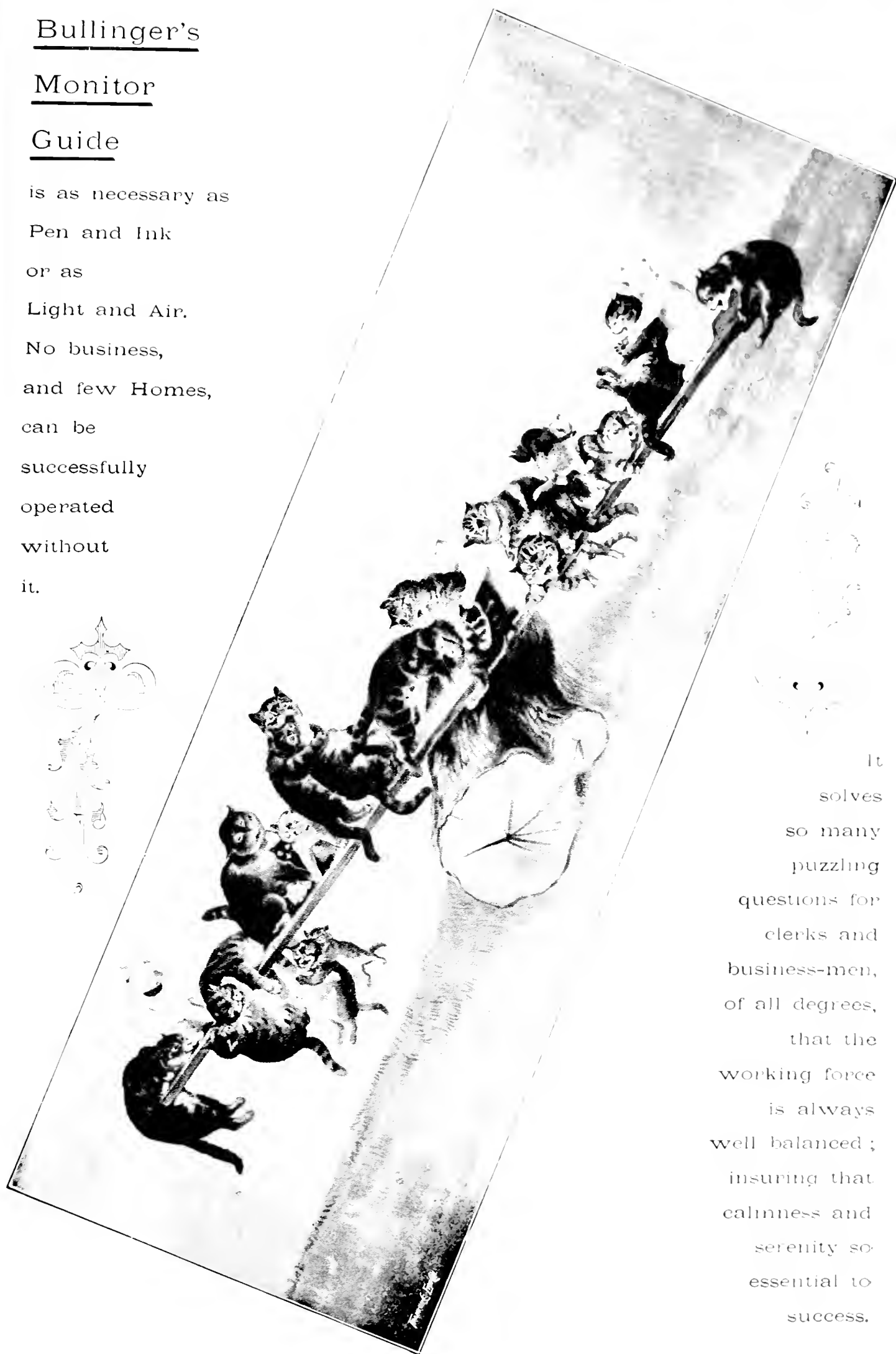
Bullinger's Monitor Guide will answer many questions, about—Hotels—Postage—Flats — Cemeteries — Banks — Churches—Tides—Clubs—Hospitals —Theatres—Office Buildings—Storage Warehouses.

Also a general assortment of useful and ornamental facts.

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and few Homes,
can be
successfully
operated
without
it.



It
solves
so many
puzzling
questions for
clerks and
business-men,
of all degrees,
that the
working force
is always
well balanced ;
insuring that
calmness and
serenity so
essential to
success.

FRESH AIR AND EXERCISE.

AS a matter of mere invigoration, and a wise and judicious investment in the direction of increase of brain power and ability to do more work, would it not pay employers to insist that their clerks should take more out-door exercise? Indeed, is there not a growing impression that it would be wise for employers to contribute time occasionally to that purpose?

As for the clerks, and in fact all business men, if they had any care for their own best welfare—the health and strength that must underlie all successes—they would take advantage of every opportunity for open-air exercises; hundreds of opportunities that they now neglect scorn perhaps. It is the great failing of the times, as unceasingly told by all physicists, that we are degenerating into a mere aggregation of nerves, with atrophied muscles and circulatory organs; always tired, always fretful, always wakeful, the "misery" feeling always at hand. Open-air exercise of from four to six miles a day, would unfailingly send the blood pulsating to the extremities and back, cleansing out the cinders and ashes and effete matter deposited by the sluggish, and more sluggish, movement of the life flood during the bodily inaction of the business hours. But clerks and working people will not do that: they prefer with fish-like patience to crowd the cars of all kinds, in a mad desire to reach their homes or their business with the least possible physical exertion. And the wonder grows, when one considers that such slow-suicidal practices prevail so universally,

If but a few could be persuaded to try natures own, and only, restorative for tired and jaded nerves and brains, the custom would certainly spread and make more and more friends. What is the secret of the last and most exciting fad—the bicycle—but that the legs are used as agitators or pumps to set the blood in motion, producing

an exhilaration not otherwise attainable: persons who would scorn to walk a mile or two, will bow their backs, and use their heads as battering-rams, in a wild desire to do a "century" in a day. It is, however, dull work for

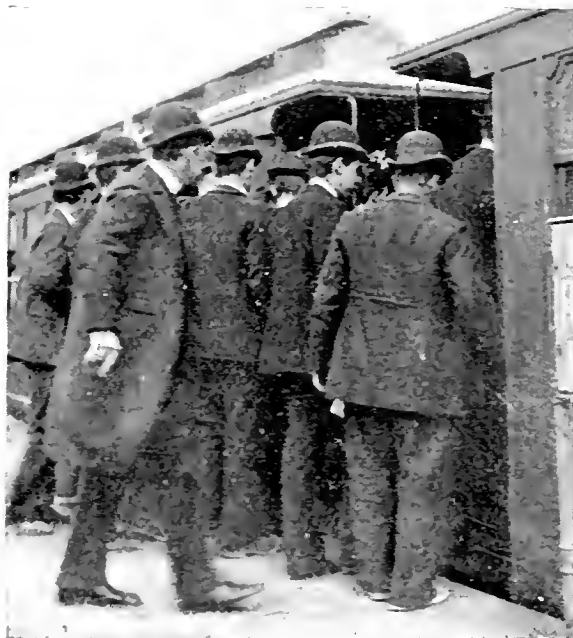
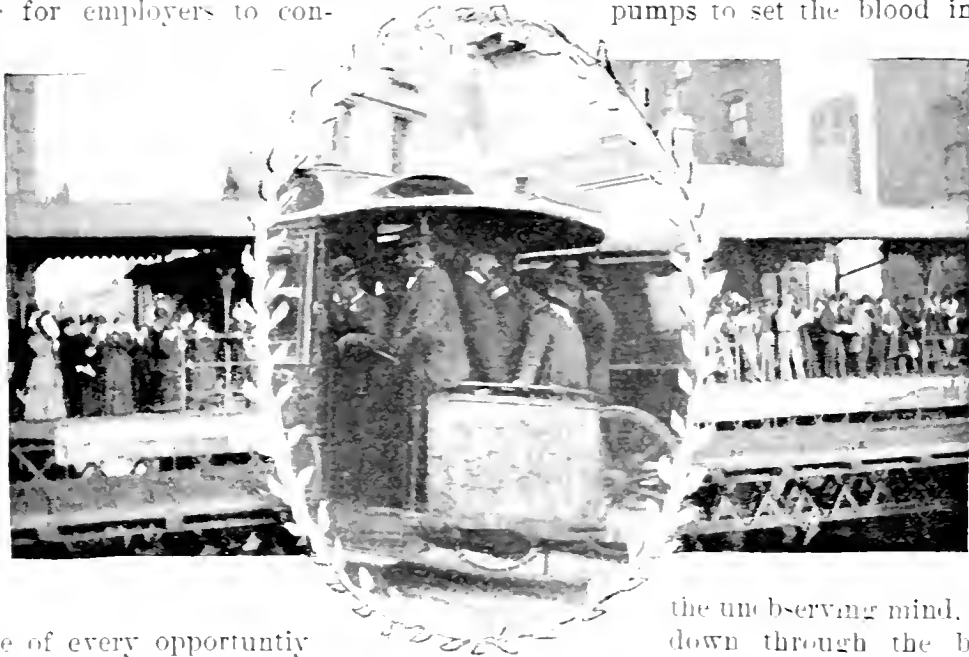
the unobserving mind, tramping up and down through the bustling, hustling throngs of our crowded city streets, and there are times when the atmosphere seems strangely unlike the sweet air of heaven. Then it is that we all long to get close to nature.

"With the upward rise,
And with the vastness grow."

That such longings are not realized more frequently, is chiefly because the opportunities to do so are not familiar. Indeed the public has no realizing sense of the inducements offered to them by all transportation lines: we have a habit of growling at them, whereas we would be better employed and wiser, too, if we would more frequently use the advantages that they offer.

And thousands of people forget, or do not know, that there is a vast deal worth seeing and enjoying in the space of a few miles from New York,

with attractions for all tastes, dispositions and resources. There are, moreover, far ends and unconsidered trifles of time that hang upon many hands, which could be put to better account in acquiring a



knowledge of these attractions, than in the common and lamentable town practice of idling on the steps of boarding houses or loitering disconsolately in the streets. Nature is but a step from the city, and she invites all to take pleasure and profit in her society.

Think for a moment of a ride of forty six miles, occupying four hours, for ten cents, and all in mid-air. That is the portion offered to us by the Elevated railroads of New York—from One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Street and Third Avenue, to South Ferry, thence to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street and Eighth Avenue—twenty-three miles—two hours—for five cents; return over same route, for same fare. The cheapest and most interesting four-hour ride in the world.

Then consider Staten Island. St. George is five miles, by boat, across the most beautiful bay in the world, thence to Arlington or to South Beach, five miles more, and all for ten cents—ten miles—forty five minutes—for ten cents. It is marvelous.

What opportunities for fresh air, and "moving pictures by flood and tide," on the various ferries that cover all parts of the bay and rivers; and the city cable and trolley car lines, for five cents, will take you to bits of woods and unpolluted air that you little dream of.

The subject grows as one thinks of it. An attempt is made in the following pages to suggest possibilities for short and reasonable outings, near the city, that will suit all tastes and purses.

LONG SAILS ON FERRIES.

THE fares, miles and time given at each are for the round trip, out and back. It will be readily understood that the hours on which the trips are made (being subject to change) cannot properly be given here, but they can always be found by reference to "Ferries" in the General Index of BULLINGER'S MONITOR GUIDE:

Staten Island, from Whitehall Street, ten miles, fare twenty cents, time fifty minutes. This fare also includes a ride on the Staten Island Railroad, of about twenty minutes more, along the shores of New York Harbor.

Bay Ridge, from Whitehall Street, ten miles, fare twenty cents, time forty minutes.

Thirty-ninth Street, Brooklyn, from Whitehall Street, eight miles, fare ten cents, time forty minutes.

Long Island City, from James Slip, ten miles, fare twelve cents, time fifty minutes.

College Point, from East Ninety-ninth Street, ten miles, fare twenty cents, time eighty minutes. See article, "Through Hell Gate."



Brooklyn Annex, from Fulton Street, Brooklyn, eight miles, fare fifteen cents, time thirty-five minutes.

Weehawken, from Franklin Street, eight miles, fare ten cents, time forty minutes.

Fort Lee, from West Thirtieth Street, twenty miles, fare twenty five cents, time ninety minutes.

Jersey City, from West Twenty-third Street, seven miles, fare six cents, time forty minutes; a fine sail on the Hudson.



Fort Lee, from One Hundred and Thirtieth Street, six miles, fare twenty cents, time thirty minutes. Can return to New York by line (see above) to West Thirtieth Street, fare fifteen cents.

OUTINGS BY STREET RAILWAYS.

OUR street railway systems offer the following opportunities for a breath of fresh air at the price of a regular fare:

Riverside Drive and Park, extending along the bank of the Hudson River, about two and a-half miles, between Seventy-second Street and One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street. The park is of irregular width; bounded on the east side by Riverside Drive, one of the grand boulevards laid out by the city authorities, the east side of which is lined by sumptuous private residences. The park lies west of the drive, extending to the river, covering the side of the hill and bluffs, in some places one hundred and fifty feet high. The park is under the supervision of the Municipal Park Department and is ornamented with flower-beds in places, and is largely covered with the original growth of forest trees. There are parts of the park lying under the bluffs, that are as quiet and secluded as similar woods in Orange County. At the north end of the park, the view from the top of the bluffs embraces a section of the Hudson River, quite as large, and quite as fine, as many of the views that may be obtained from the famed Hudson River Highlands. The drive lies about five blocks west of the west-side elevated railroad; about four blocks west of the Columbus Avenue Line; the Third Avenue Cable Line reaches the park by its Fort Lee Ferry Branch.

High Bridge.—This grand Croton Water Aqueduct Bridge was supposed, at the time it was erected, to be one of the seven wonders of the world, and is, even now, well worth a visit. It commands an extensive view of the Harlem River, and at its western terminus there is a small public park, surrounding the reservoir. This is probably the pleasantest point at which to secure row-boats for a trip on the Harlem River. The west side elevated railroad in connection with the New York & Putnam Railroad runs direct to the

bridge, fare ten cents. The Amsterdam Avenue Branch of the Third Avenue Cable System runs to High Bridge Park; fare five cents.

Washington Bridge, one of the most magnificent bridges in the world, commanding an extensive view of the Harlem River, and with beautiful rambles at each terminus. Reached by the Amsterdam Avenue Branch of the Third Avenue Cable System; fare five cents.

Fort George, a high and pretty wooded bluff at One Hundred and Ninetieth Street and Amsterdam Avenue, overlooking the Harlem River and Inwood, as far as Spuyten Duyvil. Four blocks from the terminus of the Amsterdam Avenue Branch of the Third Avenue Cable System; fare five cents.

Crotona Park, one of the municipal public parks, lying on the east side of Third Avenue, between One Hundred and Seventieth Street and One Hundred and Seventy-eighth Street. It covers one hundred and thirty-five acres, and is entirely in a natural state, thickly wooded and without a single sign "keep off the grass." The suburban branch of the east-side elevated railroads runs directly to the park at Wendover Avenue Station; fare five cents.

The Brooklyn Street Railway Lines running to, or transferring to other lines for Fort Hamilton, Bensonhurst, Bath Beach, Flatlands and Jamaica, all afford an opportunity for an outing in the woods, or on the shore, for eight to ten cents.

Hoboken Street Cars, over the hill, lead to many very

pretty walks in the neighborhood of Palisade Avenue, Hudson Heights, &c., and the Weehawken Street Cars, run back in the country with pleasant roads, woods, &c., towards Guttenburg, with fine views from the top of the bluffs overlooking the Hudson and New York City.



CONEY ISLAND, ROCKAWAY, ETC.

THIS work gives no particulars about Long Branch, Coney Island, Glen Island, Rockaway Beach, South Beach, North Beach, Bowers Beach, Fort Wendel, Umler Park and such places. They all have a character distinctly their own and are so widely advertised that it is unnecessary to include them in a work like this.

There are possibilities of a fine and healthy outing at some of them, especially at Coney Island, in leaving the crowded "Boweries" and "West Ends" and such places, and wandering off into the natural country that is beyond. At Coney Island a very pleasant new trip has been opened by the "Sea Beach Route," which has put a boat on between Nortons Point (now called "Sea Gate"—and Bay Ridge, giving an opportunity for a sail from New York to Bay Ridge, thence by rail to the Island, thence by walk along the beach to Nortons Point, thence by boat past Fort Hamilton to Bay Ridge, thence to New York; fare for trip, forty cents.

SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.

WHAT shall we do with our half-holiday? A number of the illustrated articles herein, and many of the suggested trips, will give delightful opportunities for a boat or rail ride, starting by one or two o'clock, having a walk of two or three hours, and returning by seven to nine o'clock.

Time-tables of the various lines must be consulted, of course, in making the choice of trip.

There are a few special Saturday afternoon trips by boats that are very fine; some to return by same boat, others to return by another boat or by railroad.

For Sea Cliff, Etc.—The Idlewild leaves Peck Slip at 3.00 p.m.; arrives in New York, on return, at 9.00 p.m.; fare for trip, 50 cents.

For West Point.—The Mary Powell leaves Desbrosses Street at 1.45 p.m., due at West Point at 4.30 p.m.; return by West Shore Railroad at about 6.00 p.m.; fare for trip, \$1.00.; or return by Ramsdell Line Steamer, leaving at 7.50 p.m., due in New York about midnight; fare for trip, \$1.00.

For Newburg.—The Kingston Line leaves West Tenth Street at 1.00 p.m., due at Newburg at 4.30 p.m.; fare, 50 cents; return by Ramsdells Line at 7.00 p.m., due in New York about midnight, fare, 50 cents; total, \$1. Or return by West Shore Railroad as late as 8.00 p.m., fare, \$1.16; total, \$1.66.

Red Bank boats leave Franklin Street at 3.00 p.m., a three hours sail for 40 cents; return from Red Bank by railroad until a late hour; fare, \$1.00; total, \$1.40.

Atlantic Highlands boats leave Rector Street at about 1.00 and 3.45 p.m.; time one and one quarter hours, and return as late as about 6.00 p.m.; fare for round trip, \$1.00.

Highland Beach boats leave Jane Street at 3.00 p.m., time one and three-quarter hours; return by same line; single fare, 35 cents; excursion fare, 50 cents; or return by Central Railroad of New Jersey, either via "all rail" or via Atlantic Highlands and boat, until about 5.30 p.m., fare to New York by either way, \$1.00.

Tarrytown boat leaves West Tenth Street at 2.30 p.m.; time, two hours; fare, 25 cents; return by New York Central Railroad as late as about 10.00 p.m.; fare, 11 cents; total fare, 69 cents.

Keyport boat leaves Bloomfield Street about 3.00 p.m.; time, two hours; fare, 30 cents; return by railroad as late as about 6.30 p.m.; fare, 70 cents, total, \$1.00.

Perth Amboy boat leaves Pier 6, North River, about 3.00 p.m.; time, two and a half hours; fare, 25 cents; return by railroad as late as 8.00 p.m.; fare, 40 cents; total, 65 cents.

For Newburg.—The Mary Powell leaves Desbrosses Street at 1.45 p.m., due at Newburg at 5.15 p.m.; return by Ramsdells Line at 7.00 p.m., due in New York about midnight; fare for trip, \$1.25.

SUNDAY OUTINGS.

THERE are but few Sunday trips, by steamboats, that are absolutely clean in every respect.

The best are those by lines that run every day of the week, the worst are those that are run for Sunday business only. The steamboat tables in BELLINGER'S MONITOR GUIDE show all boats that are running, with their days, hours, &c.

Very many of the Outings suggested and described in these pages can be made on Sundays also, but the railroads do not run as many trains on that day, and there is a possibility that the company, on the return trip to the city, may be larger and not as pleasant or as desirable, as on a week day evening.

STATEN ISLAND! : STATEN ISLAND!

THE GREATEST OF ALL SUMMER RESORTS.

Swept by Ocean Breezes and Pronounced by all the Coolest and Most Attractive Resort near New York.

Healthful and Delightful, Exquisite Views, Beautiful Cloud Effects, Splendid Hotels, Desirable Cottage Sites, Excellent Roads, Superior Educational Facilities, Handsome Churches, Substantial Public Buildings, every Natural Attraction, all Modern Conveniences.

Only 20 Cents Excursion from the foot of Whitehall Street, by the Superbly Equipped Staten Island Rapid Transit, the Cheapest and Best Excursion Route leaving the City.

Cool and Enchanting Sail down the Picturesque Harbor, passing all Points of Interest and Connecting with Railroad traversing a Beautiful and Fascinating Country.

The People's Playground—STATEN ISLAND—The Family Man's Refuge.

AS a place of residence Staten Island stands alone, accessible from all points and in close proximity to all channels of travel. The only convenient resort near New York that can boast of possessing the combined allurements of an interior district with those of the seashore. Cheap rents, cheap fares. Only 20 cents excursion. Commutation at low rates. Finest ferry house in New York. Largest and handsomest ferry boats in the harbor. New cars, new stations, quick transit. Boats every 20 minutes from the foot of Whitehall Street, connecting with trains for all points on Staten Island.

The Wage-Earners' Paradise—STATEN ISLAND—The Married Man's Friend.

IMPROVEMENTS—In contemplation: New ferry house at St. George. Double tracking Perth Amboy Division. Extension of Perth Amboy Division to waters edge at Tottenville. New depot at Tottenville.

FRANK S. CANNON, General Manager. **R. W. POLLOCK, General Traffic Agent.**
Foot of Whitehall Street, New York.

NEW YORK & LONG BRANCH STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

A Delightful Sail through the Narrows and Lower New York Bay can be had by the Elegant Steamers

MARY PATTEN, PLEASURE BAY and ELBERON,

Through the Shrewsbury River, for Highland Beach, Seabright, Pleasure Bay,
BRANCHPORT and LONG BRANCH.

Good Crabbing, Fishing, Boating, Rhode Island Clambakes, &c., can be obtained and Bathing in either Still Water or Surf. Shaded Picnic Grounds in Sight of the Ocean.

The best route for **Horses and Carriages** to Long Branch, Asbury Park, Ocean Grove, &c.

Excursion Fare (Week-days and Sundays), 50 Cents for 6 Hours Sail.

Transfer via Railway to Asbury Park and Return—ONE DOLLAR.

Leaving New York, foot of Jane Street, as per timetable shown in table of "Steamboats for Places not on Hudson River," in Bullinger's Monitor Guide.

New York & Long Branch Transfer Co., will Check Baggage from Residence to destination.

HOTEL • CASTLETON, ST. GEORGE, NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND.

— OPEN ALL THE YEAR —

Five Minutes from Ferry. Hotel Stage in Waiting.

Magnificent location, twenty-five minutes from Whitehall Street; Boats every fifteen minutes. Cuisine unexcelled. Reasonable rates. All modern improvements; Elevators; Electric lights. Country air. New York comforts.

HOP EVERY SATURDAY EVENING. RUN DOWN AND SEE IT.

For particulars and further information, address

GEORGE MURRAY, Proprietor.

THE "BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF THE SEA."

TWENTY CENTS.

HISTORY tells us that as early as the year 1625 the Dutch "settled" in Staten Island. Why the Dutch should always settle, while other people were busy moving about, inventing and discovering things, historians have not explained, but the Indians appear to have stirred them up a little, about 1640. Whether these early dissensions caused the erection of a suitable landing place to be indefinitely postponed, it is hard to say, but the truth remains that the same antediluvian structure which the Hollanders probably found when they got there, remains to greet the traveller as he alights to-day. Viewed as a relic of antiquity it should be venerated and preserved, and as such is well worth a visit.

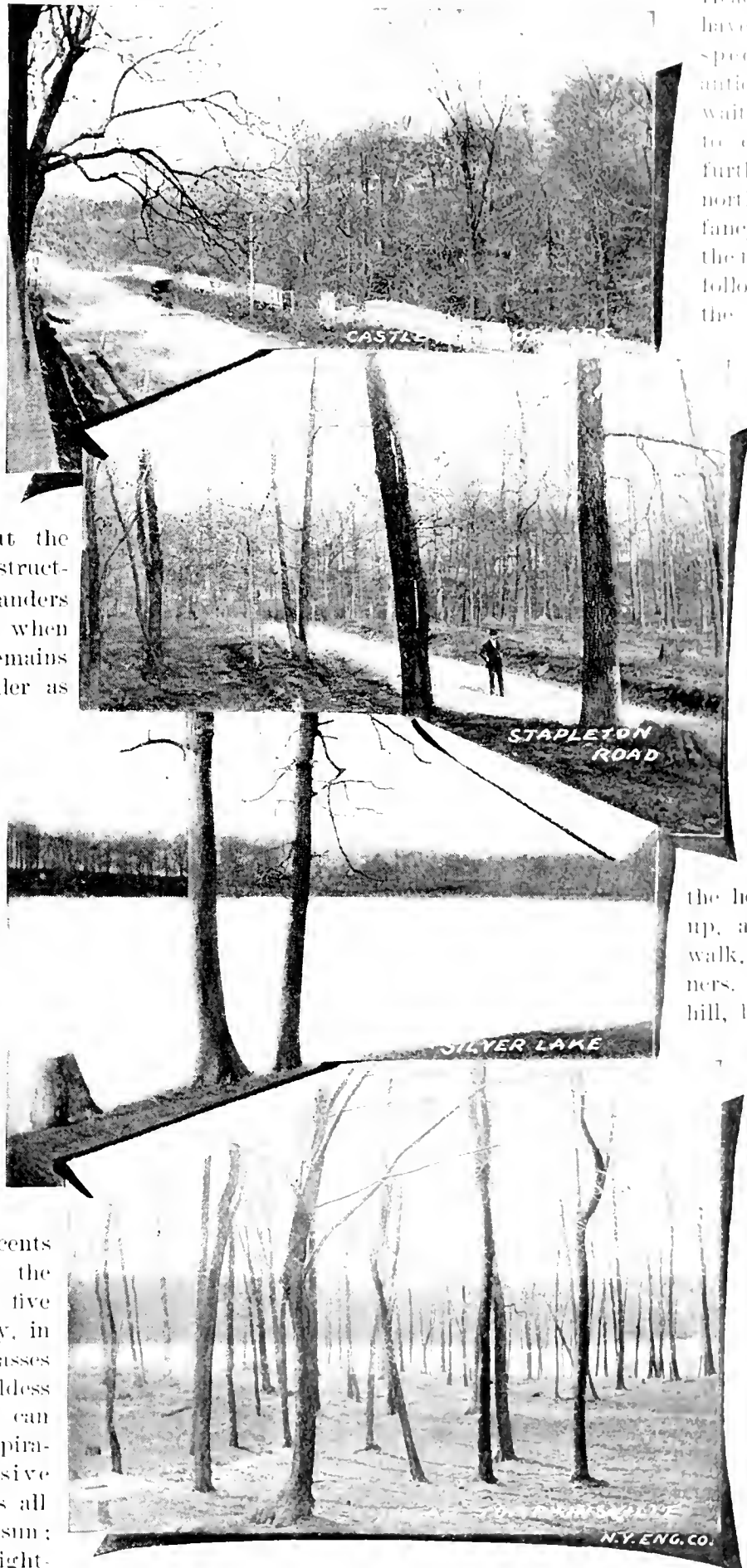
If you have never been to Staten Island, and there are those who have not, hurry down to the foot of Whitehall Street next Saturday afternoon, pay your modest ten cents and step on board the boat. It takes you five miles across the bay, in twenty minutes—passes so close to the Goddess of Liberty that you can see the beads of perspiration on her massive brow as she stands all day in the blazing sun; rubs up against a light-

house that guides the mariner to the ancient Kill-von-Kull, and lands you at St. George, where a movement is on foot to establish a "Washington's Headquarters." You have little time to inspect the "relic of antiquity" for a train waits on either hand to carry you, free of further charge, to the north or south as your fancy dictates. Take the train on your right, following the shore of the "Kill" for a few

miles, and leave the cars at Port Richmond. Don't linger here about the history of the place or the price of its building lots (the whole island is covered with such items of interest) but take any of the half-dozen roads running toward the center of the island, or keep

along the line of the horse-car, and bring up, after a half hour's walk, at Castleton Corners. It is a little up hill, but that heightens

the pleasure of descending on the other side. From here a lane (they call it a road) leads through the woods, and it is well to follow it, for it takes you to nature in her loveliest form. Every step is a pleasure and withal a pain, for you crush some tiny flower or fern with every



foot-print. Little by paths—lovely lovers walks they seem to be—branch off to right and left like rivers on a schoolboy's map. Wander at will through this happy valley, for you come, all too soon, into the village of Concord. Enquire the way to Silver Lake, and smile your sweetest smile (at the village inn) as the buxom landlady directs you to a road that points to the sky. Hire some one to push you up it, or climb it if need be, but get to the top, and, as you reach the summit turn to your right through an opening in the fence; cross the field in front of you and gaze upon a scene of pure delight. Miles away to the west are the Jersey hills; the Kill Von Kull winds like a bright serpent through the lower lands; the bay, far off to your right, dotted with ships of many nations, and below you, half hidden in its forest home, is Silver Lake. Descend through the "God's acre" which covers the slope at your feet, and reach the Richmond Turnpike, and in a few moments you are standing on the shores of the lake. Here you can fish, or try to. You can hire a boat and gather more lillies than you'll ever take home; or wander in the woods collecting ferns that would keep a botanist busy for the rest of his life; and when you are tired, and the shadows lengthen, you can walk down hill to Tompkinsville in twenty minutes, pay another ten cents for your ticket home, and reach it as the signal gun proclaims the sun has set. This trip is but one of a dozen or more which may be made through this delightfully quaint, ocean girl island.

One can leave the train at West Brighton, take the first road on the left, and in less than fifteen minutes will have forgotten the existence of New York. A chain of delightful little lakes, fed by tiny rivulets and unseen springs, and crossed here and there by crumbling old bridges, is seen from the road as you look to the right. An old mill, with its abandoned water-wheel, adds romance to the picture. You can follow the road through Concord and on into Clifton or Stapleton, and return home from there.

You can take the boat to St. George, then climb the hill to the right, and walk along the famous Brighton Terrace for five or six miles. A splendid road, shady and cool, following the Kill Von Kull for its entire length, passing through six or eight villages, from any of which a train may be taken home.

You can take the train for Arrochar, have a swim at South Beach, and walk back over the hill to Clifton and on to St. George, or follow the shore round to Fort Wadsworth and spend an hour or more among the fortifications, or watching the ever varying panorama of the lower harbor.

Either of the above possibilities may be had for a total outlay of twenty cents, from New York and return. The cheapest price, for an outing of such a varied and satisfactory nature, in the whole world.

Or you may take the train to New Dorp, and walk to the historic old county seat of Richmond. Then wander on through the country, at will, reaching, after a walk of about four miles, the famous Richmond Turnpike, once the old coaching road to Philadelphia, where wigged and powdered and stately dames were, no doubt, occasionally "held up" by some Dick Turpin, and relieved of their superfluous cash with as little delay and inconvenience as the gravity of the operation would warrant. From the Turnpike to the north shore is about two miles, making a tramp of six miles, and entailing an entire outlay of thirty-five cents, from New York and return.

The writer, with two friends, left New York one Sunday at noon, walked from St. George to South Beach, and after a swim, started off on a walk to nowhere. We kept the railroad in sight for quite a while, lost it occasionally and tumbled over it unexpectedly at various points; followed the road where it chanced to take us, and arrived about nine o'clock at Tottenville. We put up for the night at a quiet little hotel, and the next day, being a holiday, we walked back. Not, however, by the same road, but making our way o'er hill and dale—through fields and forests; straight as the crow flies—till we reached St. George. A tramp of about thirty-five miles, and we saw more, did more, laughed more, and enjoyed it more than any tramp we ever had, and all we paid for transportation was twenty cents.

As an object lesson in evolution, and of the "Natural Increment" that Mr. Henry George so persuasively discusses, it may be noted that in 1670 the aborigines traded the whole island to the white man, for goods, at the value of about one-tenth of a cent for each acre.

TARRYTOWN AND ARDSLEY. EIGHTY CENTS.

Take New York & Putnam Railroad to Tarrytown; excursion fare eighty cents. Walk back through Elmsford, Worthington and Woodlands, quaint and picturesque little villages, nestling in the valley of the Nepperhan, to Ardsley, a popular suburban resort; a walk of about seven miles. Take train on same railroad at Ardsley for New York.

FAIRLAWN AND MAYWOOD. NINETY CENTS.

Take New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad to Fairlawn; fare fifty-five cents. Walk through the village of Arcola to Maywood, about three and one-half miles of farming and fruit growing land and finely wooded country. Take New York, Susquehanna & Western Railroad to New York; fare thirty cents.

A SAND-BOUND COAST.

TWENTY CENTS.

THIS ferryboat has an upper cabin from which you can see, as you pass by, one of the loveliest little islands in existence, albeit it is occupied by the dogs of war, and one of the oldest "castles" in the country—once a "fort" but now something less than a cardboard house, for a modern thousand-pound cannon ball.

The boat starts from foot of Whitehall street every half-hour for Thirty-ninth street, Brooklyn, fare five cents. Occasionally she passes through Buttermilk Channel, east of Governor's Island, but by either route you pass in the twenty-five minutes sail, the great Atlantic Basin, lying-up place, hospital, as it were, for a queer assortment of water craft that would be difficult to match anywhere.

Thirty-ninth street, Brooklyn, is the terminus of several trolley lines. Take the Second Avenue line. It passes through a series of those queer eruptive conditions, peculiar to every section that has just come under the manipulation of land companies

and boomers. Leave the car at Thirteenth avenue. Here may be found some of the primitiveness of the original quietude—a nice shady lake will invite you to dispose of your lunch on its banks. Hence passing through the environs of Bath Beach, Bensonhurst and South Bensonhurst towards Ulmer Park, a noted picnic ground, about forty-five minutes will bring you to the shore of Gravesend Bay.

Turning to the right along the main road, with lovely views of the beach and bay, about thirty minutes sauntering will bring you to Bath Beach, passing many places where the lapping waters will invite you to rest and dream of siren strains, that maids and mermaids love to sing.

Across the common at Bath Beach, turn to the left and along the beach, about forty-five minutes will bring you to Fort Hamilton, another kennel of war dogs, with implements of destruction, however, much more "up to date" than those of the "castle" you passed a few hours ago. The Fort and equipment will



amply repay an examination. The aforesaid "dogs" are awfully nice; as gentle as doves and as willing to coo most pleasantly to an agreeable visitor, and they will tell you lots of things about some of their big guns that will astonish an ordinary chap from a city office. The queer old round building just off shore is Fort (?) Lafayette; used by the government during the war as a prison for misguided politicians and copperheads. On the opposite side of the narrows is the magnificent double fortification at Fort Wadsworth. You will shake the dust of the village street of Fort Hamilton from your feet with pleasure, but the shore road hence to Bay Ridge is the most beautiful walk of its kind in the country. It will undoubtedly soon form part of the park system of Brooklyn, perhaps a greater New York.

The route, so far, around to this shore road has passed through an assortment of experiences in which all tastes can find something to please. The remains of old farm houses; farms in full play, mostly work however; modern villas; bits of ancient woods and original country roads; asphalt pavements; flower gardens, market gardens, beer gardens and gardens of all kinds except the garden of Eden; beaches and sand, and mud and rubbish; meadows deliciously refreshing in their everlasting emerald mantle. The whole finds a fitting climax to what was beautiful, and a

full requital for what was unpleasant, in the beauty of the shore road. Here and there the modern vandal has merely laid out a street, and a wretchedly bad one, too. The old trees are here; old farm fields with their ancient fences and the old buildings are untouched, except occasionally by a bit of modern decoration; but the glory of the whole is the magnificent panorama of the inner harbor. Staten Island with its enchanting colors and beautiful "sky line" is matchless as a background. The harbor can nowhere else be seen to such advantage, and with the constantly changing, restless passing of vessels, sailing to or from all parts of the world, it is absolutely without a peer.

Here is the place to saunter away an hour or more, on the way to Bay Ridge, where you come again in contact with the "penny-in-the-slot" civilization of all such places, where the passing crowd may be beguiled to leave their small change.

It is thirty minutes by boat from here to foot of Whitehall Street, a boat about every half hour—the route being somewhat different from the outward trip—fare ten cents.

About four to five hours on foot and one hour on the boats—twenty cents spent. You will carry home with you some views and some fresh air that will stay with you awhile.

FORDHAM HEIGHTS AND WEST FARMS. TWENTY CENTS.

Take west side Elevated Railroad to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, and New York & Putnam Railroad to Fordham Heights; fare fifteen cents. Walk east along Pelham Avenue through Fordham to Bronx River Bridge, then south by the river bank to West Farms, about three miles. Trolley cars from West Farms to Harlem River, at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street and Third Avenue; fare five cents.



HIGH BRIDGE AND FORT WASHINGTON. FIFTEEN CENTS.

Take west side Elevated Railroad to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, and New York & Putnam Railroad to High Bridge; fare ten cents. Walk over the celebrated High Bridge, westward to Fort Washington Point, on the Hudson River, and continue down the New Boulevard, commanding a splendid view of the river, to Audubon Park, then due east to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, about two and one-half miles. Return home by Elevated Railroad or Horse cars; fare five cents.

GUTTENBURG AND FORT LEE.—TWENTY CENTS.

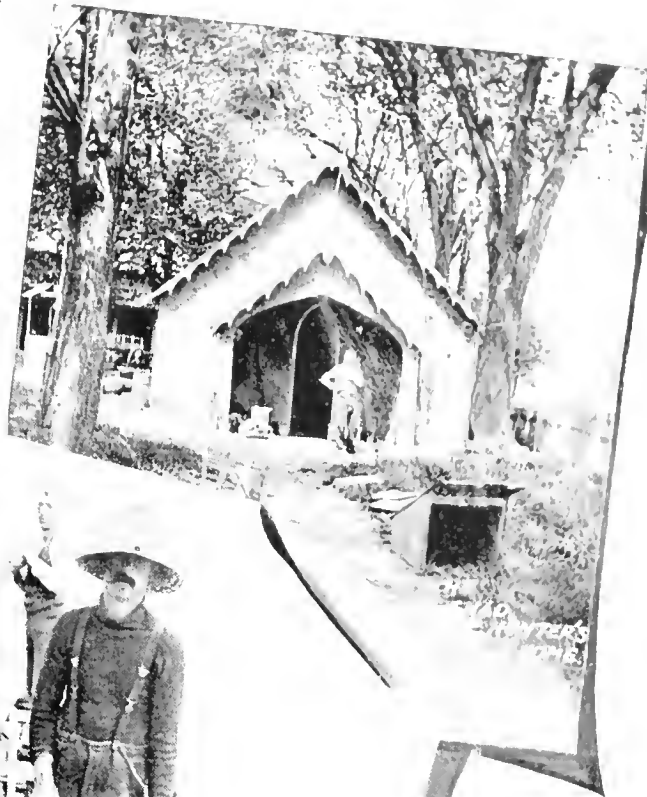
Take Trolley car from Hoboken Ferries, up the Heights to Guttenburg; fare five cents. Walk through Hudson Heights and Shady Side, on the Palisades, to Fort Lee; about four miles. Ferry from Fort Lee to One Hundred and Thirtieth Street; fare ten cents.

WITH THE SHAD HUNTERS.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

AN absolutely primitive life within two miles of New York docks. It seems incredible.

There is a fussy lot of little boats running from West Thirtieth Street to a place called Fort Lee, popularly supposed to be a huge beer garden, which, like many other popular ideas is a delusion. Beer there is, and where is it not, but it is a mere fringe of beer, froth, so to speak, hanging along the edge of the river. A few minutes walk north or south, and the foamy smell of the "garden" is wiped out by the sweet aroma of nature unadorned. Try it. The boats stop *en route* at several places. Go to Shadyside, the first landing; fare fifteen cents; time thirty minutes. Here



their feet. The river, none grander in the world. The sweet scent of the flowers, grasses, trees and medicines. It is not a place in which to linger long. Turn to the north along the waters edge and in a few minutes you are with nature. Evidenced by the towering buttresses above, the lapping waves at your feet. Not for long, however, for within a mile or so you come again to tokens of man's work, in the great railroad tunnel near

Edgewater, and the immense docks fitted for handling coal by thousands of tons.

Hence along the shore again, or by the upper road if you wish to leave the river's edge for a while, to Pleasant Valley. A half deserted village; mountains of oyster shells; ruins of what was once a hotel; general oldishness and dilapidation; a curious place to find within gun shot of land that is worth \$50,000 an acre, or more.

On the shore, here, you find the shad hunter. Not a gentleman hunter, with lancewood rod and silver reel, but only an ordinary fisher for a living—just as were some ancient fishermen who lived in Judea years ago—and a good fellow too. You can see his house in the picture; ten of them live in it during the "height of the season"; and after the season, or between times, he is a "photographer"—a common fisherman with the soul of an artist; aint it strange. Within sight of Grant's tomb, the mighty man of the age, and yet a simple child of nature; he would be the same if you moved him to Cape Cod or Mount Desert or Grand Manan.

In the pictured boat we show you, you see his "catch" of shad. You have probably thought that a "catch" of shad meant anything from one hundred to a boat-load; perhaps it will be a surprise to know that a "catch" often means

you will find a mixture of useful and ornamental. Acid from the chemical works; milk from natures factory, the cow, gently grazing the succulent grass. The Palisades with their noble frontage, sternly overlooking the frivolousness of the great city at

five or ten, or less, and this possible only every twelve hours, in return for watching and care and work by day and night for several men. Shad can be bought at retail from fifteen to thirty cents; think of the princely income of the shad hunters. Surely this is a realistic bit of primeval nature, with a primitive man making a living in accordance with the edict given at Eden, "in the sweat of thy face;" a good object lesson for the nervous, fretful, jaundiced dwellers in the palaces on the other side of the great river.

Along the shore, hence to Fort Lee, is by way of an enchanting road, shady, and skirting the

water. A walk of twenty to forty minutes that is of itself worth all the journey. At Fort Lee, if time or inclination serves, you can go north and find again more solitude and resting places. You can return to the city by the ferry to 130th street—fare ten cents—time fifteen minutes.

Forty-five minutes on the boats; a walk of about three miles which ought to take at least three hours. Four hours for twenty-five cents and an experience that cannot be duplicated. For a picnic party with lunch, the hours for resting and full enjoyment can be easily found at many places.

THROUGH HELL GATE.

TWENTY CENTS.

IF any place is more beautiful than the lower end of New York Harbor, it is the upper. The immense basin of the lower harbor, with its complete frame of hills and meadows, and its islands of different shapes and sizes, has advantages of color and combination that are rare indeed, but the entrance from the sound is banked by as rare an arrangement of shore, and as beautiful an assortment of islands, as can be found elsewhere in the world. Had it not been for the remarkable ledge of rock that laid across the channel, forming what has been popularly known as Hell Gate, and well named it was, this entrance to the Harbor would always have been the gateway for all vessels, except those bound from or to the south; a royal road that in the regidness of its procession, and its natural beauties, would now have been unrivaled.

From Blackwell's Island on the south, to Willett's Point at the east, there are varying widths of narrows, and bays, and wide reaches, through which an eastern bound vessel sails, passing a series of charming natural formations that are simply marvelous. It is unfortunate that the exigencies of modern civilization have compelled the City of New York to use these beautiful islands for the confinement of the sick, the insane and the criminal, but even such use does not lessen their beauty.

There is a ferry running from the foot of East Ninety-ninth Street to College Point, that prob-

ably not more than one person in a hundred has ever heard of, the fare is ten cents, the time of passage forty minutes. Taking this ferry, and passing out toward the open sound, you cross over what was once Hell Gate's dangerous reef; now flattened out by the government, after ten years labor, at an expense of over ten millions of dollars, the drilling of 113,000 feet of holes, and the explosion of 250,000 pounds of Rack-a-rock powder (what a suggestive name), and about 50,000 pounds of other stuff. Wards Island, Randalls Island, the North and South Brothers, Rikers Island, and other smaller formations, are all passed, some almost within touch; with light-houses, hospitals and other public buildings, which, in spite of the suggestive unpleasantness of their uses, do

not lessen or impair the beauty of the whole.

On the right, the Long Island shore displays a succession of irregular, sloping bluffs, covered in large part with suburban residences, lawns, clumps of woods, occasional masses of rocks, and other bits of coloring, the effect of which is finer, if possible, than either shore of the lower harbor.

On the left, the islands, with their channels and bays and water intervalles, and sunken meadows lying beyond on the shore of the mainland, make a combination of striking and differing, yet wonderfully harmonious forms and coloring that cannot be found elsewhere.



THROUGH HELL GATE.

And this beautiful water course is the highway of vessels in indescribable variety. Bits of tugs, with coal barge tows, alternate with Aladdin-like palaces of the Boston Lines; wasp-like launches and enormous steam coalers; catboats and three-masted coasters; yawls and dredgers, in endless and almost confusing procession, bear constant testimony of the commercial greatness of the great metropolis to which this channel is one of the keys.

Tragedies have borne their dreadful fruit here, too. The barely-covered rocks have claimed many a victim, and even the emerald-hued meadows have firmly held the prow of the burning boat, while the water, that lapped their quiet shore, has covered with gentle pall the dying and the dead.

The forty minutes sail to College Point is a rich and rare experience.

At College Point you will probably follow the shore, and wander along about three miles or so, to Whitestone Landing, returning by some of the many country lanes, or by the railroad. The country is undulating and strikingly picturesque, with many bits of sylvan beauty that will afford opportunity for rest and lunch. Two or three hours can easily be passed in lanes or woods, or on the shore.

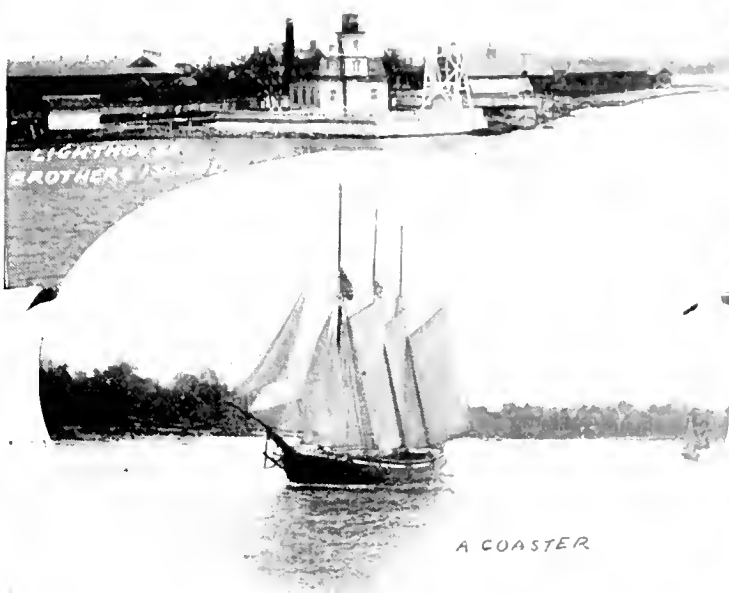
If you are of industrious habits, there is no reason why you should not improve the opportunity by doffing your footgear, and hunting for clams; they are bedded all along the shore, and although the sport may not be as exciting as hunting man-

eating tigers in India, still there is an element of novelty about it that might prove interesting to a cadaverous city clerk. Try it, and you will certainly be surprised at the abandon with which you expose yourself to the gentle wash of the water, as it soaks the lower ends of your rolled

up trousers; indeed, the chances are that, for the moment, you would as lief, as not, take a tumble in the enticing waves.

If you forget that you are getting tired, and linger too long on your way to Whitestone, you can take the railroad to New York from there; but you will be wiser to return to College Point, and home by the ferry. You will find the coloring of the setting sun so different from morning or midday, that the picture homeward bound will seem a new one, more beautiful, perhaps, than before.

The ferry fare will amount to twenty cents; you may, perhaps, spend ten cents on the railroad. You will certainly get full return for either total.



FORT LEE
AND
SHADY SIDE.

33 CENTS.

Take Palisades Railroad to Fort Lee; fare twenty cents. Walk south from Fort Lee, below the Palisades, along the Hudson River, through

Pleasant Valley and Edgewater to Shady Side. Boat from Shady Side to New York; fare fifteen cents.

LOST IN JERSEY.

THERE is a lot of fun in getting lost, if you get lost in the right place. New Jersey, for example, is a good place; by being lost it is not meant that you are to get bogged in Hudson County, or snarled up in the woods of Sussex County. There might be some excitement in either of these situations and a terrible lot of fun. No, the idea is to go into an unfamiliar country and allow your legs to carry you in any direction that their whim compels.

Of course, you are not to get hopelessly and seriously lost; but how could you, any way, where there is a road or houses in sight from almost any point? You are to be a child, and enjoy the world simply and aimlessly. After you have roamed hither and yon, turned to north and south as the fancy seized you, explored glens, climbed hills and rested in the shade of trees, it will be a test of your wood-craft and of your geographical instinct to find your way home again.

Plainfield is a feasible starting point to get lost from. It is only twenty-four miles from New York, but that is far enough to make it seem as if you were as safely lost as you would be in Michigan. The town itself is pretty, but except for its little art gallery it need not detain you. In order to save your legs for further use in more sylvan places, take here a Somerville Street car to its terminus, thence following the very pretty Stony Brook through Washingtonville, passing the little Wetumpka Falls by the way, and climbing the hill you reach the famed Washington Rock. The view from the rock is the widest and most agreeable to be had anywhere in the neighborhood. It may or may

not be true that Washington used to go up there to study the movements of the British troops. As the British were out of sight from the rock it is very likely that he didn't. But if, as is more likely, he went up there to rest and think and enjoy the prospect, it speaks well for his taste. There is a green plain twenty miles wide, stretching away to the "Kills" that cuts off Staten Island from the main land; and the Navesink Highlands, Statue of Liberty and Brooklyn Bridge are in sight on a clear day.

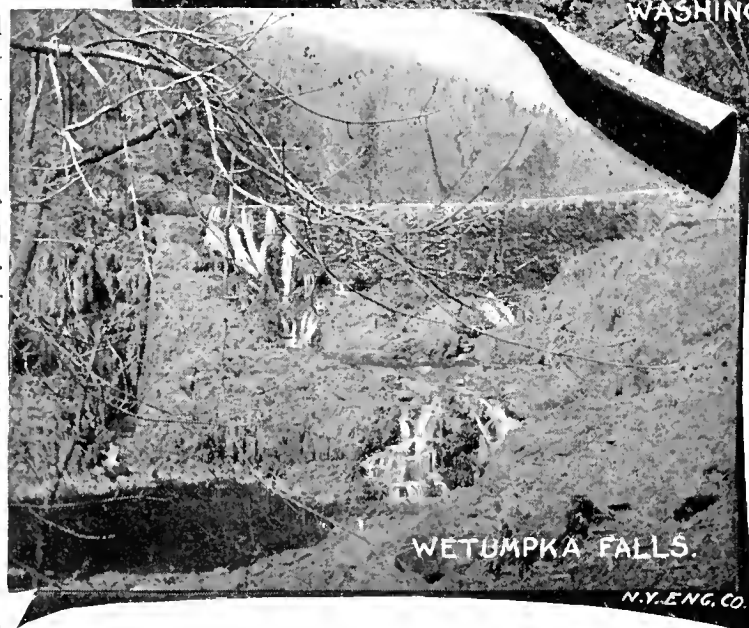
After enjoying this view take the road that turns across the hill and that presently drops you into Washington Valley, where you will find a better road. Turn to your left along this better road and you will come, in a little while to Warrenville, where

it forks. Now take the right turning and cross the western roll of the Watchung Mountains, slightly higher than the first ridge that fronts the plain, passing through Mount Bethel.

But we are not going to keep on directing you. We have lured you so far only that you may get safely away from the settlements of importance. You are

now in a pleasant, rolling land, with a quietness upon everything that puts you in thought and fact far from New York, and you can ramble now until you reach the Pacific Ocean, if your mood and money hold out. There is the Passaic just ahead, deep enough for a swim in a few places, and deep enough to paddle in barefoot, any way, and just the other side of Long Hill, which makes a wall on the farther side of the river, is Great Swamp, one of its feeders.

Now you can roam all of a long day without running into anything more exciting than a hamlet where the fathers still vote for Andrew Jackson,



LOST IN JERSEY.

or you may bring up at Morristown, or you may get over into the lonesome district to the west of it, among hills that really begin to suggest mountains, or you may follow the trough in the Watchung Range, and turn back toward Bound Brook by the falls and Chimney Rock, or to Plainfield through the romantic Notch, or to Scotch Plains through the ravine road, or continue northward until you come to Millington, or wander on to the agreeable town of Summit, and return by rail past the charming park of Short Hills and the widely extended Oranges.

These are only possibilities. An early start from Washington Rock, a lively gait, with perhaps a lift in a farmer's wagon or a country doctor's turnout, might even carry you to Lake Hopatcong. The roads in Jersey are being improved faster than those in most of the other states and it is even possible to get over quite a number of them on a bicycle. If you don't want to get lost long, and want to find where you can connect with a railroad, or which is the better of

two highways, the Rand and McNally map called "The Country Around New York" will be of assistance. It is based on reliable surveys and distinguishes the good roads from the bad ones.

There are plenty of other places to get lost in.

One could go to Paterson, for instance, see the neglected but really beautiful falls there and push on among the hills to the west or north. Or, he could go up the Hudson for a way and then strike into the country to the west. The region beyond the Watchung hills is recommended because it is unhackneyed and little known. There

are indications of a simple and primitive life that it is refreshing to find so near to a city. There are farm houses where one may still see tall clocks, rag carpets and old blue china. There are lovely pastorals, there are quaint bridges, there

are placid streams, there are bits of color to attract the artist, in the red roads, the old houses, the venerable willows and the herds of cattle; there are flowers for the botanist and subjects for the kodaker. And as soon as you are tired of getting lost it is easy to find yourself again.

NEAR
MOUNT BETHEL

NEAR MILLINGTON

ONE DAY OUTINGS BY STEAMBOATS.

Many One Day Outings by steamboats leaving New York in the morning and returning same day, can be made up by consulting the steamboat time-tables in BULLINGER'S MONITOR GUIDE.

In table of "Steamboats for Places On Hudson River" see: Fort Lee, Garrisons, Newburg, Shady Side, West Point.

In table of "Steamboats for Places Not on Hudson River" see the following places: Atlantic Highlands, Branchport, Browns Dock, Highlands, Highland Beach, Long Branch, Little Silver, Pleasure Bay, Red Bank, Seabright.

These excursions will, without exception, be found thoroughly enjoyable and satisfactory. The hours of arrival at and return from the various landings, allow anywhere from two to six hours for jaunts and rambles, family picnics or other occupation on shore.

BERGEN POINT AND PORT RICHMOND.
THIRTY CENTS.

Take Central Railroad of New Jersey to Bergen Point, fare fifteen cents; then by ferry across the Kill Von Kull to Port Richmond, Staten Island, fare five cents. Walk about two and one-half miles down the Richmond Terrace to St. George, and take Staten Island Ferry to New York, fare ten cents.

FANWOOD AND MURRAY HILL.
ONE DOLLAR AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Take Central Railroad of New Jersey to Fanwood; fare fifty-five cents. Walk from Fanwood to Scotch Plains, and over the Watchung Mountains to Murray Hill; about five miles. Take Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad to New York; fare seventy cents.

ON LAND AND SEA.

FIFTY CENTS.

AT nine o'clock in the morning, every day in the week, boats leave New York for the Navesink and Shrewsbury Rivers. Not the big excursion boats with their rushing and crushing crowds, their sheet-iron sandwiches, "who wants the waiter" and disgusting beer-slopped decks, but quiet, unpretentious little crafts that take you thirty-five or forty miles into a country that you've probably never heard of, and bring you back again in time for a late supper, with an appetite that would ruin a boarding-house, and only charge fifty cents for doing it. You can even get a dose of *mal-de-mer* thrown in, if you choose a blustering, windy day or try to smoke a cheap cigar on the quarter-deck. We know little or nothing of these salty rivers, sweet with the odor of sea-grasses, spreading out, with their beautiful bays and inlets, like the arms of an octopus, over the Jersey coast. Yet here is the home of the luscious soft-shell crab, the clam and scallop. The name of Fairhaven recalls no memories of an ancient day, yet here the juicy oyster is snatched from his little bed and turned, for our delectation, to a "fry in a box."

Let us make the trip some bright summer day and have something beside baseball to speak of in after years. Let us get up early some morning and take the nine o'clock boat for Red Bank. Red Bank don't amount to much; it's a pretty place, but is nice chiefly as a good starting point for pleasant rambles of many sorts.

A ting-a-ling of the bell, and a toot of the whistle and we are off down the river, past the Battery, and before we have made up our minds which is

the shady side of the boat, we have passed Quarantine and are running out through the Narrows, with the frowning forts on either side of us, and what appears to be the ocean in front; having run through the finest harbor, in every sense, in the world. Sheering off to the right, we get a glimpse of South Beach, the Coney Island of

Richmond County, and in a few moments are passing the Quarantine Islands and steaming across the lower bay at a lively gait. The city is fading from our view: the domes and minarets of lower Broadway are "hull down;" the castles of Brighton Beach are hidden in the haze, and for aught we know, the captain may be heading us for Europe. But we are soon in sight of land, and in answer to our anxious inquiries, learn that it is Jersey. From dreams of Europe to the sight of Jersey is about ten minutes, dead reckoning, but we greet it as a long lost friend, and feel like sharing the contents of our lunch basket with the gentleman in the pilot house.

Taking a seat at the front of the boat, we look out upon a scene, strange and beautiful. On our right, the Highlands, studded with pines, and on our left a narrow strip of land, terminating, about a mile behind us, in Sandy Hook, and separating us from, but not

hiding, the ocean beyond.

The scene, from our places on the upper deck will never be forgotten. Pleasure boats of every description dotted here, there and everywhere. Sailing, rowing, fishing and crabbing. Canoes dodging in and out; bathers on the beach; saucy little launches puffing away for dear life; and a brightness over everything. We run through the drawbridge, steer to the right, under the shadow of the lighthouses, those guiding stars



to the mariner, which stand high up on the edge of the cliffs; call for a moment at the Highlands, and on again, to the right, up the Navesink, making several more stops, and reaching Red Bank by about noon.

If we have our wives or sweet-hearts with us, as we should have, we can seek a quiet spot, easily found within a mile, in the woods or on the shore, by taking the road towards Oceanic, or over the river, and eat our lunch and otherwise disport ourselves until the boat returns.

But if we are still novices, of "maiden meditation, fancy free," let us put our lunch in our pockets and start for a walk. Let us go the way we came. Follow the river back again and see where it takes us. We have plenty of time. The boat does'nt leave again for four hours, and we can take it at any of the landings lower down.

We go through Red Bank with its crowd of Summer cottages—mansions for the rich and cabins for the poor—and out among the green fields. A walk of two miles brings us to Fairhaven, and we wander down by the river, exploring the shell-covered beach, sit on an up-turned boat and eat our lunch. Some one tells us it is four miles to Oceanic; what of it? The roads are good and shady; our spirits are high, and we've plenty of time. The walk to Oceanic is a treat. The sky and earth

kiss each other, o'er sunlit waves or emerald fields, and the roads and paths are through enchanting combinations of farms and villas. We meet the organ grinder with his monkey; the itinerant merchant with his warehouse on his

back; we see the fish hawk's nests high up in the trees—and we reach Oceanic as fresh as the proverbial lark. There are still the same good roads to tempt us on, and Seabright three miles ahead.

We gradually leave the Navesink, and another hour finds us crossing the Shrewsbury River at Seabright, and once again on the narrow strip of sand, and the ocean at our feet. From here we can take the Pleasure Bay boat for home, but the walk along the shore is tempting, as the breakers come rolling gently in, and in twenty minutes we are down at Highland Beach, over the swing bridge and back again at the Highlands, where those

of us who have any "grit," climb the hill to the lighthouse and obtain a view that alone is worth the whole trip.

The boat steams up about five o'clock and we take our seats, prepared to thoroughly enjoy a two hours rest; pleased with ourselves and the chance that took us there.

Fare, for the round trip fifty cents; from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. A whole day of fresh air of the freshest kind, and exercises of the very best sort.



WITH AN OAR OR TWO.

FIFTY CENTS.

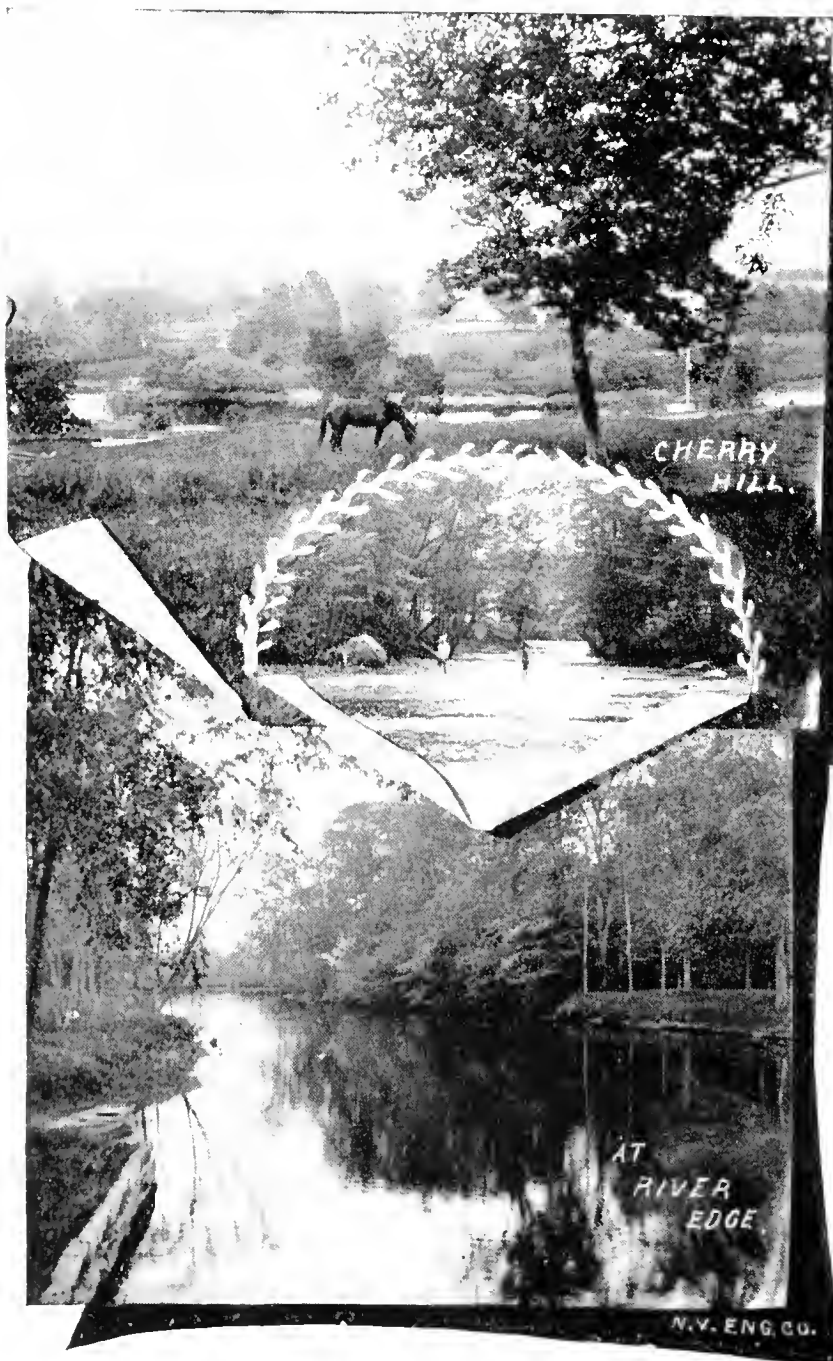
A PICNIC or a stroll with one's own legs, as motive power, has an element of certainty about it; you know where you are going, and how far to go. There are many who think that they will do better with a boat and oars. If they know it all, all right; if they don't, they had better walk and pull the boat, canal-mule fashion.

port-wine coloring of the nose, one may be inclined to wish that the seductive temptation had been withstood. However, if you must go a-boating (and it is certainly not the poorest amusement in the world) find, if possible, some water that will bear your bark in shady and sequestered glades, where the summer sun's rays will not always grill and broil. Such a water course is hard to find. The waters around New York are either too wide and too open for shade, or too shallow for boats with human freight. We know the spot, however, where "the wild thyme grows." It is in Jersey—dear little Jersey—the Hackensack River. You must go to Hackensack; Anderson Street Station of the New Jersey & New York Railroad is the best. It is about six minutes walk from Anderson Street bridge, at which they will rent you a boat from fifty cents a day, upward.

Don't try to scull. Start with two oars at least, although if you are captain of the crew, and an oarsman, you will know better than to take more than two. Lifelong friendships have been fractured by the laughter and derision excited by the frantic efforts of ambitious oarsmen, who knew nothing about rowing.

Point your craft up the river. It is, in its way, a very exceptional stream. Its bed is laid over just enough shoals and bars to afford you the occasional excitement of incipient shipwreck, and it has deep pools, in which the wary, small monsters of the deep tempt you to stop and try the persuasive powers of a well baited hook. You have company on its bosom, too. Freight laden barges and schooners, in tow of noisy little tugs, pass up and down, as reminders of the busy world that seems so far away from this wonderful quietude. Along the banks run trains, threading their sinuous way among the shrubbery and the little hills.

The whole course of the stream is diversity itself. While here, "on the wide marsh the purple blossomed grasses soak up the sunshine," 'tis but a few rods and bits of dark and tangled woods come down to the waters edge to greet you. Prosperous and thrifty little farms, and well kept lawns and boat and



Rowing is fine, no doubt, saying nothing about the perspiration and the stiff arms and back it engenders; but when to these you add the catching of numerous "crabs," and the consequent mortification, the horrid blisters on the hands and fingers, the sunburn on the neck and the

bath houses of city residents meet you here and there. Now narrowing down into swift little stone-fretted straits, anon spreading out into calm reaches, the river shows its many changing phases of hill and meadow, of calm and fret, of nature and art, in a most enchanting variety.

It is about four miles to Oradell, and on the way you will have passed many a place where the temptation to land and rest awhile, or discuss the lunch that you will wisely take with you, was irresistible. Don't avoid these tempting spots always; one of the best parts of the fun of rowing is to stop and rest often, very often, and this is just the place for that part of the fun.

If you can afford to risk yourself out late at night, don't turn back at Oradell, until the sun is well down. The current will help you home. A moon-lighted stream, with summer evening zephyrs, and the myriad voices of bird and insect life chanting their evening Te Deums, will be an experience of nature's most beautiful time, "the sweet hour of rest," that will make you

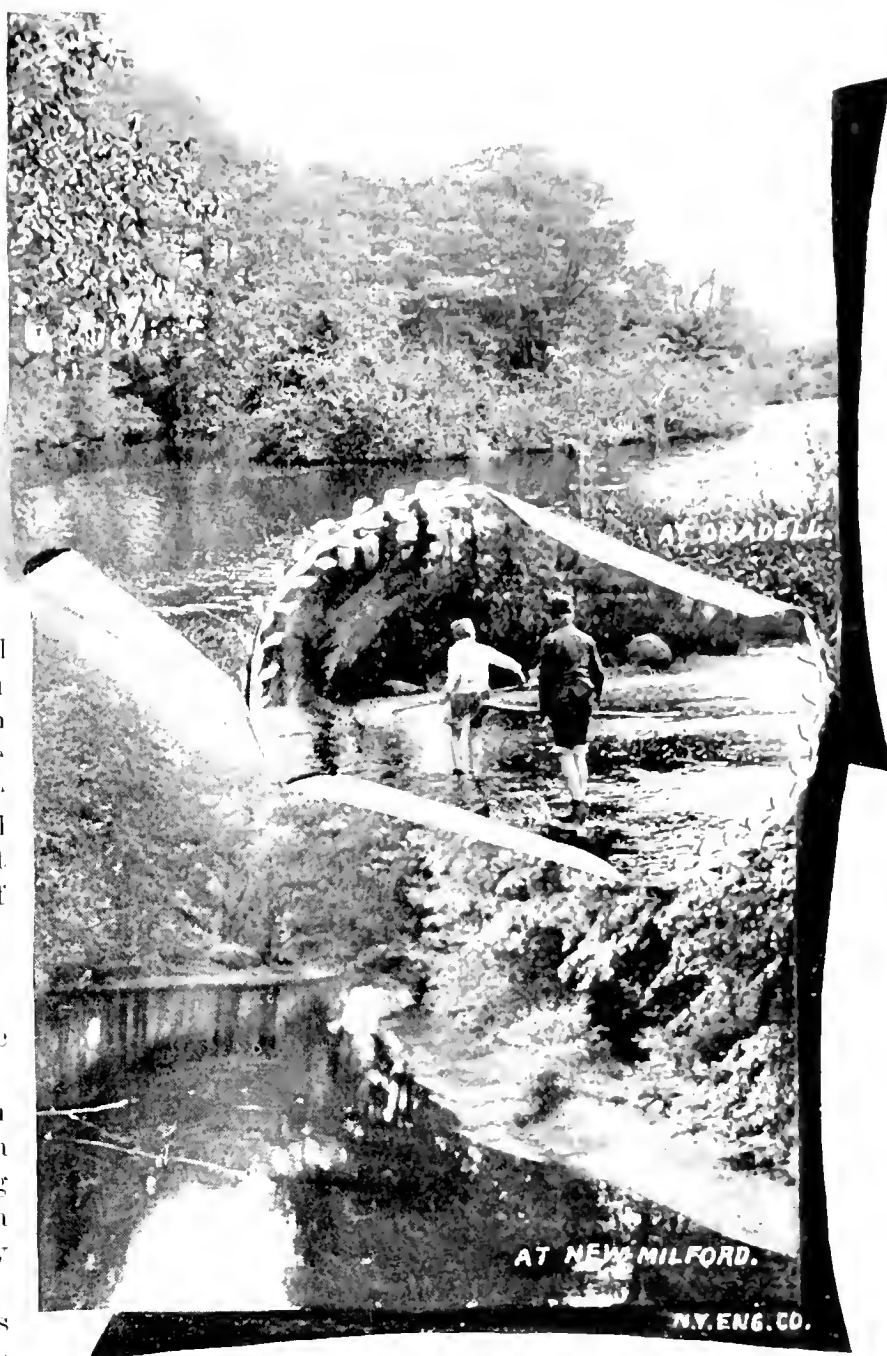
"In listless quietude of mind
Yield to all

The change of cloud and wave
and wind."

Such an outing, properly taken, in the spirit of rest and pleasure, with a little pull and a good deal of laying off, and a listless drifting home, with perhaps a bit of song, is simply delicious.

The railroad fare is only fifty cents for the round trip, the hire of the boat will be about fifty cents. If you put in a whole day at it, with the rush of the average

American-outing, it will cost you something more for arnica, witch hazel and perhaps a



CRESSKILL AND YONKERS. EIGHTY-FIVE CENTS.

Take Northern Railroad of New Jersey to Cresskill; fare forty-five cents. Walk over the Palisades and down to the Hudson River at Alpine, about two and one-half miles. Ferry from Alpine to Yonkers, half-hourly, fare ten cents, affording a magnificent and extended view of the Palisades, and a sail on the Hudson River. Take New York Central Railroad from Yonkers to New York; fare thirty cents.

SCHRAALENBURG AND CHERRY HILL. EIGHTY CENTS.

Take West Shore Railroad to Schraalenburg; fare forty cents; walk to Overton, one mile, turn to right and continue on to New Milford, about one mile. Cross the Hackensack and follow the river south for about three miles, passing River Edge, and along the beautiful Hackensack Valley to Cherry Hill. Take the New Jersey & New York Railroad to New York; fare forty cents.

A NURSERY OF ROMANCE.

EIGHTY-FOUR CENTS.

THE valley of the Hudson has begotten more legends, and more poetry, and more romance than any other part of the country. The very names of the beautiful hills that outline its banks betoken the queer ideas that haunted it—"Cro' Nest," "Break Neck," "Anthony's Nose," "Dunderburg," etc., etc. Mad Anthony Wayne, the gifted Andre, the traitor Arnold, and others, un-

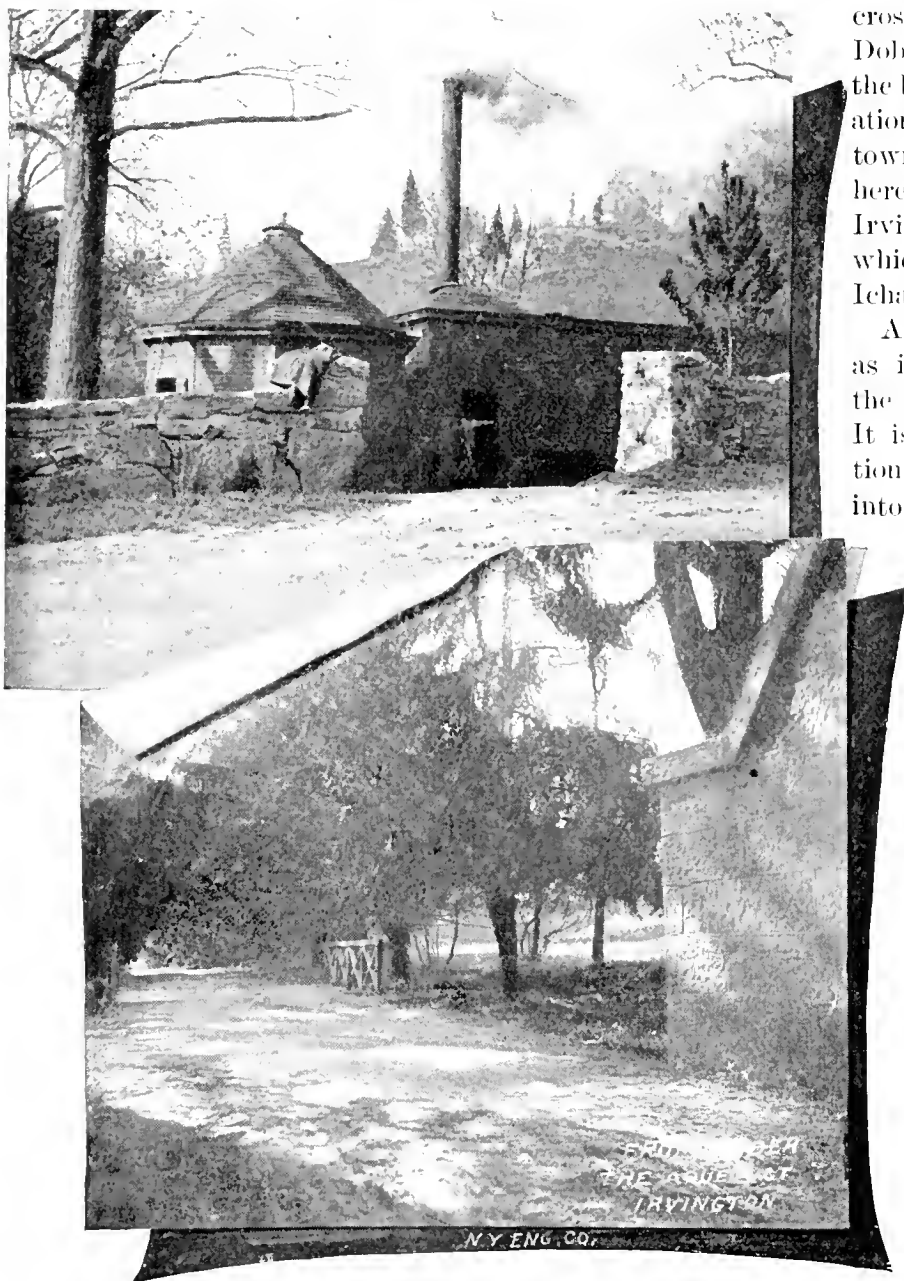
Along the Harlem, through High Bridge, Kingsbridge (where the first toll bridge was built), on to Spuyten Duyvil, was the southern boundary of the "neutral ground" over which ranged "Cowboys" and "Skinners," intent on plunder, with war as an excuse. At Yonkers is the old manor house of the Phillipse family, where dwelt Mary Phillipse, said to be the first love of George Washington. At Hastings, Cornwallis crossed the river to attack Fort Lee. At Dobbs Ferry is the old mansion in which the British officers decided upon the evacuation of New York City. At Tarrytown, Major Andre was captured, and here is Sleepy Hollow, and the grave of Irving, and the same old bridge over which the headless horseman chased poor Ichabod Crane.

At Irvington, but a long stones throw, as it were, from the city, is Sunnyside, the home of our sweet writer, Irving. It is well worth a visit, and in connection with a ramble over the mountain into the Nepperhan Valley will give an experience strange enough to fill many a day.

The New York Central will land you at Irvington in fifty minutes. Note the fishermen along the river shore, as you go, in boats, or on the rocks or little docks.

Sunnyside lies north of the station. It is a stone-gabled house, built by the privy counselor of Peter Stuyvesant, commanding a majestic view of the river and highlands.

The new building, from which the great Cosmopolitan Magazine is issued in a monthly flood, lies south of the station, and is well worth seeing as an expression of the new idea that no means are too good for use in producing good work. The road running east from this grand building leads, under the magnificent croton viaduct, to and through a



numbered, have left their names on the pages of its history. Cowboys, and Skinners, and Continentals, and Royalists, fought to and fro over its hills and valleys. Its whole atmosphere is redolent of noble deeds of great men.

The New York Central will take you over ground, about which cluster memories of the varied changes of our earlier struggles for liberty.

country five hundred miles from New York City, or at least, it ought to be. For a mile or so an assortment of modern villas, lawns, gardens, etc., is passed. By the roadside is the pump that draws water for Irvington, from a hole five hundred feet deep; five hundred thousand gallons a day, showing that the inhabitants of Irvington must be either very thirsty or very cleanly.

A NURSERY OF ROMANCE.

Beyond the pumping-house the road climbs over the mountain, through cuts and defiles in the rocks and among the boulders, and withal, is of the kind that would disgrace the roughest section of the Rockies. That such a road should exist within twenty miles of New York, is a marvel; it is worth a days journey to see it. Over this road and mountain, to the eastern slope, past a little cluster of the kind of hovels always found in the company of such a road, and the valley of the Sawmill Creek opens out, with verdant sides of gently sloping hills, framing enchanting little vales and glades of meadows, trees and water, that would be difficult to match.

An old-fashioned country road, with primitive farms, meanders along the valley, and following the bed of the little river is the line of the New York & Putnam Railroad. This is the veritable valley of the sleepers. Until within a few years, the Hudson River Railroad on the one side, and the Harlem Railroad on the other, gave egress to the world to those who wanted to see it; but the hills and mountains on either side were so menacing that the world beyond could not tempt the people of the peaceful valley forth. The recent years have left their imprint in occasional heaps of debris from the new aqueduct, and in the shape of a few modern villas, but otherwise the country is as charming as when, years ago, Phyllis went to church on a pillion, and her Corydon piped to the gentle lamb and wooed the succulent potato.

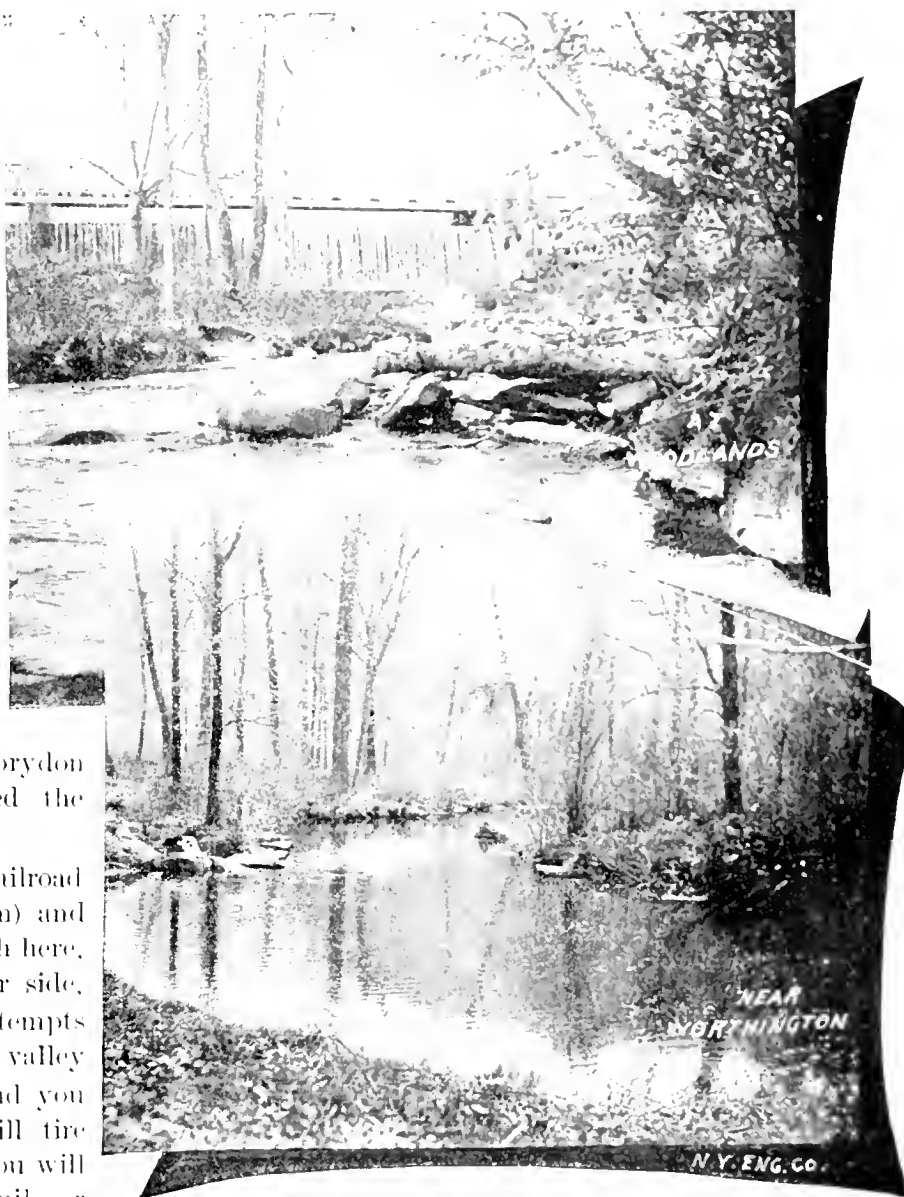
At the foot of the mountain, the railroad is met, between Worthington (platform) and Woodlands. Turn either north or south here, along the track, or down by the river side, or on the country road, as your fancy tempts you. You may wander through the valley until you are physically tired out, and you may wander all day before you will tire of the sweet and pastoral country. You will pass little platform stations, every mile or so. The busy little river winds with truly serpentine course, to and fro, through brawling bits, and mirrored calm, and here and there wee lakes and openings that frame pictures beyond the artists power.

A good walker, who has been wise enough to allow time for it, should wander north from Worthington, as far as Elmsford, around which place cluster many memories. An old church, raised in 1770, with century-old graves of revolutionary patriots. Here is the monument of Van Wart, one of the captors of Andre.

We ended our ramble and took the train at

Ardley, where were signed the final papers of peace between England and the United States of America, immediately after which the British left the country and the Continental Army disbanded.

This valley has possibilities, present and future, of rest and benedictions, for weary toilers of the city, so near and yet so far, that its ancient toilers never dreamed of. It is so aboriginal in many respects that it will well repay an outing visit. The old locomotive, used on the train the writer rode on, the other day, was well worth a picture; with one of the old original big smoke



stacks, it vomited forth great masses of black sulphurous smoke, and burning cinders as large as peas and nuts, that left an immense cloud behind it, shutting out the sun and heavens for a while; its awful trail of gas made the sweetness of the atmosphere the more enjoyable.

The walk from Irvington across the mountain to the railroad, is about two miles, and to Ardley about two miles more; to Elmsford and return to Ardley would be about two miles additional. The fare to Irvington is forty-four cents; from Ardley to One Hundred and Fifth-fifth Street is forty cents; total expense, eighty-four cents.

THE ELIZABETH RIVER.

FIFTY CENTS.

WITHOUT being exactly a liar, he had fallen into the habit of disregarding the truth to such an extent, that whenever he commenced a story, as he often did, of having discovered some new place, or done some hitherto unheard of deed, or caught big fish—"a bigger fish than you ever saw down in Fulton Market"—we usually laughed at him; but he "caught" us the other evening as we rode together to Harlem, and he told us a long rignarole, that lasted all the way to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, about the Elizabeth River, with its whirling eddies, its rippling rills and its shady knolls, and about nightingales and fish (he never forgot the fish). But when we suggested going with him on the Saturday afternoon and taking a look at the place, he had an engagement elsewhere, possibly to unearth some other wonder.

However, he told us a lot more about it, and how to get there, and even offered to reimburse our exchequer if we didn't like it, so we followed his instructions, and caught the ten past one train on the Jersey Central, for Eliza-



beth. We were there in a little over half an hour. The ride in the cars was a pleasant surprise, for after clearing Jersey City, we seemed to be running round the Bay, at many points close to the water. We could see away down to the Narrows, and as we ran on a mile or two a collision with Staten Island seemed inevitable, but Constable Hook came between us, and we passed it without accident; running by the pretty stations of Bayonne; catching a glimpse of the New Jersey Athletic Club, and plunging headlong into the sea; at least, it seemed like it, for the water was on every side, and nothing but the force of circumstances to keep us out of it. We regained our courage as the train pulled up in Elizabeth, having crossed the Newark Bay on a trestle nearly two miles long.

Elizabeth is famous chiefly for its commuters, but whether its commuters are famous for anything is indeed questionable. Of the river which bears its name there is no doubt. Hidden away, from pure shyness, like

the ripest blackberry on the bush, we must seek it out, in its hiding place, and we shall be well repaid for our trouble. Walking along Morris Avenue, we found it in about three minutes, running lazily along under a little bridge, where some small boys were taking an early lesson in patience. The first lane on our right brought us to its banks; we took the right one, from necessity, and began our explorations at that point.

Twisting and turning about like an eel; bulging out at one spot and contracting itself at another, like a twentieth century girl, it led us through cool and shady groves, out into the open fields, where it assumed the proportions of a reservoir, and on again into a virgin forest. A group of fishermen had sought a quiet pool on the opposite bank, so we took a seat beneath a giant chestnut, determined to verify the legend we had heard. A man with a gun, in quest of gamier food, spoke of having shot blue heron in these woods—had he said crocodiles we could easily have believed him. A short walk brought us to the Lehigh Valley Railroad and to the meadows again. A fallen tree, worn flat with use, served as a bridge over the stream, and we crossed it to its western bank; passed an old mill, crossed the Salem road, and plunged into the woods once more.

Here an artist was busy with a lovely view. A stately willow was pressed into service as a foreground, and seen through its branches the river divided into several streams; the sunlight trickled through myriad little openings in the foliage, and the scene was flooded with a golden hue. We lingered for awhile, then taking the left branch of the river, came only too soon to the fields. A steep little hill on our right tempted us to climb it, and the view from its summit was another surprise, covering an expanse of surrounding country, as delightful as it was unexpected.

Descending to the river, we crossed it at Lindsay's Farm, and in five minutes were on Morris Avenue, about three miles from where we started. A walk of less than a mile, over a pleasant road, with the sun low down in the west, brought us to the Morris Avenue Station of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, where we caught a train for New York, determined, for the future, to pay more respectful attention to the adventurous tales of our prevaricating friend.

The railroad fares were twenty five cents each way, and our only regret was that we had not gone early in the morning, and spent the day there.

VAN CORTLANDT AND PELHAM. TWENTY CENTS.

Take New York & Putnam Railroad from One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street and Eighth Avenue to Van Cortlandt; fare fifteen cents. Walk eastward through the historic and picturesque Van Cortlandt Park, down the Moshulu Parkway,



through Bedford Park, to the Bronx River, then south through Bronx Park to Pelham Avenue, then west to Fordham; about four miles in all. Return by Trolley cars from Fordham to One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street and Third Avenue; fare five cents.

BAY RIDGE AND FORT HAMILTON TWENTY CENTS.

Take Ferry from New York to Bay Ridge; fare ten cents. Walk along the Shore Road, commanding an extensive view of the Bay and the Narrows, to Fort Hamilton; about three miles. A visit to the fort will be interesting and profitable. Good



fishing can be had from the head of the pier, and boats for a row on the bay can be hired for a small price. Trolley cars from Fort Hamilton to Brooklyn Bridge, fare ten cents; or to Thirty-ninth Street, South Brooklyn, and Ferry to New York, fare ten cents.

"FISHIN'"—WITH A TRIPOD.

NINETY CENTS.

"CRANFORD!" yelled the brakeman as he pushed the tip of his nose into the smoking car. "Cranford," he howled in a louder tone, then banged the door to, evidently fearing to be asphyxiated by the smoke, or fancying that anyone travelling in such an atmosphere must naturally be going to Pittsburg. He was mistaken, however, for I grabbed my camera and tripod and got out. A camera weighs no more than a paint-box and a camp-stool, and paints much better pictures than I can, so I always take it along when an opportunity for getting out of the city presents itself.

An enthusiastic Jerseyman had told me that a walk from Cranford to Millburn, taking in Branch Mills and Springfield by the way, would do me more good than a bottle of sarsaparilla so, as it costs about the same, I determined to try it.

It's a good plan when in a strange place, to "interview" the natives. They never seem to have much to do, and are usually willing to indulge in a little chat, so buttonholing a colored gentleman who was hanging over the bridge which spans the Rahway River, and making faces at his own reflec-

tion in the water, I asked him the way to Branch Mills. He heaped a few more insults on his shadow, then gave me the desired information.

"It's three miles, Boss, right up the Springfield Avenue; you cross the river again, Boss, and keep to the left over the hill and say, Boss, there's good fishin' up at the lake."

I wondered why he mentioned the "fishin'," but took his advice and the Springfield Avenue, passed the river again, shaded by massive overhanging trees, and forming a boundary to many a lovely garden.

Tiny little boats were moored, here and there, to steps leading down to the waters edge, recalling to mind the annual water carnival, when the river is illuminated by thousands of tiny lamps and "all Cranford" is pulling an oar.

The darkey over-estimated the hill, but he was right about the three miles; and a pleasant tramp it was.

A yellow dog accompanied me for about a mile, and we parted good friends when he met a lady of his acquaintance. I was in Branch Mills before I knew it, and might never have known it but for an elderly party, who enquired the time, and asked me if I was going "fishin'."



An hour had passed without any sense of fatigue, and a drink from the pump in a farm yard had allayed an incipient thirst, but aroused a suspicion as to the quality of their milk.

Over the bridge and along by the mill-race brought me in five minutes to Echo Lake, an ideal spot for the artist or the poet, the fisherman or the botanist; surrounded by a forest of stately trees and carrying along with its gentle ripples the fragrant odor of flowers and ferns. The dusty miller, hitching up his horses to a load of grain, hailed me with a cherry good day, and with a smile as broad as the lake itself, observed, "been fishin' I suppose."

Coming back to the main road I turned to the left and struck out for Springfield. The road was good and free from dust, and a springy bit of turf served as a sidewalk. Shady little lanes running off on either side offered tempting inducements, but the Orange mountains loomed up ahead, and a premonition of hunger prompted me to push on. Half an hour's walk brought me to an oasis in the desert—the roadside inn, shown in the picture; note the seductive sign "bottle beer, ten cents."

A couple of sandwiches, a bottle of the beer and a rest of fifteen minutes made a new man of me, and in an hour and a half after leaving Branch Mills, I was in Springfield, a quaint little place with an old colonial church, a paper mill and other evidences of prosperity. I paused here awhile and made several inquiries of the natives—more for the sake of conversation than from any thirst for knowledge—and was surprised

to find that no one made any reference to "fishin'". Their minds, like the hills about them, were on a higher plane. Turning to the left by the church as the stage for Millburn had done, two minutes before I covered the mile and a half of pleasant country road in about thirty minutes, and reached Millburn about one o'clock, just three hours after leaving Cranford.

To the bicyclist, Millburn is familiar as a household word. Here he comes, day after day, not to seek the shady nooks, the sequestered paths by the river side, or the narrow lanes where the cuckoo's song is heard, but to train himself down to a skeleton in his annual effort to win the "twenty-five mile road race" which is held here. A quiet pipe by the edge of the stream, and a meditation on the shortness of holidays occupied another hour, and I took the train for New York, reaching there about four o'clock. I had gone on the Central R.R. of New Jersey to Cranford (fare forty cents), walked a little over eight miles through some of the prettiest spots in Jersey, and returned home on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, through the famous "Oranges" (fare fifty cents). Ninety cents for the trip.

"Ho Boken" shouted the brakeman, as the train rolled in to that famous summer resort, and as I reached the platform he observed:

"Catch anything?"

"Any what?"

"Fish" said he, in evident disgust—and it dawned upon me, for the first time, that Jersey had mistaken my tripod stand for a fishing rod.

ROCHELLE PARK AND PASSAIC. FIFTY CENTS.

Take excursion ticket on New York, Susquehanna & Western Railroad to Passaic, fare fifty cents. Leave the cars at Rochelle Park and follow the east bank of the river, southward to Lodi, then westward through Garfield to Passaic; return on same Railroad to New York. Or take single ticket to Rochelle Park, and return from Passaic by the Erie Railroad; total cost, seventy cents.

BERGENFIELDS AND CRESSKILL. EIGHTY-FIVE CENTS.

Take West Shore Railroad to Bergenfields, fare forty cents. Walk to Schraalenburg, one mile, then turn to the right and walk to Cresskill, about two miles, through beautifully wooded and undulating country, with fine view of the farming and pastoral valley back of the Palisades. Take Northern Railroad of New Jersey from Cresskill to New York; fare forty-five cents.



HILLS OF THE HACKENSACK.

FIFTY CENTS.

MY friend Van Dauber is an artist, who is always on the war path after "pretty little bits," as he calls them, and when not engaged on a "pot-boiler" insists on dragging me out on one of his sketching excursions. He took me on the cars of the New Jersey & New York Railroad to Hackensack, for a walk on the hills above that old fashioned hamlet.

On the way, he expatiated in grand style on the many beauties of the meadows, the distance, the color effects, &c. The meadows certainly have a distinctive beauty of their own; on each side of the track are miles of tall waving rushes and grasses, with here and there, bordering the little creeks, a patch of the gaudy "Fleur de Lys;" here and there a clearing, and a tiny cabin with groups of barefooted children playing around, swarthy of complexion, and in bright and dirty and abbreviated clothing; unmistakably the offspring of the too numerous, ubiquitous Italian squatter. But don't, unless you are mosquito proof, attempt any painting

within or near the borders of these marshes. I did it once. We passed through several small villages, homes of the long suffering commuter, and after thirty minutes, landed in the pretty old Dutch settlement, at Anderson Street Station. Turning to the right, we cast a passing glance at the magnificent avenue of elms, running nearly the whole length of Main Street, that gives you but a faint idea of the many beautiful corners of this quaint little place, with here and there an old stone mansion, of ante-revolutionary date.

Over Anderson Street Bridge—a fairly ugly one, as bridges go—is the road to Englewood, a nicely shaded path that took us to the top of the hill, from which a grand panorama was unfolded, and the glorious landscape over the Hackensack valley tempted us to linger long in the convenient shade. A walk of about two miles on the main road, brought us to Phelps Park, and following one of the pretty narrow driveways for a few minutes, we came in sight of the extensive



ruins of a former residence of the late Minister Phelps, which was destroyed by fire some years ago. They are beautifully covered with ivy and creepers, and are most picturesque. Visitors, although requested "not to touch," are welcome to stroll around.

After a more or less faithful sketch of the ruins, we wandered on through the densely wooded park, and about thirty minutes brought us to a rustic little school house, where we were assailed by cries of "say, mister, will you paint my picture?" Opposite to which, is another apparently endless wood, and a little glade tempted us to again open our boxes, but this time for lunch.

After a rest and a quiet smoke, we took the road due east, for about a mile, leading to the summit of a height from which the "kingdoms

of the earth" seemed almost untolded, embracing hill and dale, meadow, field and flowered vale; the eye could hardly measure or intold the rich and rare maze of form and color, finding rest in the frame of the mist topped hills, fading into the far distant sky.

We returned the same way that we came, with our portfolios considerably richer, in spread out color, anyhow, which, if Van Dauber can't sell as pictures, he philosophically remarks, "don't make such bad wall paper."

Laying aside the artistic possibilities, from Van Dauber's point of view, of this little walk of seven or eight miles, I can truthfully say that he is a grand good judge of the elements of a first-class enjoyable "outing." Try it yourself, and get an idea of an artist's taste.

PELIHAM BATTLE GROUND.

SEVENTY CENTS.

CONTRIBUTED BY M. GIBBS LATHROP.

ONE of the most enjoyable trips within a radius of twenty miles from the City Hall, lies on a route starting at 129th Street station of the Harlem River Branch of the New York, New Haven & Hartford

R.R., transferring at Bartow Station to the horse-car for points in Pelham Park, and to City Island. The fare to Bartow is twenty-five cents; on the connecting line ten cents. Excursion Tickets for entire trip are issued on Sundays and Holidays, at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street Station, for sixty cents.

The impression of the visitor on his first trip may best be described by the following description taken from the *New York Sun*:

"A tiny horse-car waits at Bartow to

convey travelers eastward through the Park and to City Island. Five minutes ride from the station is an oak grove on the left, hiding one of the most delightful spots in Pelham Park, a point of rock

jutting well out into Pelham Bay and commanding a view of Hunters Island, of City Island, and of the whole breadth of the Sound. Many-colored islets of rock rise here and there from the water, and there is a constant procession of glorified sails far and near, while the faint pulling of

distant steam boats, followed by the gentle roll and plash of their far-sent waves, only helps to emphasize the slumberous peace of the scene.

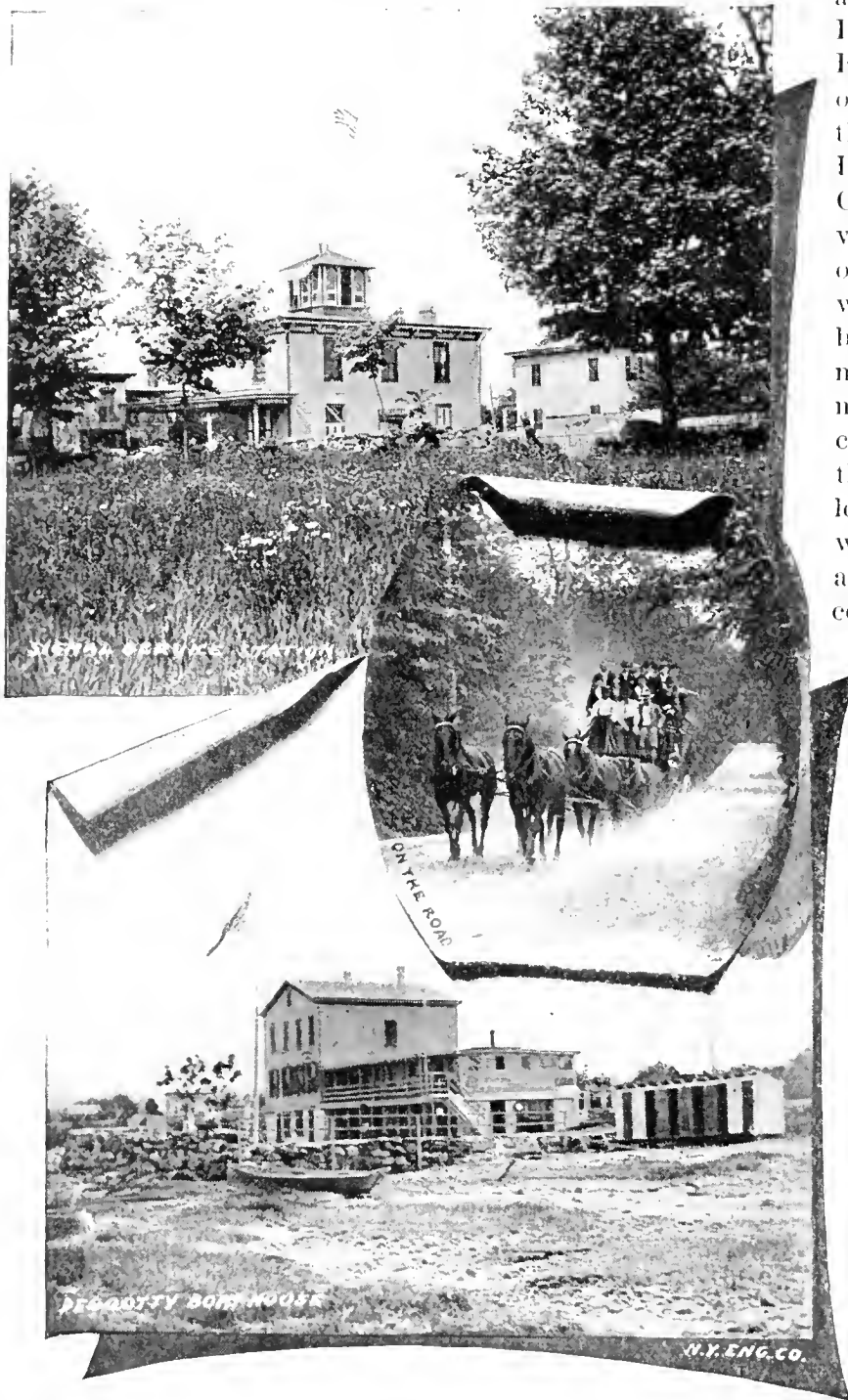
There is a house of entertainment hard by, with boats to hire for fishing and sailing, but there are also shady lovers' nooks ashore, whence



PELHAM BATTLE GROUND.

there may be seen as delightful evening effects across the water as the Bay of Naples has to show.

"From this spot to the score of dining places on City Island is a quarter hours ride or more on the little horse-car. City Island looks like a primitive Southern watering place strayed North, and a little slicked up to meet the requirements of new patrons. It is all glitter of sun or water and sand, with far horizons northward and great



grassy salt meadows landward, glorious in green, and pinks, and sorrels.

"There are long strolls to be had on a smooth, hard beach, a quaint Peggotty boat-house tavern, made from an ancient ship of war, and twenty places where you may have soft clams, hard clams, clam chowder, crabs, and all other edibles that come out of the water, along with whatever else a catholic taste may prompt one to esteem as proper accompaniments, liquid and solid."

There are many points of great historical interest centered in this locality. It was along the old winding road which still serves as a thoroughfare through Pelham Bay Park, that a brigade of Continental troops, consisting of about four hundred hardy New England fishermen commanded by Colonel Glover, in the autumn of '76 effectively disputed the advance of four thousand British regulars under General Howe, when that General sought to intercept the retreat of Washington's army from Harlem to White Plains. Howe had landed his army at Pell's or Rodman's Neck in the town of Pelham, opposite City Island, and advanced along the Pelham highway toward Valentine's Hill. By a series of clever manœuvres, Colonel Glover stationed his men at advantageous points along the British line of march, in four detachments, himself with forty picked men lying in ambush behind a large rock (see picture) commanding the roadway. When the enemy's vanguard came abreast, the patriots charged upon them, drove them back to the main line and poured volley after volley into the close ranks of the invaders, who being disconcerted by this sudden and murderous onslaught, retreated in confusion, but soon rallied and charged the handful of defenders, who now fell back upon the next division.

Eagerly the German Chasseurs, and the English Light Infantry and Grenadiers, unsuspecting any device, rushed in solid column along the narrow road, in hot haste to capture or bayonet the fleeing patriots, until on their right flank the third division of the Continentals rose from behind the wall and, with accurate and steady aim, poured in their fire at the close distance of thirty yards.

Again the invading forces retreated, and again formed and pressed on with extended lines. Once more they were met with the determined fire of the Continentals and held at bay until the American retreat was well covered, and made to the fortified hills west of the Bronx, where Howe with his army dared not follow. It is said that the enemy's loss in killed and

wounded amounted to the relatively appalling aggregate of eight hundred men, or twice the entire number of Continentals engaged.

After a few minutes ride into the park you may enter a lane, through a pair of bars at the left, which leads you out through the grove of primitive oaks to the little peninsula called Pelham Neck, which was once the favorite haunt of the Great Minnieford tribe of Indians. Here they holloed out two great mortars in the rocks for

PELHAM BATTLE GROUND

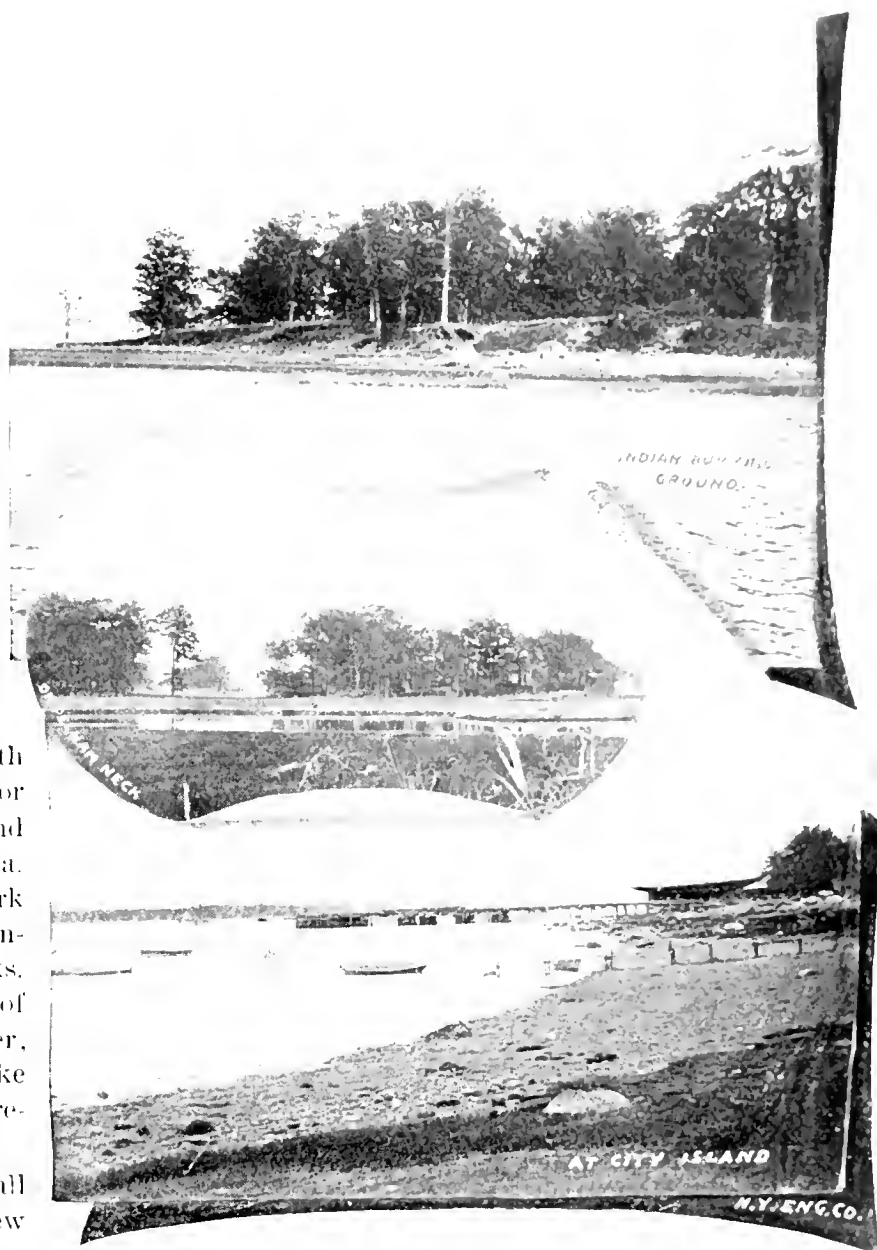
grinding their corn; along the shore they built their camp-fires and held their councils, and on the grassy mound over-looking the bay, they buried their dead. A little to westward is a glacial furrow, an interesting relic of the pretertiary period. High among the branches of the towering oaks and chestnuts, the fish hawk builds its rustic nest and rears its young, just above the splashing rollers, beneath whose crests they plunge to bring their finny prey—a well selected morsel—from the millions that swarm in undiminishing numbers in the quiet bay.

Continuing down the Pelham highway and across the old wooden draw-bridge which connects City Island with the main-land, the little horse-car conveys you along the sandy level and through the village to the extreme southern point of the island. Here the grassy slopes meet the tide waves with a graceful curve—a miniature Battery Park—where one can sit for hours and watch the full-sailed yachts tacking to their race course, and the pleasure steamers with their loads of fresh-air seekers headed for Glen Island, fast pursued by steam and naphtha launches—the bicycles of the sea.

The distinctive feature of Pelham Park is its beautiful shore line, making it entirely different from all of the City Parks. Its only disadvantage is the cost of reaching it. Aside from this, however, it has advantages of all kinds that make it a much more pleasurable Outing resort than any of the others.

The opportunity for boating of all kinds is unrivalled; within a few minutes walk of Bartow Station an unlimited number of row boats to hire will be

found, at very reasonable rates, and at City Island, one and a quarter miles from the station, sail boats of all sizes can be procured, either



by the hour, or fully equipped for a cruise

VAN CORTLANDT AND MOUNT VERNON.
THIRTY CENTS.

Take west side Elevated Railroad to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, and New York and Putnam Railroad to Van Cortlandt; fare twenty cents. Walk northeast through Van Cortlandt Park, past or through Woodlawn Cemetery and up the Bronx River to Mount Vernon; about four miles. Trolley car from Mount Vernon to One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street and Third Avenue; fare ten cents.

PLEASURE BAY AND SEABRIGHT.
FIFTY CENTS.

Boat from New York to Pleasure Bay; excursion fare fifty cents. Walk from Pleasure Bay over to North Long Branch, and along the ocean beach, through Monmouth Beach, Galilee and Low Moor to Seabright, about three miles. Take return boat from Seabright to New York in the evening.

COLLEGE POINT AND JAMAICA
FORTY CENTS.

By ferry from New York to College Point, fare ten cents. Walk or take Trolley Cars to Flushing, about two miles, fare five cents. Walk through Main Street, Flushing, and out through the quaint old farm settlements and occasional woods to Jamaica; about four miles. Take Long Island Railroad to New York, fare twenty-five cents, or Trolley cars to Brooklyn, fare ten cents.

FAIRMOUNT AND CHERRY HILL.
SIXTY-FIVE CENTS.

Take New Jersey & New York R. R. and excursion ticket to Cherry Hill, fare sixty-five cents. Get off at Fairmount and walk through Main Street and Spring Valley Avenue to Spring Valley road, thence to Cherry Hill, passing Van Saun's Lake. This is a very pretty walk of about six miles through a finely wooded and pastoral country. Take cars at Cherry Hill for New York.

VAN CORTLANDT PARK.

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

EXCEPT for a few brief winter days, when "the ball is up," proclaiming that its frozen lake is open to skaters, Van Cortlandt Park is as little thought or cared about as the elements of the sun; perhaps hardly so much, for, while we seek the slender shade of Madison or Union Square, of Tompkins or Bryant Park—little "squares" on the checkerboard of the great city—that awful sun pours its rays upon us, and

landt. The trip on the elevated railroads, from the lower West Side to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, affords a panoramic view of the city to be had from no other point, and to the mind freed from the cares of work, offers an interesting study of the magnitude and growth of the city, such as no statistics can convey.

At One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street and Eighth Avenue we transfer to the New York & Putnam Railway, cross the Harlem River, and traverse its eastern bank for about four miles, where it takes a sharp turn to the right and loses itself in the mighty Hudson.

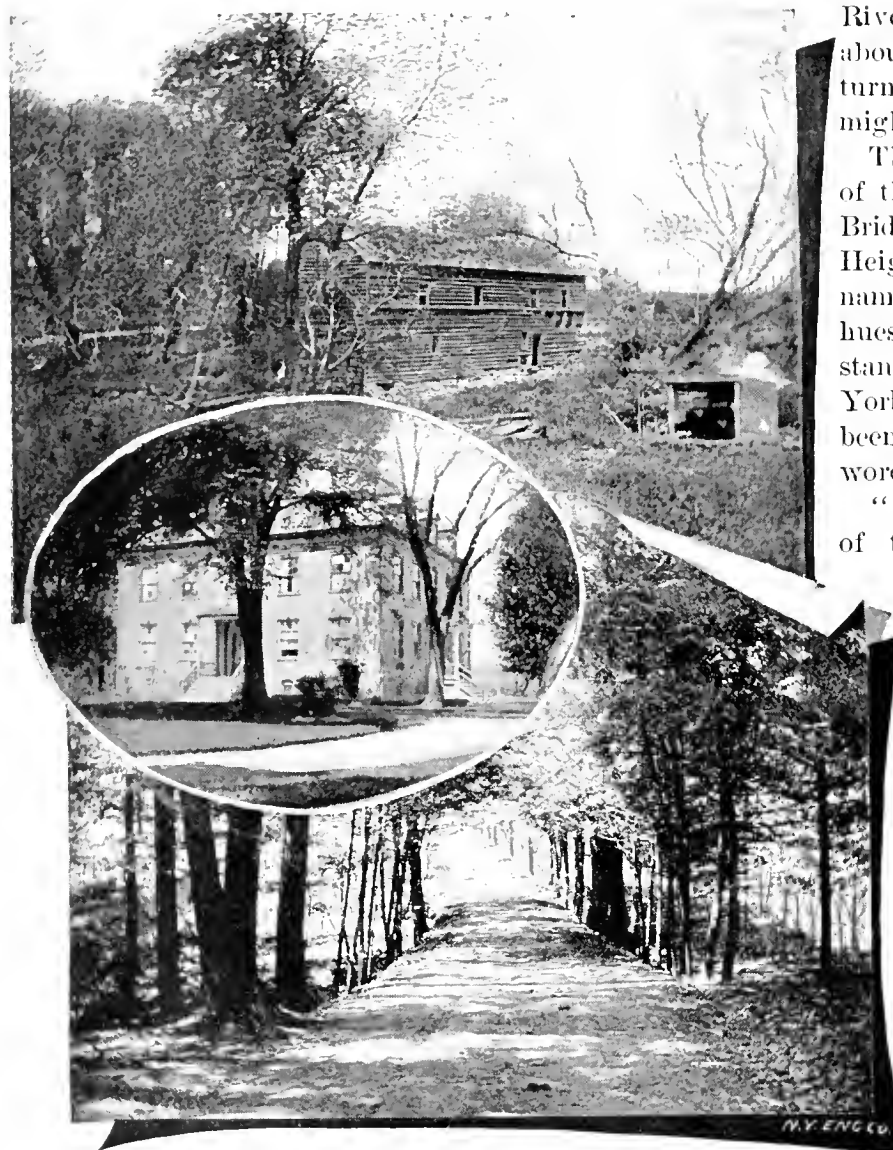
The scenery along these upper reaches of the Harlem, as we pass through High Bridge, Morris Heights and University Heights (heights in fact as well as in name) is matchless in its mantle of verdant hues. On a bluff, overlooking the river, stands the University of the City of New York, and the view from this point has been aptly described in the following words:

"It looks westward upon the scene of the battle of Fort Washington; beyond, the Hudson is in view, with the Palisades in the background; in the front is Inwood, with the new Harlem Ship Canal two hundred feet below. To the north is Spuyten Duyvil. The new speedway is in plain sight, and to the thousands of New Yorkers who will soon frequent that drive, no building will be more impressive."

A few minutes more and we are at Van Cortlandt Station, within the boundaries of the park and less than a stones throw from some of its chief attractions.

We regard with far too little veneration those stirring events of a century and a quarter ago, "the time that tried men's souls," when heroes were moulded out of "common clay"; when liberty was gained and freedom won. Yet, to the deeds enacted on this hallowed ground we are indebted for our presence here to-day.

The quaint and curious stone mansion, built as a residence for the Van Cortlandts, in 1748, stands near the southern entrance to the park. Here Washington came, in 1781, and on the shores



we long for the rest and coolness of the night. Yet, within an hours ride of the Battery, where the bustle and tumult of the city reach it not, stands Van Cortlandt Park, fit for the life and lungs of the great New York; nature's school-room; a storehouse filled with historical lore; a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

There is no journey which, from the beginning to the end, presents such a combination of pleasing effects as the ride to Van Cort-

VAN CORTLANDT PARK.

of the lake, where we can pass so many pleasant hours to-day, the soldiers of his army hovered around their camp fires, through the silent watches of the night. Again he made his headquarters in this very house, and it was from here, on the 25th of November, 1783, he entered the City of New York with his staff, as the last remnant of the British army left it, at the Battery.

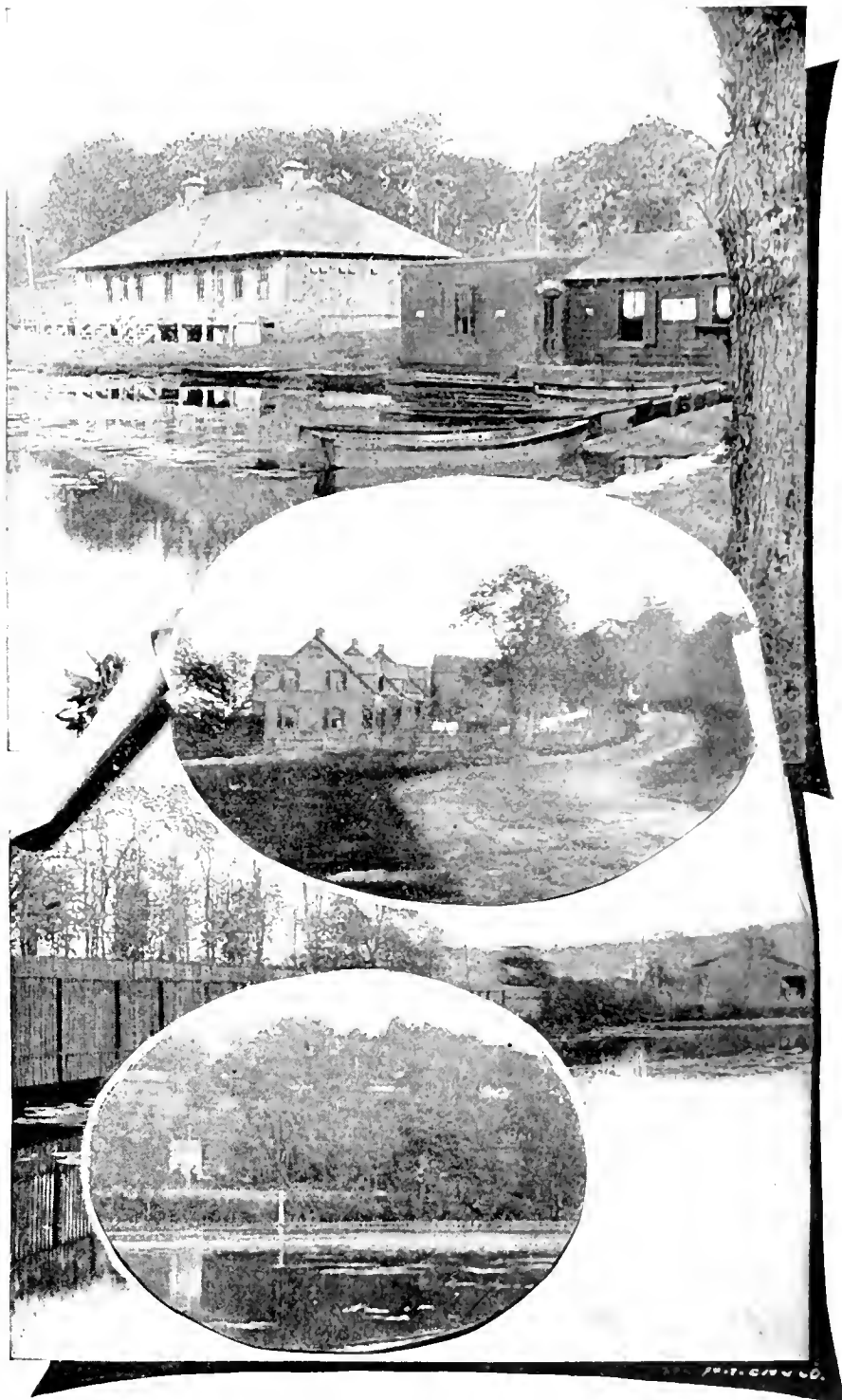
The old mill, standing but a few yards from Van Cortlandt Station, has a history of its own. It espoused no cause, save that of hunger. It ground the flour for friend and foe alike. It has known no enemy but the hand of time, and we should see it ere it crumbles, like ourselves, into dust.

Seated beneath the fine old chestnuts, planted over a hundred years ago, which surround the mansion like a miniature park, we can watch the evolutions of our citizen-soldiers on the magnificent parade ground, which spreads out in front of us—flat as a billiard table, covering one hundred and twenty acres, and admirably adapted to such a purpose—and reflect that we are upon the very spot where Washington reviewed his troops, so many years ago.

Stretching away to the north, and standing like a sentinel o'er the valley at its feet, is Vault Hill. A few little mounds, surrounded by a low stone fence, proclaim it the last resting place of some tired travelers on life's journey; and in the calm seclusion of its grateful shade we can pause for a while and survey the landscape.

The tiny Mosholu creeps along through the woods on our right, while to the west the ever majestic Palisades are outlined on the horizon. Everywhere is peace and happiness. From here we can wander on northward through the valley, unchecked by aught except the desire to linger on the way, until we reach the outskirts of Yonkers. The lake is an endless source of pleasure. Its upper end, hidden in the woods, takes us where solitude reigns supreme, while to the south, a magnificent sheet of water tempts us to try our skill with the oar or our luck with a fishing pole. But there is an end to all things, and, all too soon, our reluctant feet must turn towards home. The little station of Mosholu

is but half a mile on our left. A winding road to the east takes us, in half an hour, to Woodlawn, on the Harlem Railroad. But if time allows, the walk of a mile down the Mosholu Parkway to Bedford Station—a charming boulevard, connecting Van Cortlandt with the Bronx—will cause us to reflect that our public works



may sometimes be also public pleasures and benedictions.

The excursion fare from One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street to Van Cortlandt Park is twenty cents; the fare one way, is fifteen cents, and to return via Bedford Park is twenty cents; a total cost of twenty-five to thirty five cents.

ALONG THE BRONX.

 TWENTY CENTS.

“AND long by the garden lake I stood,
 For I heard your rivulet fall
 From the lake to the meadow and on
 to the wood,
 Our wood, that is dearer than all.”

So wrote Tennyson; he was a poet, and poets live in the woods; they breathe an atmosphere of forests and flowers. They have nothing to do but hide in the woods and write of the sky, and the birds and fields. They know nothing of the busy, work-a-day world.

“Our fields are vacant city lots;
 Our woods are benches hard;
 Our mountain tops are chimney pots,
 Our ozone comes from the yard.”

This is the refrain of the city man's thoughts, as he struggles along through a hot summer day, with nothing but the soda fountain as a substitute for the ‘rivulet’ of the poet's dream. Yet the stream flows at our door. The hills and valleys, the woods and fields may be had for the asking;

but we never ask. We sit up among the chimney pots and listen to the rhythmic glang-glang of the car gongs, and the more or less euphonious cries of the huckster, unconscious of a paradise almost at our hand.

“It would be difficult, and probably impossible, in the State of New York to find, within an equal space, a tract of such rare beauty, rivaling, if not in broad expanded views, certainly in picturesque loveliness, some of the most romantic scenes in the Adirondaek region. Though less than half an hours drive from the Harlem River, there are few in the City of

New York who are aware of its rare charms of scenery. That such a spot should exist in its original state, in its native wildness, so near the settled portion of the city and yet almost wholly unknown, and unsuspected, may well awaken surprise.” Thus it has been written of the Bronx.

A City Park, bought by us, and held for our use and benefit, for us and our heirs, forever. There is no



N.Y. ENG. CO.

ALONG THE BRONX.

'breathing space' so easy of access from the city, nor one from which we are so loth to part, when once we have found it. We can lead a horse to the river bank but we cannot make him drink; and though we can guide and tempt our readers to these Elysian fields—is the pen potent to persuade them? .

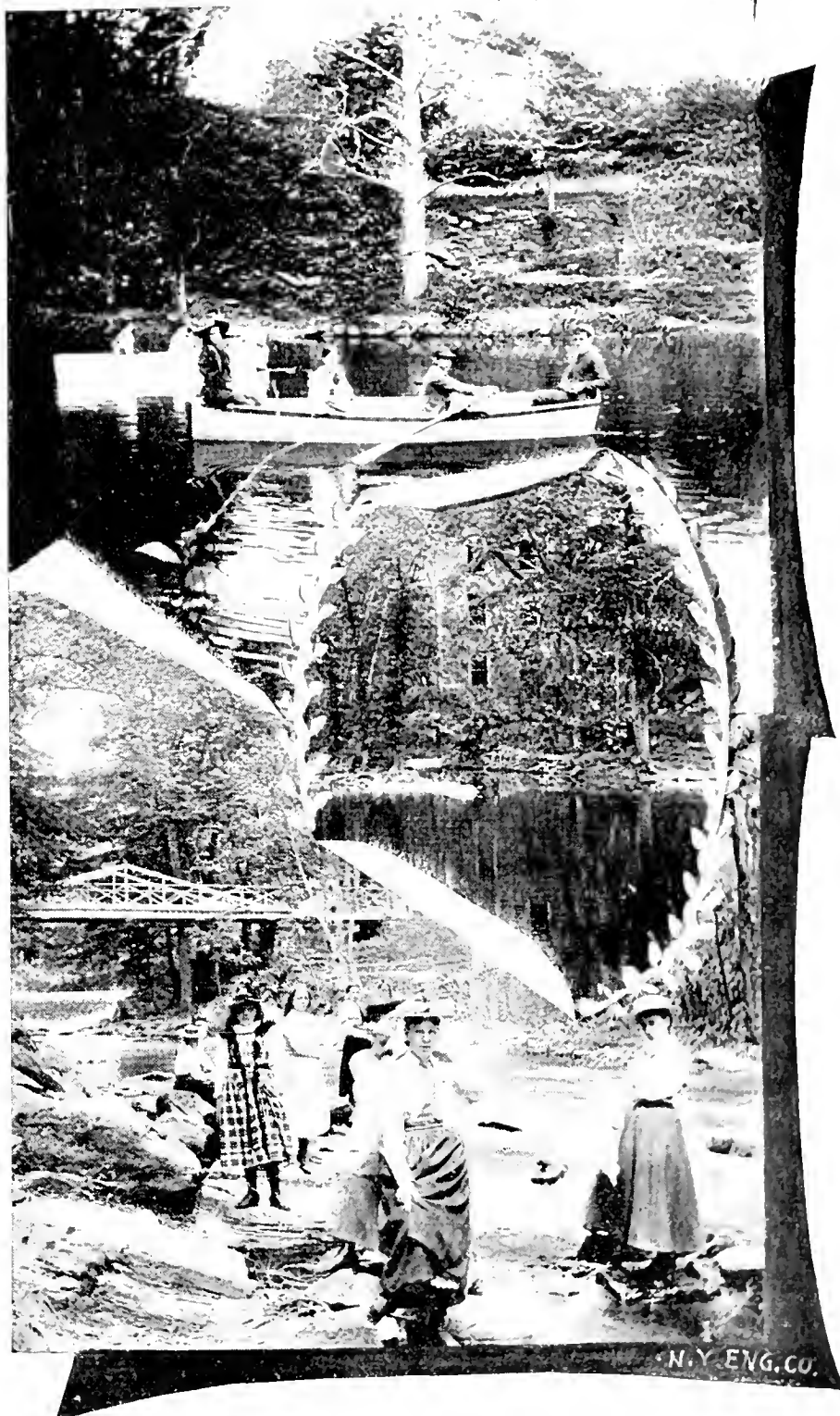
The Park is from one-half to three-quarters of a mile wide, and two miles long, the river running through the centre, for its entire length.

Of the many ways of reaching the Park, perhaps that by the street cars is the easiest and most desirable. At One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street and Third Avenue, or at One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street and Eighth Avenue, a line of trolley cars starts for West Farms, and this we should take to its terminus. It runs along upper Third Avenue for awhile, then branches off to the east along the old Boston Post Road, passing Crotona Park, of which we know as little as of the Bronx, and reaches West Farms in about half an hour. Walking a few yards up the Boston Road, we pass the ice-house by the river side, and the little boat-house with its tiny boats, and imperceptibly the woods close round us; we hear the song of the birds o'er head—we are in the Park.

Hidden away, somewhere, in that mysterious thing, the mind, is an innate love of the beautiful, and those who fail to find it here are "men who can hear the decalogue and feel no self-reproach."

Poets have sung the glories of the Bronx; historians praised it in a sterner way; the birds are singing it all day long, and we should enjoy it while we may. At every step we find some point of interest. A little to our left, where a line of boulders points the way, we come to one of nature's most curious freaks. Standing on a flat, smooth rock, and so balanced that with an effort we can sway it to and fro, is a huge boulder, weighing over a hundred tons; carried there ages ago, by some mighty, moving field of ice, and left for us, as a souvenir. A little beyond, at a bend in the river, where the roadway spans it by a rustic bridge, a foaming cascade comes tumbling down, split here and there by projecting rocks. A roaring torrent in early spring, but now, a plaything for the sweet sun's rays to glisten on,

Within the sound of the splashing stream, the Hermit of the woods has built his cave. Back from the river, by the side of a hill, his castle of twigs and branches stands. Like a gnome of the forests in fairy lore, he hovers about these silent woods, free to roam wherever he will, and sharing at night his lowly couch with such of the insect world as choose to visit him. And here is "Delaney's Ancient Pine," a giant of the forest, towering one hundred and fifty feet



above us—centuries old and just as the great Creator framed it.

Wandering on, we pass the Pelham Road, which crosses the Park from east to west, and the river is now our chief delight. Every leaf and bough is reflected in it, the birds sing sweeter

songs down here; the fish rise to look at us; the garden of Eden is reached at last. Beyond, the stream grows narrower, and rocks jut up on either side; the woods are denser hereabouts, and a scene of grandeur is unfolded, the more impressive because so entirely unexpected.

A little ahead of us is the gorge, reached by a flight of natural steps, worn in the rocks by the Indians, maybe, and crossed by a little wooden bridge. The river is rushing along at our feet, churned into foam on its stony bed, over a lilliputian fall and on to its final goal, the Sound. Northward, it winds through a quiet glade and is lost in a labyrinth of trees and shrubs. Up on the heights, on the eastern bank, is the old Lorillard mansion, set in a beautiful modern park, a monument to the wisdom and taste of its owner who chose such an ideal spot for a home.

On either hand are shady paths, leading us on for a mile or more. We meet the botanist with his glass and box, and a book for pressing his specimens in; he tells us the names

of the tiny flowers and makes us feel like a child again. A road runs out due west, from the gorge, not five minutes walk to Bedford Park Station on the Harlem Railroad, from which we can reach the Grand Central in twenty minutes. A mile above, at the head of the park, is Williams Bridge, while lower down, about half a mile west on the Pelham Road is Fordham; West Farms is south, where we entered, and a little way east, Van Nest.

Let us cry no more about dust and heat, but take our wives and little ones, have a basket filled for a hearty meal, and spend a day by the Bronx.

The entire cost of transportation for this trip need not exceed ten cents, if the Trolley cars are used to and from West Farms. The excursion fare from the Grand Central Station to Bedford Park is twenty-five cents; and the fare from Van Nest Station on the Harlem River Branch of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, is fifteen cents.

PATERSON AND LITTLE FALLS.
ONE DOLLAR and TEN CENTS.

Take New York, Lake Erie & Western Railroad to Paterson; fare fifty cents. Visit the Passaic Falls, and walk up the Passaic River to Little Falls; about five miles. Take the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, or New York & Greenwood Lake Railway to New York; fare sixty cents.

ENGLEWOOD AND
COYTESVILLE.
55 CENTS.

Take Northern Railroad of New Jersey to Englewood, fare thirty-five cents; then walk due east for about two miles, over very pleasant country roads and historical ground, to top of the Palisades; then continue south for about two

and one-half miles along the bluffs to Coytesville. Take Palisades Railroad from Coytesville to New York, via Fort Lee and Weehawken; fare twenty cents.

KINGS BRIDGE
AND
FORT GEORGE.
20 CENTS.

Take west side Elevated Railroad to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, and New York & Putnam Railroad to Kings Bridge; fare fifteen cents. Cross the Harlem River and walk along the west bank to Fort George, about two miles; a charming and picturesque walk. Return by Cable cars from Fort George, via One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and Third Avenue; fare ten cents.



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